AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
THE POLYGLOT EMPIRE

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND



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Austria

BY

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND, PH.D., LL.D.

AUTHOR OF

"RUSSIA, HER STRENGTH AND HER WEAKNESS," "AMERICA, ASIA AND THE PACIFIC," "GERMANY: THE WELDING OF A WORLD POWER"

WITH A MAP IN COLOURS



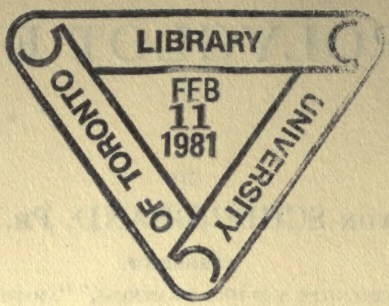
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PREFACE

First, a disclaimer. This is not a mere war book. There have, if anything, been too many of these. All necessarily suffered from the deficiencies of war books. The material had been more or less hurriedly gathered; personal prejudices warped judgment; the view was restricted, and so were the sources of information on which it was based; lastly, haste was again the dominant feature in the final task of writing. The result was, perhaps, readable, but could scarcely be termed dependable.

During the four years I resided in Austria—1912 till a few months ago—I enjoyed full opportunities of studying land and people at close range. Trips to Hungary and to the Austrian provinces enabled me to supplement or revise this knowledge on important points. The war came. Again there was a total shifting of scene, a complete alteration in modes of thought and action, in aims confessed. I lived close to these people, as one of themselves in most essentials; through trying days and weary months sharing with them the crust of bread as well as their joys and sorrows; looking into their hearts, hearing them speak and moan and weep. I saw some actual fighting. I witnessed some hunger riots. Of some of these things and others indeed, the book has a word to say.

Among the books that have appeared in the recent or more remote past dealing with the chief aspects of the Dual Monarchy, the author recalls none that set out along the same path or with the same purpose. This

purpose in the main has been: To afford the reader a sufficient outline of the process of growth and accretion active in creating the Austria-Hungary of to-day, of the natural resources of the land and of the vital characteristics of the many-tongued population. Next, to point out the chief problems of the polyglot nation, inherently owing to the peculiar genesis of the monarchy as a whole, problems so knotty and deep-seated that their non-solution hitherto has gone far towards wrecking the country as an independent political entity. And third, to define the most feasible (and perhaps the only) means of allaying or entirely removing these difficulties, as these means have gradually shaped themselves in the minds of the thinking and potential elements of Austria-Hungary.

Side by side with such matter as tends to elucidate this paramount object, there also appears information in the body of this book which may interest the reader for its own sake. A good deal of it rests on the personal impressions of the writer. Some readers may like the book the better for that.

One more remark. I think I may honestly claim for myself to be actuated by no conscious bias in dealing with political, social and racial questions discussed here. Certainly none has swayed my judgment in looking towards ultimate ends. The political reforms urgently called for, both in Hungary and Austria, to bring those two countries abreast of the times, abreast of the West, are not subject to opinion; they are demanded by the facts themselves. Neither has my sincere liking for and sympathy with the people of Austria-Hungary blinded me to their serious failings; failings, however, which, nearly all of them, do more harm to themselves than to others.

The scope of this work embraces much that, heretofore, has been handled not at all or else wholly in desultory

fashion. I venture to hope that the book may do something towards modifying certain erroneous conceptions held by many Americans relative to Austria-Hungary. I do not pretend, however, to have exhausted the theme as a whole. Twice the space would not suffice for that. All the same, my book may fulfil a useful mission. With that hope I rest content.

W. v. S.

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AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: THE POLYGLOT EMPIRE

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CHAPTER I

GENERAL DESCRIPTIVE REMARKS ABOUT THE DUAL MONARCHY

Too little known by the outside world—Prediction that after the war American tourists and lovers of sport will become acquainted with some of the country—Beautiful scenery; the Carpathians, Transylvanian Alps, the Switzerland of Austria, the Tyrol, Styria and Carinthia, the Wachau, excelling the Rhine Valley, the cave wonders of Carniola, the "Bohemian Forest," wild and rugged Bosnia and Hercegovina, the picturesque Dalmatian coast, the Semmering, with its glaciers just a step from Vienna—Big game and fine sport everywhere; bear hunting and deer stalking, grouse, capercailzie and aquatic birds on the Narenta—Throughout the people are good-natured, simple, hospitable—Class distinctions and caste spirit—Körber and American aid—Many natural resources lying fallow—Water and electric power—Mining—Urban population—Vienna and Budapest—School system and higher education—The woman question—Marriage and the State—Illegitimacy—Statistics—War the great leveller—Distinctive traits of the population—Worthy of a brighter future.

Among the amazing things about Austria-Hungary is undoubtedly the fact that this beautiful region of the globe is so little known by the outside world. Of course there are guide books which tell more or less explicitly and correctly about every section of the Dual Monarchy.

It is not that I mean. What I do mean is that, of that immensely large body of tourists and lovers of sport who annually, especially during the warm season, go forth to enjoy the excitement of travel, the rapid change of scenery, the bagging of "big game," the delight of varied natural attractions, the rubbing of elbows with races unknown to them before, the study of quaint and picturesque customs and manners, the imbibing of sights and things of beauty—that of this whole immense army, crowding in normal times all ocean steamers and railway lines and mountain paths, but such a sorry fragment finds its way to Austria-Hungary. For it can be predicated with every guarantee of truth that in all those essentials that make an extensive trip worth while to the discriminating or even to the careless and thoughtless throng, the lands forming jointly Austria-Hungary are among the most deserving and remunerative. Yet of all those shoals of Americans and British flooding each summer the continent of Europe for recreation, for instruction, or for the sake of re-establishing failing health, barely one or at most two per cent. deem it wise to make a special tour of the Danube lands. And even of this small percentage few extend their travels beyond brief passing visits to Vienna, Budapest and, at most, a couple of other points not too far off the beaten track. To any one who has had the exquisite pleasure of peregrinating at leisure the whole of Austria-Hungary this fact seems a marvel, especially when one remembers that in these days, when to sated eyes this terrestrial sphere of ours appears to shrink more and more, when the waste spaces and the hitherto inaccessible or unknown regions of the earth are rapidly dwindling or entirely disappearing, even journeys around the globe waxing stale, and when dangerous excursions to the interior of fever-haunted

Africa, to the ether-piercing mountain giants of Tibet or Peru are accounted commonplace, Austria-Hungary is still allowed to remain aside.

And I know whereof I speak. For before settling for a rather lengthy residence in Austria-Hungary I found it next to impossible to meet in this country with any one who could impart to me such enlightening information as I craved, reliable and detailed information, that is, on such points, for example, as are treated of in this book. Austria-Hungary herself has been asleep for the space of two generations, and the restless, eager world has swept by, overlooking in its programmes of travel a country which lay within easy reach, which offered the resources of civilisation, often of luxury and utmost comfort, yet was practically unknown. And the undeniable fact that in an age of frenzied publicity, when to proclaim the advantages one has to offer from the housetops is held both virtue and necessity, this somnolent, mostly silent and certainly unobtrusive Austria-Hungary has put her light under a bushel and has half good-naturedly, half contemptuously regarded all this wholesale advertising on the part of even exotic countries as mere "humbug," as indecent pushing, has had much to do with her being overlooked in the rush of travel. A certain aloofness, indeed, a certain disdain for modern methods of attracting the tide of sight-seers is very widespread throughout the length and breadth of Austria-Hungary. It often takes curious forms. Thus, I remember that not only on arriving in Vienna and proclaiming my intention of remaining there a good bit of time, but afterwards as well, a common query addressed to me, rather wonderingly, was: "And what made you choose Austria-Hungary as your objective?" And it always proved rather

difficult to furnish a satisfactory explanation; to plead an excuse, so to speak.

Again, just to illustrate the odd view taken of the business of life, I will cite this little instance, trifling in itself but highly characteristic. During a brief midsummer stay in the Tyrol, a year before the war, I was housed at an inn in the Zillerthal. Mine host wore a grey beard about a foot long. He was well-to-do, almost wealthy, as things go there. His broad acres included a charming hillside whence a lovely view reminded one in its filmy outline of a bridal veil; with knolls densely wooded and crystal brooks babbling in the silence. All it would have required to make this charming spot fit for great pilgrimage during the warm season was a hotel, verandas, a kitchen adequate to feed the multitude not too scantily, with prices yielding a fair profit. In chatting with this nice old boniface of mine I ventured to suggest something like this to him. He smiled, rather scornfully. "Yes," he then remarked, dreamily, "I've had plenty of offers—from exploitation companies, from summer guests of mine, from capitalists abroad. What is the use? I am quite content here. So is my family. It would only mean a lot of worry. It would mean that we should no longer be our own masters; that all these strangers (*Fremden*) would turn us out of house and home. And what for? I've got money enough, more than I need. No, no. To take in a few guests during July and August, that is well. They tell us what's going on in the world. But that is enough. That does not mean that we have to slave for other people, for people who don't care a rap for me or mine."

And I found that the views of this old man were shared by most of those in the romantic Alpine lands of Austria with whom I came in contact. The villagers were averse

to having the turmoil of the town, the eager quest of money and gain introduced in their quiet, sober homesteads. They far prefer their old-fashioned comfort to the bustle of piling up riches; riches with which, after all, most of them would not know what to do. For theirs is indeed the simple life. Even many of the wealthier ones are content with *sterz* (a sort of mush, to which a bit of bacon has been added) as the main ingredient of the principal meal. They look aghast at city strife and at the race for money. And this homely philosophy, no doubt, has something to do with the quaint, old-time flavour of Austria's (and also Hungary's) rural life and, incidentally, with the lack of organised effort to attract the tourist of the outer world to their mountain sides and the crag-encircled vales of their homes. Otherwise, as I intimated, there is not much to prevent a steadily increasing stream of visitors to enjoy themselves. Rates are low enough. Good, even excellent, hotels are existing in reasonable numbers. At just a very few favoured spots, owing to special conditions, prices range somewhat high. That, for instance, is the case up on the Semmering. But that is both comprehensible and excusable. For the Semmering, a mountain ridge 6000 feet and over high, leading from Lower Austria into Styria on the main line to Trieste, can be reached by rail from Vienna within a couple of hours. And not only is the scenery up there bewilderingly grand and beautiful, but this wonderful Semmering provides, too, during the glare and heat of the dog days, midwinter sports—glaciers, skiing, *rodeln i.e.*, sleighing and sledding), climbing, skating. So there were actually a few Austrians (and Germans, of course) of such remarkable enterprise as to erect some luxuriously appointed, magnificently located, huge international caravansaries, where everything is to be had that

one can find at St. Moritz or elsewhere, with corresponding rates. The Vienna people now call it "Millionaire's Mountain," and pretend that the charges are frightful. But things are really not so bad as that. It is similar as regards hotels and restaurants in the large cities of Austria and Hungary. Indeed none of them even remotely approaches in expensiveness our own American hotels of the first rank; and while none of them, either, can boast of all and every feature of comfort and convenience that distinguish the latter, the guest will notice with pleasure that, on the other hand, they show attractions peculiarly their own. But it is not my purpose to go into these details.

Relatively few persons outside of Austria have ever heard of the *Wachau.* And yet it means a trip that in some essential respects excels in attractiveness a trip down the far-famed Rhine, from Mayence to Cologne, say. The *Wachau* is a district along the upper Danube River. Comfortable steamers are most enjoyable for the ride down. It is best to go from Vienna by rail a short distance, and then board a boat and stop at the most interesting points. The Danube rushes here through a narrow bed, with steep picturesque hills rising on both shores. It is this part of the Danube that the ancient *Lay of the Nibelung* describes so wonderfully, with old Pöchlarn, fief of old Rüdiger from Attila the Hun, still existing in its hollow; with the wealthy Benedictine Abbey of Melk frowning down from its rocky promontory. Vineyards everywhere, narrow defiles, ruined old castles of knight and lord crowning the brow or summit of the hills; a wine of almost southern fire is grown on these sunkissed mountainsides. You stop; you leave the boat; you put up at one of the quaint little towns. Usually they have but one steep, narrow street; but there are flowers

at each window, orchards and blossoms in each of the little spaces behind the old-fashioned houses of dazzling white and green. And here, in this *Wachau,* you feel you are in the 18th century, nay, the 16th. Time seems to have stood still. Prices ditto. You could not spend a five dollar bill a day if you taxed resources to the utmost. That is the peculiar feature of Austria-Hungary: that it is a country abounding in varied scenery of entrancing beauty everywhere you go. There are immense contrasts, it is true, but that heightens the charm. You feel all the while like a discoverer. What could be, for instance, more dissimilar in outline and in the subtle spirit that stamps each landscape as a thing apart, than a bit of scenery in the Austrian or Tyrolese Alps and one on the Puszta or the Alföld in Hungary! The purple porphyry giants of southern Tyrol, rising 12,000 feet high, naked, bare, steeped in the glare of the hot sun, with the eternal snows capping their domes, seaming the bold walls! And the prairie land of Hungary, almost level, with azure sky, with boundless horizon, with green, waving corn as far as eye can scan, flecked cattle with enormous horns, grazing; the *czikos* (horseherd) flying along with the wind in his wide, snowy garments, and the stallions following, neighing and with thundering hoof. You make the acquaintance of the *czikos.* With true Magyar hospitality he invites you at once to partake of his plain meal: a *gulyas,* a real one, with *paprika* enough in it to make your eyes wink, and with a thimbleful of the genuine *slivovic* to wash it down. The *czikos* talks to you. He discovers you are from America. Instantly his manner changes. He becomes confidential, sympathetic; he has a brother in Pennsylvania, he says. Many of these Hungarians, spending all their lives on this flat land, have never seen anything higher than a church steeple. Dur-

ing this war, when Magyar regiments for the first time began to form the front against Italy, they saw these Tyrolese dolomite giants towering to the skies—9,000, 10,000, 12,000 feet high. And they were to get up there and to hold them with Magyar valour, they were told. It was more than they could grasp at first. But by and by they discovered that up there, too, there was air they could breathe—a fact which at first they had doubted. "We are not goats," they had told their officers. But they learned to climb.

However, of grand scenery none excels in point of variety that offered by the Carpathian range, notably that portion known as the *High Tatra.* It is a region still so little known that for many of the most beautiful bits of scenery there is not even a name. The range itself divides Galicia and Western Moravia from Hungary proper, but the Tatra, with its rugged pine-clad peaks and chasms, is by far the most picturesque portion of it. Although there are mineral springs and watering places and health resorts hidden away in it, many districts of the Tatra are still so difficult of access and so wild that the huge Russian brown bear finds it a congenial home. Bear hunting forms, therefore, a chief sport. But the whole region abounds, besides, in game, big and small, including the eagle, vulture, fox, lynx, wolf, and various species valued for their fur. And what applies to the Tatra portion of the Carpathians also applies to Bosnia and Hercegovina, territories held by the Turks till 1878, and formally annexed by Austria-Hungary but a few years since. These two provinces, which administratively form but one unit at present, are wild and rugged beyond compare. There, too, the bear is at home, and for the hardy sportsman there is scarcely a better field to visit. But things are extremely primitive there as

yet, and even such an institution as the guide does not exist. But experienced native hunters are easy to find, and a bargain is struck without trouble. The chase is practically unrestricted in Bosnia and Hercegovina. As there is no native nobility, there are no shooting lodges, no inns in this wilderness; "roughing it" is the motto. But the sport is grand; game is plentiful, and the scenery is awe-inspiring in its savage sublimity. It is only excelled by that of the Bukovina, a small province acquired under Emperor Joseph II and adjoining Russia, Rumania, and Galicia. Bukovina is Slavic and means "beech forest"; and, indeed, on the lower slopes the beech abounds, while on the higher ranges the fir and pine and larch predominate. Small as Bukovina is, it is still two-thirds nature in the rough. The whole country bears in its natural features a close resemblance to Switzerland, although its mountains are not so majestic. Yet to compensate for that the views are even finer and the vegetation is varied and abundant. Much of it is virgin forest. The rural population is largely Rumanian, on a very low plane of civilisation, but with a set of ancient customs, with curious garb and manners, with folk lore, dances come down from hoary days, and with historical traditions that are all of intense interest to the traveller. And game there is of every kind in plenty, there being no game preserves and no game laws in force. Bukovina has played a very peculiar part during the war. For a year or more it was defended by the commander of the Bukovina border police, Col. Fischer, in much the same way the Tyrol was in 1809 against Napoleon I, a thing made feasible by the rugged character of the country. With 2000 of his mountaineers Col. Fischer held a Russian army of 20,000 at bay. Strange tales of this border warfare have leaked out now and then, tales reminding

one rather of Fenimore Cooper and his Indian stories. On one particular occasion Col. Fischer spread rumours of great accessions to his ranks, and he held the Russian commander to one spot, largely by dummy batteries constructed out of felled tree trunks, while his men executed an important flank movement in quite another quarter.

Then Transylvania; another borderland, with Hungary proper on the west and Rumania on the south. It is a country remarkable in every way. In point of population, the Rumanian element predominates, folk of curiously pristine habits and mien, with whom *mamaliga,* a stiff maize mush much like the polenta of Lombardy, is practically the sole article of diet, and whose legends and traditions, whose fireside songs of dreamy melancholy, whose wooing and burying, whose village dances of antique style, whose loves and hates are all alike impressing the observer as relics of a remote past. Next to them in numerical importance is the Magyar element—the larger contingent being the so-called Szeklers (meaning Hillmen): that is, descendants of the aboriginal conquering hordes who have been modified but little by the march of thirteen centuries, much less, indeed, than their brothers in Hungary itself. The distinctive characteristics of the Magyar, his fiery impetuosity, his boundless hospitality, his lavish display, his spendthrift ways, his eager ambition and trend to adventure and battle have here survived most purely. Lastly there are the Saxons of Transylvania, first called from their homes by Weser and Rhine some seven centuries ago, following the invitation of King Andrew of Hungary. These Saxons have preserved their Teuton type completely. In faith they are Lutherans; the Szeklers are Catholics mostly; the Rumanians Greek-Orthodox; and in tongue, in customs and ideals they closely assimilate with the Germans of the

Empire, and the well-to-do among them invariably study at Berlin University and support German theatres, German newspapers and German literature. With all that, however, politically they are loyal Hungarians. And in this Transylvania there is a mountain range which bears the name of Alps; rightly so, for in scenery and magnificent grandeur these mountains vie with those of Switzerland.

A quiet, sombre beauty of its own, too, is possessed by that region described as the Bohemian Forest, a region with which many foreigners who have sought health in Carlsbad, Marienbad, Teplitz or Franzensbad are more or less familiar; whereas the cave wonders of Carniola (Adlersberg and vicinity) and Styria and the surpassing beauty of the rockbound Dalmatian coast are known to few in comparison. Right in the midst of the war a hitherto unknown group of mammoth caves in Styria was discovered and explored under the direction of the provincial government. I have not seen them, but was told that they surpassed anything laid bare in the world in point of subterranean extent (some 140 square miles so far examined, with some incidental loss of life—now an electric plant has been installed) and in fairyland splendours. Rivers of great size and depth have been found, pouring their Acheronian waters into chasms hundreds of feet below and there swallowed up by unseen pools. Mighty palaces of stalactite, snowy and dazzling, are reared below there, a mile or more underneath the Dachstein peak, ornamented with pillars and friezes of marvellous outline. I think these wondrous places are now accessible, in some of their parts at least.

And what heightens the charm of a yacht cruise along the indented and varied coast of Dalmatia and its islands, is the fact that there are ancient harbour towns there,

Ragusa, Zara, Cattaro, Gravosa, that once attained to importance and splendour under the Lion of St. Mark; islands like Lessina, Lissa and Curzola, which under Venetian rule of centuries ago were not only beauty spots set in the amethyst of the Adriatic, which they are still, but more prosperous and with a thriving trade. These towns to-day are somewhat listless; but the wonders of their graceful architecture have survived. And there is Salona, a bit inland, with its splendid ruins of the days of Diocletian, the Roman emperor who was the last fierce persecutor of the early Christians, himself a native of Dalmatia. All these towns, in fact, leave a haunting memory behind. Their cypress groves against the azure sky stand out in one's recollections.

Then, as for sport, where else in the world do you find every variety of it? Not only do deer and stag abound everywhere, but the shy chamois as well, the wild-boar and the fiercer denizens of the forest. And as for game birds, grouse and capercailzie in the Alpine moors and heaths and woods, and water fowl of every species, even some found nowhere else, are met with along the lowlands of the Danube and Theiss, the Save and Drave, down to the Narenta swamps in Hercegovina. In the shooting boxes of the Austrian and Hungarian nobility one finds unique collections of trophies of the chase.

Contrasts, contrasts everywhere. Races or fragments of races dwelling in their aboriginal homes or overlapping: A strange medley of Slav and Teuton, of Turanians in Hungary and Latins in the South and Southeast. Polyglot and of many faiths, the only link holding them together more or less willingly is the common dynasty, the Habsburgs, themselves an amalgam, for their blood, too, in the course of centuries has mingled with Slav and Latin, with Gaul and Fleming and Burgundian, as a

glance at the records of the house, a definition of their heraldic escutcheon, at once betrays. And yet there are, to any one going at the business without preconceived notions, certain traits that seem to belong jointly to the peoples of Austria-Hungary alike. To this point I will refer elsewhere. Here I wish merely to point out that a certain easy good-nature, a certain leisureliness, a certain trend to hospitality, a certain flabby softness and lack of rugged energy, an unpretentious kindness, a certain freshness of spirit and naïveness appear to mark them all, no matter what their race or creed. This has struck me many times and in many places, under the most diverse circumstances, and I had observed it first in this country when consorting with Austrians and Hungarians of all kinds. And I don't think I can be mistaken in this perception.

Next to that, though, with some notable exceptions, to which I shall refer later, there are a prevailing lack of energy (the concomitant nearly always of pronouncedly easy disposition) and strong class distinction and caste feeling to be noted among the population of Austria-Hungary. It does not everywhere take the same form, but it exists and makes itself felt. No doubt the latter peculiarity is intimately connected with the history of the Dual Monarchy, with the political backwardness of the people, with their lower standard of life when compared with nations further west, and with the scantier influx of modern ideas and of the currents of thought set first adrift by the French Revolution. It must be recalled that Austria never had such a social or political upheaval as either France or England, her lack of internal coherence being probably largely responsible for that. Nor had Hungary and her dependencies such an earthquake, either. Her one popular rising, that of 1848-49, was pri-

marily intended to throw off the Austrian yoke, and only incidentally and in the second place were the aims favourable to an amelioration of the condition of her masses, or to social emancipation. To a certain extent a parallel with Germany will suggest itself here, although neither political nor social conditions are more than remotely analogous.

But in any event this present war, no matter what its ultimate outcome, will prove a potent remedy in levelling these crass distinctions of position and caste. That much may be even now stated with confidence. To the careful eye of the impartial onlooker in Vienna there came corroborations of this hypothesis all through the varied fortunes of the big war. Fighting in the mass, shoulder to shoulder in the trenches, rich and poor, highborn and lowborn alike, does breed a spirit of democracy. How far it has penetrated and how ineradicable it will prove in the days of final peace, I noted with peculiar interest. And behind the front, among the civilian population, the same fact could be remarked. To be fellows in suffering, to share the pangs of hunger, of penury, of all the ills of which war is the father,—this alone is apt to weld divergent classes into a more homogeneous whole. But aside from that, there are other agencies at work throughout this long and bloody war tending to the same goal. No nation, no matter what its former idiosyncrasies, can pass through such a fiery furnace as has the people of Austria-Hungary ever since 1914—and on the whole, of the large belligerents, none has paid such heavy toll in blood and treasure, in proportion to its population and means—without being powerfully altered.

At any rate the serflike subservience of the lower classes in Austria-Hungary, which might have been noticed so generally up to 1914, has diminished to-day to

a considerable extent. Of that I saw many traces. Thus, the attitude of the soldiers towards their officers has changed. It is now a more purely human one. So has that of the serving class towards their employers, their "masters." Even the highly characteristic little phrases, indicating humility, absolute obedience, etc.; such as "I kiss your hand, gracious lady," "my obedient servitude to you, gracious master," have become rarer and rarer. And these are but surface indications. It will be a good thing for Austria and Hungary when Bobby Burns' "A man's a man for a' that" will become truth there, and when one will no longer hear plaints all over that the only thing that counts is "birth," connections, favouritism, nepotism, "protection," as the phrase there goes. It will make for the uplift of the whole polyglot mixture and eliminate one of the features most repulsive to an American dwelling in the Dual Monarchy.

There is so much good in the character of the people there, such treasures of affection, of compassion, of broad charity, of indulgence for the foibles of one's neighbour, such a bright joyousness and easy content, so much that is best in human nature, in fact, that one longs to see this charming people put on the highroad to good fortune once more.

Right here let me recall a conversation I had in September, 1916, with the ex-Premier of Austria, Dr. Ernest von Koerber. In the course of it he expressed his high hope that after the war the American people would give aid and encouragement to the Dual Monarchy on the thorny path leading up to a re-establishment of prosperity. In particular he spoke of the yet undeveloped natural resources of Austria and of the need of more capital to develop them to the full. And I can only coincide in what this veteran statesman (one of the noblest figures

in Austrian public life) said. Austria has become a predominantly industrial country. Granted; but she suffers nevertheless from an insufficiency of liquid capital, and this condition, undeniable as it was before the war, will be greatly intensified after the restoration of peace. There lives in the Austrian people, and perhaps even in a still higher degree in the people of Hungary, an inexhaustible fund of sympathy, admiration, confidence and trust in the American people. Even the war has not been able to obliterate, or even diminish it. And it is shared by high and low alike. As for the pressing need of developing her great natural resources, fallow to this hour to a great extent, there can be no question. While, just to mention one instance, it is true that in Bohemia (by all odds the richest, most progressive and best developed part of Austria) the resources of nature have been taken care of, so to speak, yet this is by no means the case in other parts of the monarchy. Bohemia, indeed, is the only exception. All the other regions are woefully behind. Even Upper Austria, one of the original "crownlands" of the empire, requires capital and brains to exploit it. The mines of the empire are not even located for the larger share. Geologically it is quite certain that there must be many more deposits of ore—iron, lead, mercury, zinc, silver, coal, pitchblende, etc.; there must also, geologically considered, be naphtha and petroleum in the Hungarian lowlands; the mountainous soil of Transylvania must be replete with valuable minerals, besides its present copper, coal, silver and gold mines, many of them worked to apparent exhaustion. Above all, the immense waterpower of the totally neglected Alpine lands of Carniola and Carinthia ought to prove sources of future wealth and industrial production. I recall the late incumbent of the United States in Vienna, Ambassador

Frederic C. Penfield, telling me after an extensive trip through that district: "What a pity! Millions and millions going to waste there in those magnificent waterfalls and rapid mountain streams. They might be harnessed, like our own Niagara, to electricity." A great field, indeed, for our American expert miners and engineers.

And as it is in those respects, it is also in others in Austria-Hungary. I do not wish to convey to the reader the impression that Austria-Hungary in all its parts and in all the sections of its population is uncultivated, uncouth or behind the times. That would be a fatal error. Nothing could be farther from the truth. There are, without the slightest doubt, many men of high standing in every sphere of human activity, whether it be in science, in art, in modern technics, in industry or even in agriculture, commerce and finance. Of that, indeed, the world is quite aware. But there are not nearly enough of such men for the needs of the country as a whole. And they are labouring under one great disadvantage: namely, the vast difference in the state of culture that prevails in the various provinces of the Dual Monarchy. Official figures show that strikingly. Thus, in 1913 were published the census statistics for 1910 bearing on education for the whole country. They revealed, among other things, the fact that illiteracy is still frightfully common there. Not, of course, in every province, but in the vast majority of these. The blackest picture in the list was presented by Dalmatia, where, in the inland portion, the illiteracy (*i.e.*, the inability to *read or write*) percentage for all persons of over six years of age was 78. Close behind was Galicia (a province of about eight million of population, whereas Dalmatia's is only about 700,000) with 63 for the *province as a whole.* Things are not much better in other Slavic

provinces, such as Carniola, Istria, Croatia and Slavonia, and even in the predominatingly Slav districts of Carinthia, Styria, the Slovak sections of Hungary. The Rumanians, too, are far behind in schooling and general intelligence. Their agricultural methods smack strongly of the dark Middle Ages, and it is a question whether the potent grip that the Rumanian orthodox priesthood has on these simple and densely ignorant peasant folk be an unalloyed blessing.

It is vastly different, of course, with other sections of the Dual Monarchy. Thus, Bohemia as a whole looms up again in the van of progress. The keen rivalry there between the Czech and the Teuton elements has had at least the one grateful result of producing, among all classes of population, a very high standard of popular education. School attendance (of course it is compulsory) is almost a full hundred per cent.; indeed it is slightly higher than in the purely German parts of Austria, such as Lower and Upper Austria, Styria, the Tyrol, and even exceeds that of the Saxons of Transylvania, though there and in the other sections mentioned the general diffusion of school knowledge and the means of acquiring a higher education are very good indeed. Nor can it be said that schools, colleges, technical institutions and universities are on a low plane in the Dual Monarchy. As a matter of fact, they are based on the same rigorous system prevailing in Germany, and in most respects a degree obtained at the Universities of Vienna, of Graz, of Prague, of Czernowitz, Lemberg or Cracow means as much as one conferred by Berlin, Heidelberg, Munich or Leipzig. It may even be truthfully averred that in certain domains of science some of the Austrian seats of learning lead the world. Such, for example, is the case with surgery in Vienna; a fact made patent by the great

number of post-graduates perfecting themselves in the aula and in the clinics and sanitariums of Vienna,—post-graduates hailing from every part of the world, not only from the United States, but also from Russia, the Balkan states, South and Central America, from England and Italy even. That is a fact which speaks for itself. Indeed the influx of such young practitioners from the countries named shortly before the outbreak of the war was so great in number as to seriously interfere with the convenience of the native students and to lead to vigorous remonstrances by the latter. Of course, the war has changed all that. It is now the other way. In the second year of the war the attendance at the Vienna University had dropped from 10,800 to something below 5,000. But even under those circumstances I have it on the assurance of American doctors of the Red Cross that nowhere else were they able to profit so much from bold, original and successful methods of surgery as from those in Vienna. I shall recur to this feature of the case elsewhere in this book. In technics, too, Austria stands theoretically very high, and many important inventions had their origin there. But it is a curious corroboration of what was said on that head before, that many of the best trained Austrian engineers had to go to South America or the United States to find remunerative fields, their opportunities at home, with lack of capital and enterprise restricting them, being insufficient to hold them. Hungary proper also is by no means behind in these matters. The University of Budapest is noted for its achievements in various walks of science; and as to the school system, it is good, and the attendance, considering that the country is agricultural and distance often great, is surprisingly high.

As to the cause of illiteracy predominating in most of

the Slavic and Rumanian sections, it must not all be saddled on the central governments. In fact, the central governments have very little to do with it, since all the Slavic lands enjoy a large measure of autonomy, and the question of schooling is one over which the provincial chambers and diets have full control. But the Slavic populations (always excepting that of Bohemia) being, generally speaking, in a retarded state of development, both material and mental, the explanation lies rather there than elsewhere. Being economically inferior, too, the taxes imposed and the revenues drawn from provincial sources are often totally inadequate. Dalmatia, for instance, although styled a "kingdom" in official parlance, has all told scarcely the income of a medium-sized city in this country.

It may be imagined under all these given circumstances that the woman question, so-called, which in more advanced countries has been in a state of seething and feverish agitation, in Austria-Hungary has only just set in. But within the short period that the whole problem has been ventilated at all, tremendous progress has been made. Nor is this as surprising as at first blush it would appear. If one may generalise at all in the case of a population so heterogeneous and with conditions so widely differing, the woman of Austria-Hungary is bright, cheerful, rather more active and ambitious than the man, mentally alert and possessing a strong influence over the other sex. Nowhere, it may be said, does her type in the Dual Monarchy approximate that of the *Hausfrau* in Germany proper. She is somewhat coquettish, of considerable personal charm, endowed with a natural taste for art and the beautiful and graceful in life, knows how to dress and how to make the most of herself in every way; and while on the whole a good wife and mother, as she

certainly is an indulgent one, she is perhaps too attractive (and feels herself to be so) to hide all those attractions willingly within the folds of a strict and straight-laced matrimony. She is certainly far more conscious of her feminine charms than her sister in Germany. She is more sensual as well, naïvely so. Love, sexual affection, means much more to her than it does in other intellectually advanced countries, and her ideals in life are not circumscribed as much as elsewhere in this workaday world. And let it be borne in mind that, with this attempt to outline her in her chief features, I have not only the woman of Vienna in my eye, but her less conspicuous sisters in the provinces and in Hungary as well. If anything, for example, the lady of Prague or of Budapest is more elegant, more "alive," so to speak, than her Vienna sister, though the latter's reputation be of earlier date and wider reach. Be that, however, as it may, certain it is that during the past ten years woman in Austria-Hungary has been travelling with great rapidity and notable success on the road that leads to a more equable apportioning of the rights and duties as well as the opportunities of the sexes. And the war, as elsewhere, has accelerated the pace greatly. With millions of the men in the active period of life at the front or otherwise monopolised by war, it was inevitable that women old and young would have to fill places thus become vacant as well as they could. On the whole, too, they have acquitted themselves of their novel tasks in an admirable way. Much of this, it is true, will be but temporary; but enough remains that may be termed permanent gain. Women and girls all through the Dual Monarchy are to-day found in positions of trust and responsibility; as lawyers, as physicians, teachers, having charge of the management of large affairs, of big estates, of important business

concerns. Millions of them earn the bread of independence as clerks, saleswomen, as government employés, as storekeepers, as butchers, bakers and candlestick makers, as chauffeurs, as drivers, as blacksmiths even, as street labourers and pavers, as gardeners and rustic labourers, as masons and bricklayers—in fact, as nearly everything to which, but a few years ago, none but males would have been called. The process was a gradual one; but to-day it is just what I have described, and there is little doubt but what, even after the men return from the war, women will have proved themselves so efficient and serviceable that a very large proportion of them, at any rate, will remain in their present positions. Inquiring here and there, and scanning the papers attentively, I observed very little dissatisfaction with the work women have had to take upon themselves under the stress of circumstances. The above is, of course, but a sketchy treatment of a topic which it would alone require a whole volume to handle as its importance deserves, but lack of space forbids going into the matter more in detail.

It must be so also with another couple of subjects that can, at any rate, not be entirely overlooked. One of those is marriage, and, growing out of that, divorce and the problem of illegitimate offspring. I tread here, of that I am fully aware, on delicate ground; nor is this the place to discuss the various phases quite frankly. Suffice it to say that in Austria, more than in Hungary (where liberal laws as to marriage and divorce obtain), the State in a certain sense discourages both marriage and divorce. Before marriage becomes possible the intended husband must demonstrate his ability to maintain a wife. This is further complicated by various other demands and restrictions, some of them enforced by the civil, others by the ecclesiastical authorities. The Catholic Church in Aus-

tria recognises only one sufficient ground for the complete severance of the marital tie and for the right to remarry, and that is the death of one or the other of the contracting parties. A complete annulment of the marriage relation being impossible under Catholic teachings, strictly enforced, the natural consequence is that hundreds of thousands annul the relation at least practically. For even a change of religion would not entitle the parties, under the law (at least in the vast majority of cases), to enter into a second union. Couples living apart from each other, however, enjoy a latitude in their social relations which to the outsider seems amazing. Nor does the State in the least interfere. Now, with the middle and well-to-do or the aristocratic classes such a state of things does not entail by any means the same evil consequences it does with the proletariat. In the former case at least outward appearances of decency are more or less preserved, and separation may not mean a plunge into viciousness or worse. It is far otherwise with the lower classes in city or country. It needs no imagination to perceive that. And thus it is that the hundreds of thousands of ill-matched couples in Austria of necessity, and as a correlative, produce hundreds of thousands of offspring born out of wedlock. True, divorce itself, while rendered difficult and expensive by the State, may be decreed by the courts. But that is not a redress of the wrongs inflicted on one part or the other. For it is only a separation from bed and board. The stamp of illegitimacy is thus imprinted for life on thousands of guiltless children born every year. However, it is an unwritten law that where such deplorable conditions are the outcome of a state of things inherently unwise and, perhaps, morally wrong as well, the community as a whole views it with considerable leniency and does not visit, save in excep-

tional cases, the sins of the parents on the unoffending heads of their offspring. So it is, too, in Austria. And so far indeed has this inductive reasoning proceeded in Austria and (in a less urgent degree) in Hungary, that the State itself has done much to remove the stigma otherwise attaching to lawless pairings and their illegitimate progeny. This was strikingly illustrated right at the outbreak of the war.

Of all parts of Austria the evil above referred to was and is worst in Vienna. This has become proverbial in the country. For how much of this the peculiarly gay and (in love matters) unrestrained character of the Vienna woman (otherwise so charming and, in a sense, refined and unselfish) is responsible, I know not; I am inclined to think it is more owing to the general conditions of life at the Austrian capital and to the inevitable dangers and temptations of a huge city. At any rate, statistics prove that of the annual number of births in Vienna nearly thirty per cent. are illegitimate. This is about twice as high as for the whole of the Dual Monarchy, and fifty per cent. higher than for Austria alone. When, therefore, the war broke out and the question arose how to provide for the wives and children of the soldiers belonging to the labouring classes, etc. (with whom, it would almost seem, illegitimate birth is rather the rule than the exception), in the absence of their bread-winners, the situation was greatly complicated by the enormous number of these "unwedded wives" and, often motherless or deserted, little ones. The matter was thoroughly discussed, and the final result arrived at that equal provision and to the same amount in monthly financial aid, would have to be made for the benefit of those unfortunates belonging to this second category. And so it was arranged. A problem which, it may well be believed, had stirred to

their depths the hearts of those quarters of Vienna where the turbulent socialist and labouring element dwells, was thus solved according to the dictates of humanity and common sense. And thus it has remained all through these three years of fierce war.

CHAPTER II

HOW THE DUAL MONARCHY BECAME WHAT IT IS

A motto in the Hofburg at Vienna—Growth in power of the Habsburgs due to fortunate marriages—Some heiresses—In the days of Maximilian and Charles V—The sun never set in their dominions—Rudolph the ancestor—How the Habsburgs permanently acquired the imperial dignity—A cunning forgery—The Tyrol and Trieste came by inheritance—Leading trait of the Magyars—Unbroken struggle for a thousand years—The Magyars held back the Turks—Magna Charta of King Andrew II—Maria Theresa's pitiful plea to her Hungarian lieges—The days of 1848—Kossuth and Görgey—The Ausgleich and how it was brought about—Jealousy and distrust between Austria and Hungary—Has stood the test of time—The wrongs of the Czechs—Cheated out of their constitutional rights—Even their language suppressed—The Hradsheen and the imperial counsellors—How Czech hatred of Austria arose—A parliamentary fight of fifty years.

In the throne room of the Hofburg at Vienna, the quaintest and most ancient of the still existing royal residences in Europe, the eye meets, here and there, embossed or in intricately twined gilt lettering, the mystic dictum of the Habsburgs—A E I O U. It stands for the proud boast: *Austria erit in orbe ultima;* Austria will last forever. Is it a vain boast? The man who first adopted it as the motto of his house, the Emperor Frederick III, in 1443, surely did not think so. He and his after him, and quite a number before him, for generations and generations had brought Austria out of slight and humble begin-

nings up to the zenith of power, to the very top of earthly splendour.

For there cannot be any doubt about it: the peculiar policy of the house of Habsburg for centuries had in the end been almost uniformly successful. The keynote to this policy, a matrimonial one so to speak, had been neatly hit off by a mediæval court poet when he, in the last line of a distich, advised the Habsburgs to still adhere to it: *Tu, felix Austria, nube!* To wed heiresses of broad lands, that was, for a long, long period, the chief method of steady aggrandisement, of territorial expansion. It was by contracting a union with Margaret of Tyrol (surnamed, somewhat naïvely, *Maultasch, i.e.,* she of the drooping mouth) that that much-coveted bridge to Italy fell into the possession of the Habsburgs. It was again by matrimonial alliances that Styria, Carniola and Carinthia fell to the Habsburg sceptre. Most important of all, it was by marriages arranged for his granddaughter and grandson that the Emperor Maximilian (most gifted, chivalrous and sympathetic, though somewhat erratic scion of the whole line) secured to his house, towards the close of the 15th and the dawn of the 16th century, a glorious patrimony—Spain, the half of Italy and the entire Netherlands. And his grandson, the Emperor Charles V, it was for whom first the saw was coined that "the sun never set in his dominions." For as King of Spain his conquistadores, the Cortez and Pizarros and all their tribe, won fresh empires in the New World; won untold wealth in gold and treasure. They made this lucky Charles the mightiest potentate in the world and first tapped for him the inexhaustible mines of Peru and Mexico. And meanwhile this same Charles, wearing the imperial crown of Germany, was faced one day, at the Diet of Worms, by a bold yet simple monk, one Martin Luther,

who told him up and down: "I cannot otherwise, God help me!" and demanded church reform, "in head and limbs," as he phrased it. And as this plain-spoken monk thus bearded the majestic lion in his den, he probably had not even the slightest glimmering of the truth that it was, in fact, this religious split in Germany and in the Austrian possessions which, in the end, was to lead to vast diminution of power for Germany, for the emperor, for Austria, this religious split of which Martin Luther was the harbinger, the unwitting instrument in the hands of Providence.

So, then, without attempting to give here even an abbreviated history of the Habsburgs (of whose doings I speak more extensively in another chapter) or of Austria-Hungary, it is yet necessary to dwell a little more particularly on the ways and means employed in swelling, almost without a break, the size and resources of what is now known as the Dual Monarchy.

In 1273 it was that the noted forbear, Rudolph of Habsburg (whose surname really was a contraction of *Habichts*burg, *i.e.,* the burg, the castle, of the *Habicht,* the hawk, situated in the Aargau, now forming a part of republican Switzerland and in a most disgraceful state of decay, as I saw with my own eyes) first started the Habsburgs on their brilliant career. For, after a lengthy interregnum, during which the imperial crown of Germany had gone a-begging, being scorned by Richard of Cornwall, an Englishman, and by a Castilian don as well, the seven electors of the "Holy Roman Empire of the Teutonic Nation" finally made choice of this small Count Rudolph to wear the glittering bauble. For Count Rudolph of the Habichtsburg had lorded it up to that hour over but a rather restricted and insignificant domain, situate partly in Alsace, partly in Switzerland and Suabia, a ter-

ritory altogether measuring but a couple of hundred square miles and yielding revenues none too ample. But prudent and peace-loving and shrewd in his dealings this Habsburg ancestor undeniably was, and by defeating the rebellious Ottocar of Bohemia in a pitched battle on the plains near Vienna and wholly overcoming him, this wise Rudolph, after the death of the doughty Ottocar, laid claims to the sovereignty of the Ostmark, or Eastern Marches, first established by Charlemagne as a protective wall against the heathen Avars and Magyars. And out of this pitiful nucleus, the small and but thinly populated Ostmark, Austria has grown and developed.

True, subsequently the Habsburgs lost most of their ancient patrimony on older German soil by the rising of the original Swiss cantons. The latter, tyrannised over by the hot-headed Albrecht, Rudolph's rash descendant, gained their independence, partially at least. And later they won it wholly. But as I intimated in the foregoing, the Habsburgs did much more than make good their losses in this lengthy strife with obstreperous Swiss mountaineers by adding, little by little, to their Austrian lands in the east. To this task these earlier Habsburgs devoted all the astuteness their brains were capable of, all the patience and all the foresight of a cunning spider. This task, that of gaining steadily new accretions to their territory, quite sensibly appeared to the most of them a far more weighty one than obtaining or keeping the imperial electoral crown. Only one of them, another Rudolph of Habsburg, who had married, at the early age of nineteen, a daughter of the Emperor Charles IV (who was himself, though, of the Luxemburg house and also chosen King of Bohemia), had the ambition to be entitled at least to the rights of an imperial elector. So eager was he, indeed, for this empty honour, that he did not scruple

to engage in an elaborate stratagem for the purpose, part and parcel of which was barefaced forgery. Finally, a sort of compromise was acceded to. It was this same Rudolph who founded the University of Vienna and began to build the present structure of St. Stephen's Cathedral there, in 1356. It was in 1437 when the Emperor Sigismund died, the same who by right of inheritance had become King of Hungary as well as of Bohemia, without leaving a son. His successor then was Albert of Austria, husband of his daughter.—Albert the Habsburger next, in 1438, was elected Emperor, and thus we see for the first time the union of Austria, Hungary and Bohemia accomplished under an Imperial head of the Habsburg line.— From that time, too, the crown of the Empire remained in the family. However, the elder line, the Austrian branch, became extinct in 1457, and the Styrian, next of kin, came in, bringing with them their sovereign territories of Carinthia, Carniola, the Tyrol, and the City of Trieste (with immediate vicinity), affording an outlet to the sea. All this besides Styria, itself a good-sized bit of land.

It would require a great deal more space than is here at my disposal to relate all the ups and downs of the Habsburgs from this time on until the present. But a few more facts must at least be mentioned. Thus, for a time the sovereignty of both Bohemia and Hungary slipped again out of the grasp of the Habsburgs. And it was owing to the successful matrimonial policy of the Habsburg emperor Maximilian, to which I referred before, that, after the disaster of Mohacs (in 1526) and the death of King Louis of Hungary there, the two crowns were finally reunited under the Habsburgs. What independence Bohemia had still enjoyed by her turn in fortune she lost completely by the battle of the White Mountain near

Prague, in 1620, and during the Thirty Years' War and the religious persecution which it engendered. The so-called "counter-reformation," under Jesuit direction engineered from Vienna, nowhere wrought its evil courses with greater sternness and persistence than in Bohemia, at last completely stamping out Protestantism and racial aspirations, at least for 200 years.

The case was different in Hungary, largely because of the different temper and racial characteristics of the dominant element there, the Magyars. Through all vicissitudes and through all political changes that country experienced, it retained its strong spirit of independence. Not only that but it also remained (save for a short period under the Emperor Leopold I) an elective monarchy, notwithstanding that her statesmen recognised the hereditary claims of the Habsburgs. Politically speaking, the outstanding trait of the Magyar is indeed his love of national independence. Like a scarlet thread it runs through all the woof of his existence as a nation. Coupled with a stubborn will and an extraordinary skill in assimilating other racial fragments, there is a ruthless political craft, and fate had ordained that when his conquering hosts first swept down into ancient Pannonia, into the lowlands of the middle Danube, of the Theiss and Maros, they drove an irresistible wedge into what otherwise would have been solidly Slavic soil. It gave the Magyar, though numerically inferior, something which alone made it possible for him to play for a thousand years the successful rôle of the conqueror; namely, a theatre of action so centrally located that of necessity the surrounding Slav remnants of nations had to become accretions under his rule, had to help crystallise a Magyar entity. The Magyar, in fact, was the kernel, strong though small in number, and indomitably, through all the turbu-

lent vicissitudes of a long national history, the Magyar (pronounced: Mad'yar) fulfilled his self-arrogated historical mission of maintaining the land of his fathers as a stout bulwark of European, of Western, of Christian civilisation against the ceaseless onrush of the Moslem hordes. With Magyar valour indeed, the bulwark of Occidental culture, full of fissures and breaches as it mostly was, would have succumbed on several occasions. In the days of the great Soliman it came near falling a prey to Turkish lust of conquest, for the might of the Padishah was then, early in the 16th century, at its zenith.

But not Hungary and the Magyar alone—Austria, too, bore her share in this defensive contest with the fanatical Turk, a contest gathering momentum for centuries and then as slowly ebbing off. As late as 1683, we all remember, Vienna almost fell before a giant Moslem army, and the memories of that siege and of the final rescue is even at this day very vivid in the gay capital of the Danube, since local chronicles have served to perpetuate it.

The "Turkish Peril" is past. No longer does it threaten the Occident. From haughty assailant attempting world conquest the Turk for generations had to be content with the inglorious part of Europe's "Sick Man," though of late he has seemingly risen from his sickbed. But at any rate, this much is certain, that our Western, our Christian, our milder, more complex and less predatory civilisation was largely preserved by Hungary and Austria. For four centuries the men of these two countries dauntlessly fought against the barbarian throngs that were launched ever anew, from the seat of Moslem power at Stamboul, for destruction and devastation, and let us not forget that the last dangerous Turk irruption, that of 1683, had been brought about very largely by the machinations and promises of his "Most

Christian Majesty," Louis XIV, the Roi Soleil of Versailles, he, the bitterest foe of the Habsburgs. The civilisation of our days owes indubitably a vast debt of gratitude to Hungary and Austria on that account, an historical debt never liquidated. The greater part of that debt is owing to the Magyars, but a not inconsiderable fraction goes to the share of Austria and the Habsburgs as well. It may also be maintained that it has been in great measure due to the numberless enforced wars both Hungary and Austria had to wage against the ever-present "Turkish peril" that the Austria-Hungary of our own day has not progressed farther on the road to genuine prosperity and enlightened civic liberty. These Turkish wars kept both countries for several centuries in turmoil and strife. They were much the cause of their turbulent history. They were a perpetual drain on their blood and treasure. They hampered their progress and their peaceable consolidation enormously. Many of the ablest and most patriotic Hungarians and Austrians perished on the battlefield fighting the warriors of Islam, and not a few of the best Magyar rulers even did so. If Hungary and Austria had no other claims to our thanks than that, at least this one must be conceded by all impartial men.

However, it is time to go back to our sketchy outline of the evolution of the Dual Monarchy.

It would be foreign to my purpose to trace all the turns in the tortuous story. Austria's close connection with Hungary dates, as I pointed out, from 1526. Since that time, though, there were periods of shorter or longer duration when Hungary, either wholly or in part, escaped the clutch of the Habsburgs. It must be recalled that Hungary was an elective kingdom, and under the Magna Charta granted her by the famous ruler, Andrew II, in 1222, she was even a constitutional one. Indeed, it is

noteworthy that in this "Golden Bull," seven centuries ago, the rights of the people were so generously apportioned that even the "right of forcible resistance" (without entailing the charge of high treason) against encroachments or usurpation of royal prerogatives was therein specifically set forth. Thus it was that again and again the diet or the estates of Hungary exercised to the full their rights in choosing somebody other than a Habsburg for their King. John Hunyady and his son, the doughty Matthias Corvinus, were among the earlier and highly popular kings of native stock. The latter even, in 1485, marched against the Habsburg emperor, Frederick, and actually seized Vienna.

But even after the more intimate union brought about in 1526, there were times of estrangement, of stress, of rebellion more or less lasting or critical. Ferdinand of Austria, though acknowledged king by the larger number of the great Hungarian nobles, for many years, after the battle of Mohacs, had to contend with a rival king, John Zapólya, a formidable warrior of Slav origin. And later, in the early and again in the middle part of the 17th century, several great Magyar rebels (whose names even today are household words throughout Hungary) such as Bethlén Gabor, Francis and George Rakoczy, are heard of. Emeric Tököly, too, during the reign of the Emperor Leopold I (1657-1705), was one of those bold leaders against Habsburg rule. Much of all this rivalry and internal strife, however, was owing to Turkish instigation, especially during the period when Transylvania was still held by the Turks after a fashion. It subsided after Transylvania had been added to the Austrian crown, and the last ruler of Transylvania, Prince Michael Apafy, ended his days ingloriously in his Vienna exile, about 1707.

The next serious trouble arose when Maria Theresa, daughter of the Emperor Charles VI, under the provisions of the Pragmatic Sanction, laboriously obtained by her father from the estates of Hungary, Bohemia and other parts of the monarchy, actually ascended the throne in 1739 and had her rights of succession at once forcibly disputed by King Frederick of Prussia and the Elector of Bavaria. It should be said here that the fundamental law of Hungary, the Golden Bull of King Andrew II, had been several times modified in the course of five centuries, and that it had been treated more or less as obsolete ever since the accession of the Habsburgs. For one thing, the clause granting the right of forcible resistance to the subjects of the crown had been solemnly and repeatedly eliminated from the original text.

Maria Theresa, though, was a wise and energetic ruler. In sorry danger of losing her throne she appealed personally to the Hungarian parliament, clasping her infant son to her breast. In Latin, then the state and public tongue of Hungary, she pleaded her dire case, and the inborn chivalry of the Magyars caught fire. Flashing their sabres in the sunlit breeze on the Coronation Hill at Presburg (now officially termed Poszony), they shouted with one voice: *Moriamur pro nostro rege, Maria Theresa!* In short, they crowned her their "king," and she rode boldly up the steep path swinging her sword to the four quarters and calling out the symbolical oath of fealty to her people. This was in 1740, and it was 127 years later, in 1867, that the Emperor Francis Joseph suffered the ceremony of a special coronation as King of Hungary to be repeated in his own person. All the intervening rulers had scorned to do so, although the constitution of Hungary solemnly provides for it. It was largely due to the loyalty of her Hungarian and Croatian subjects

that the Empress Maria Theresa was in the end able to keep her crown, even against such a military genius as Frederick the Great. It did not hinder the fact, however, that the same Maria Theresa curtailed the constitutional rights of Hungary as much as she dared, and that her son and successor, Joseph II, did likewise.

Another century elapsed. The terrific shaking up of the Napoleonic era had left Austria-Hungary impoverished, but, thanks to the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, otherwise not much the worst, with her territories restored and on Italian soil even enlarged. Hungary all this time had been treated as an integral portion of the Austrian domain, not as an independent, sovereign realm. A period of repression set in under the unspeakable Mephistopheles of Europe, Prince Clemens Metternich, the Austrian statesman who tried to turn back the wheel of time to absolutism and a shackled public life. But in 1848, when France had turned out Louis Philippe and even Berlin had risen against the Hohenzollerns, the Magyars once more rose in rebellion. This time they wanted separation, independence, freedom. They beat the Austrian generals in the field, but Nicholas I of Russia interposed, "for the sake of the principle of divine rulership," as he expressed it. And to Russia, not to Austria, Görgey, the ablest military leader of the Hungarians, with his last legions surrendered at Vilagós in August, 1849. Kossuth, the dictator, fled first to Turkey, next to America, and Haynau, the "hyena," held high revel among the defeated Hungarians, hanging, shooting, jailing them by thousands.

Then reactionism followed. The young emperor, Francis Joseph, under the tutelage of his stern mother, the Archduchess Sophia, once more tried the old Habsburg remedy: suppression of liberty in every form, a gagged press, abolition of representative government. But 1866

came. Austria was whipped by Prussia at Königgrätz. Austria, hitherto exercising hegemony in Germany, had to step aside and let Prussia smash the old effete German Federation and erect a new and more efficient structure in its stead. The war of 1870-71 intervened. And with it Austria's last hope of re-establishing her power over Germany was gone. The new German Empire became a fact.

Even before this last event came to pass, Austria by the stroke of genius, or else—as many take it—by the ill-fated hand, of Count Beust, a second-rate statesman and brilliant diplomat, put herself on an entirely new basis. For Count Beust, who from being the guiding spirit of little Saxony had been called in by Francis Joseph as the best expert he could think of, created that wonderful *Ausgleich* between Austria and Hungary which is still in force at this hour. *Ausgleich* is a German word which means "compromise"; and that it truly was. For it did not fully satisfy the Hungarians, inasmuch as it granted but a limited autonomy to Hungary instead of a perfect one, and it met also with the disapproval of large sections of the Austrian peoples. In Hungary indeed the *Ausgleich* fell far short of expectations of the Independence (or 48er) Party, which was and is much stronger than its mere representation in Parliament would suggest, since it embodies the real and instinctive feelings of the masses towards Austria. And in Austria again there has been engendered by it a rather widespread sentiment of downright hostility towards the more fortunate half of the monarchy. Indeed, jealousy of Hungary's wider share of political freedom and political influence, more than commensurate with Hungary's smaller size and population and economic development, possesses the breast of the average Austrian, a direct consequence of the *Ausgleich*

which made Hungary unquestionably from a former appendage or dependency the dominating part of the whole. This sentiment of mutual dislike and distrust has cropped out on a number of vital occasions throughout the present war. But it has not hindered the fact that Hungary, ever since 1867, has steadily climbed upward, not only in the matter of political influence and internal consolidation (despite the racial strife which, there also, has been causing much trouble), but in economic prosperity as well. For the economic aspects of the *Ausgleich* have been of even greater importance than the political ones. About these things more is said elsewhere. Here I merely state the broad facts.

Nevertheless, the *Ausgleich* has stood the test of time. It has borne the frequent strain of strong tendencies on both sides of the Leitha (the frontier stream dividing Hungary from Austria) making ever for separation and partition. There were, it is true, periods when a total break seemed imminent, when in Hungary the distinctly anti-Austrian elements were consciously working towards that end. Such a period, for example, was the one of 1897 to 1907, the economic situation and the question of the proper quota towards the government being the pretext, and when the thin wedge of separation nearly caused a split. The compromise of 1867 weathered the long crisis because on the whole it is based on the well-understood interests of both countries, and because the two largest parties in Parliament, the Constitutional one under the guidance of Count Julius Andrassy and the Liberal one (now in power) led by Count Stephen Tisza, perceived that clearly and counselled moderation. Thus, on the whole, Hungary entered the war by the side of Austria fairly a unit, fairly convinced that the preservation of the Dual Monarchy, viewed as a whole, was well worth

fighting for, and suppressing old-time sympathies and antipathies. For up to the outbreak of the war Hungarian sympathies, individually felt, had been rather Francophile and Anglophile. Of that there could be no doubt. It was dire necessity that made the Hungarian the companion-in-arms not only of the Austrian, his quondam oppressor, but of the German, with whom he had ever been united by very little fellow-feeling, since his whole mental and moral habitus antagonises the Teuton conception of life and its ideals.

It was not so with the Czechs of the monarchy, however. Of all the Slavs living under the shadow of the Austrian double-eagle, the Czech does so most unwillingly. The long history of this, the most gifted and energetic of all the Slav tribes, goes far to explain this strong and undying hatred of his Austrian master. I must confess that I, prior to my long residence in Vienna, had failed to grasp the underlying causes of Czech discontent, although repeated previous visits of shorter duration to beautiful Bohemia had certainly acquainted me with the fact of its existence. History explains much. Ever since the Czech people first emerged from the dim light of legendary lore, from the days of fabled Libussa on, it met the racially so different, so much more numerous, so much better organised German in its path. From the early Middle Ages up to fifty years ago, the Czech was the helot, the hewer of wood and drawer of water. Ever the German, wherever he came in contact with him and wherever he tried to compete, had the best of it. German superiority and greater efficiency, and the impotence of the Slav to make headway against it, already led Duke Boleslav, ages and ages ago, to issue a decree for the expulsion of all Germans from Bohemia. But it was in vain. The more potent German prevailed. And it was

owing all along to the peculiar Slav nature and Slav modes of life of the Czech. From prehistoric times on the Czech, like all Slavs, has been a tiller of the soil—not a warrior, not a herdsman, a hunter, a builder of and dweller in towns, not a mechanic, a trader, a craftsman. In all these points the German was much more than his match. The Czech towns in Bohemia owed their rise and prosperity to the German colonist without whom there would have been no commerce, no artisan skill, no organised government in his own land. The German, in short, was indispensable to Czech material welfare and the development of Bohemia, after the breaking down of the great Slav confederation of Svatopluk of Moravia. The Czech rulers of Bohemia were forced to acknowledge it. They could not do without the aid, the enterprise, the steady industry of their Teuton guests, subjects, allies, citizens, and builders. Any number of Czech "bulls," decrees, letters of privilege, etc., attest the fact, from about 900 A.D. till the 16th and 17th century and even later.

Then, on top of this hateful feeling of inferiority that had lived darkly in the simple Slav soul of the Czech for so long, came the trickery first, then the fiendish cruelty and systematic persecution of the Habsburgs, once Bohemia had passed under their sway. The Czechs had ancient historic rights to have their country held an independent sovereign kingdom, just as much as had the Magyars. When the Habsburgs, in 1526, by inheritance, finally got a firm hold on Bohemia, they pledged themselves to uphold and defend the dignity of Bohemia as a separate and distinct nation. They broke those solemn vows. They governed Bohemia as a mere dependency. They evaded coronation ceremonies, a symbolic act which meant so much in those days, or flatly refused to have

themselves crowned as distinct kings of Bohemia. The country, weakened and devastated by the century-long Hussite wars, waged partly for a purer faith and partly for national liberty, was made the grazing spot for Habsburg favourites, creatures of the court of Vienna. Worse, for with the day, in 1618, when the Czech rebels flung out of the window of the Hradsheen in Prague the imperial counsellors, an act which started the sanguinary Thirty Years' War, Bohemia was steeped in blood and ruin. The Hussite heresy, under the direction of the Jesuit confessor of the Emperor Ferdinand, was stamped out in woe and waste. Bohemia for the next two hundred years was a land of desolation, her peasants serfs, her native nobility destroyed and expropriated, her rights and prerogatives denied and disregarded. The very language, Czech, was tabooed.

How can one wonder at the fact that such sowing could only bring in the end a bitter harvest of hate?

When Vienna rose against her absolutist government in 1848, when all Hungary rose, all the Italian possessions of the Habsburgs, Prague rose likewise. But the rising was stifled by the military. Then came 1866, the defeat of the Habsburgs on the battlefield, and the last slender link that had bound Bohemia to Germany's fortunes broke forever. Austria, under Count Beust, had to tread new ways, and peace was made with Hungary; peace was also sought for with Bohemia. But the Czechs were not so gullible as of yore. They deliberately resolved to win their own salvation by their own efforts. Ever since 1867 they have been engaged in an unvarying parliamentary campaign leading, they trusted, to independence and complete autonomy (under a king of their own who might also call himself Emperor of Austria if he chose), under a constitution of their own, under laws of

their own, seeking national prosperity once more. All this was denied them. Under Hohenwart, under Taaffe, it is quite true, the central government at Vienna made some concessions, in the matter of the use of Czech as an administrative language and in the matter of internal government mainly, but the Czechs were not satisfied. They wanted more, much more.

The whole Czech problem is bristling with difficulties. For it is complicated unfortunately by the fact that Bohemia is, it must be conceded, a favoured region by nature, but not inhabited by a homogeneous people. Of its total population of almost seven million, some three millions nearly are of German stock, and the latter are even to-day the more progressive and wealthier part. In the struggle for preservation of their own language and race, those German Bohemians are necessarily deeply opposed to their Czech fellow-countrymen who are doing their best to Czechisise them. It is this feature of the case which makes a final and satisfactory solution so overpoweringly hard. Geographically and tactically considered, the Czechs, as they have the advantage of superior numbers, have also the advantage of occupying the core, the very heart of Bohemia. Being an agricultural race, the Czechs settled—in the dim, distant past, probably about the year 450 A.D.—in the flat and fertile lowland forming the centre of the country, while the Bohemians of Teutonic stock dwell in a semi-circle around them in the mountainous and densely wooded ridges that border on Saxony to the north, on Bavaria to the west, and on German-speaking Upper Austria to the east and south. In fact, they are hemmed in on every side by their racial foes, the men of German stock. In addition to that, the portions of Bohemia settled by Germans are most valuable industrially, for they contain the mines, the forests,

and the water power, hence are the home of Austria's most prosperous manufactures.

And thus it is that for fifty years past the Czechs have wrought patiently by day and night to achieve their territorial and political independence, and have failed. Every Austrian statesman during that long time has tried his wits at the conundrum, praising this or that new remedy—and has equally failed. And thus it is that the Czechs entered this war with the sting of abasement, with disloyalty in their hearts.

CHAPTER III

UNIQUE FEATURES FORMING PART OF THE PROCESS

Owing to the widely differing dates when the component parts of Austria-Hungary were acquired, there are also great differences in their social and intellectual development—The scale runs from almost primitive conditions to highest civilisation—Originally the whole of Austrian territory was inhabited by Slavs and Celts—Hungary was Ancient Pannonia of the Romans; Austria was Noricum; Vienna was Vindobona, a Roman camp in the midst of Celt savages—Race and national feeling of comparatively recent rise—Bukovina and Transylvania as model exemplars—A unique feature is the unimpaired aboriginal character of the various populations—Reasons for it—With the single exception of the Magyar Kingdom, the Austrian and Hungarian "lands" are nothing but fragments of former powerful political entities—The East Marches, or Ostmark, and Teutonising colonisation—Racial renascence of the Slovenes—There was never any serious attempt made to weld the incongruous fractions into a homogeneous whole—The population of Latin stock and the Ladiners—How to differentiate.

It is not astonishing that so little is generally known outside Austria-Hungary of the real conditions under which the queer assortment of races and "nationalities" live that compose the whole. For the subject is an intricate one and full of pitfalls to the uninitiated stranger trying to grope his way through the labyrinth. Even in Germany, despite the centuries-old political and economic relations connecting that country with Austria-Hungary, and despite the grave importance which the matter has assumed since the two countries became close allies, the

deepest ignorance and the most curious misapprehension very commonly prevail as to the inner mechanism of the Dual Monarchy. In the course of the war many editorial utterances in some of the leading journals of Germany have betrayed this lack of knowledge, and not a few of them gave deep offence in Austria-Hungary when the contrary impression had been intended. Not even China, another land of mysteries, is so universally misunderstood and misjudged as is Austria-Hungary. And the cause of it lies in good part in the fact that the theme is really very complicated. Some of the errors most widely held it is the purpose of this chapter to clear up.

Thus, the fact most amazing to the stranger endeavouring to understand Austria-Hungary, namely, the enormous differences in the scale of civilisation obtaining there, from almost primitive conditions to the highest range of social and intellectual culture, is easily accounted for. It is necessary to keep in mind the genesis of the Dual Monarchy of to-day. The various provinces and "lands" making it up were acquired at different times, many of them by peaceful methods (by marriage contracts, by inheritance, by election, by statecraft, etc.), others by conquest. The period of these acquisitions runs between 1273 and 1908. Or rather, if the first beginning of Austria is included, it goes back to still remoter times. For it was during the reign of Charlemagne, about 800 A.D., that that great Frankish ruler first founded the *Ostmark,* or Eastern Marches, as a bulwark against the marauding irruptions of the Avars, forerunners and next of kin to the Magyars, and out of this *Ostmark* has grown Austria. Charlemagne first put a *Markgraf* (or Count of the March) in power there, and subsequently the Babenbergs, a Frankish (Middle Bavarian) line, ruled there as dukes, and with their ex-

tinction and the defeat and death on the battlefield of the other claimant, Ottocar of Bohemia, the Habsburgs, in 1273, took their start. Bosnia and Hercegovina, as all readers remember, were not annexed till 1908, and the Bukovina, for instance, was not won for Austria till the reign of Emperor Joseph II, in the latter part of the 18th century, after his defeating the Turks who had held sovereignty of it. In the Bukovina and in Transylvania, too, both of them domains of great natural attractions and resources, though sorely neglected, one may study to advantage the racial make-up of each. Bukovina (which is Ruthenian for "Land of the Beeches") is but the size of one of our smaller New England states, with a population of 500,000. Yet it shows remarkable variety of scenery and population. For besides the German-speaking farming colonies whom Joseph II induced to settle there and who own some of the best farm lands but do not comprise more than a population all told of about 80,000 or less, there is the Rumanian element in the southeast (adjoining Rumania proper), forming about the most retrograde in the whole monarchy, but intensely picturesque in all their ancient customs and mode of living; then the Ruthenian (or Ukraïnian) population, in the east and north; the Polish (small but influential by wealth and landed property); the large Jewish element, and finally the small Magyar admixture, towards the Western portion. These all hold separate religious views—the Rumanians being Greek Orthodox; the Ruthenians again "United Catholics" (a compromise between the Orthodox and the Roman Catholic Church and acknowledging the supremacy of the Pope); the Jews, of course, Hebrews; the Germans, mostly Protestants; and the Magyars, Roman Catholics. And as in religion they also vary greatly in degree of culture. Besides, the

Ruthenians gravitate more or less towards Russia, the Rumanians towards Rumania, the Magyars towards Hungary, and only the small fragments of Jews and Germans were loyally Bukovinians, without any political after-thought; and only they, for the most part, make use of the excellent higher schools at the capital of the province, a charming town called Czernovitz, and of the small but in every sense very efficient university located there. Then in scenery there are the fertile bottom lands of the Pruth, the Sereth and Dniester; there are grandiose mountain ranges covered with virgin forest and there are Alpine glaciers—all within a distance of a few miles. In Transylvania, another province (now belonging to the St. Stephen's Crown of Hungary) wrested from Turkey a couple of centuries ago, conditions are very similar. In that Switzerland of the Southeast there are two universities, much wealth, much mining and engineering, side by side with intense ignorance and penury. Illiteracy predominates, as I pointed out elsewhere, in a number of the most backward provinces, such as Galicia, Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, yet in other parts of the monarchy there is scarcely any. In the two provinces of Upper and Lower Austria the attendance reaches almost 100 per cent.; it is similar in Bohemia, in the Magyar portions of Hungary, in Moravia, in Styria, in Salzburg, in Carinthia; but in the almost purely Slavic Carniola, in Istria, in Gradiska illiteracy again augments at a frightful rate. And this is only referring to mental differences; economically and socially the differences are still greater. They must be accounted for, at least in good measure, by local conditions arising from the varying dates when Christianity, when the blessings of attendant civilisation were first made accessible to these regions.

A cognate argument is also this: What is now known

as Austria was in the main the Province of Noricum of the Romans, although that administrative unit comprised also part of Bavaria. Noricum in the Roman time was sparsely settled by tribes of Celtic stock, who during the ages of migration in the early centuries of the Christian era were partly exterminated, driven out or forcibly intermingled with Slavic tribes that came to settle there, having themselves been made to yield to Hunnish, Avar or Magyar conquering hordes that pushed them out of Moesia—the Balkan region—or Pannonia, the present Hungary. These Southern Slavs, practically all belonging to the Serbian race,—although they now call themselves Slovenes and their vernacular is not precisely the same as that of the Serbs or Croatians,—took to these thinly populated Alpine lands in the hope that there they would be out of the way of trouble and conquest. Nor were they in the main mistaken. They imposed, by means of their greater numbers, by intermarriage and by coercion, their idiom on the Celtic aborigines, and the latter were completely assimilated by them. For a number of centuries those Slav immigrants were actually left in peace. They showed, though, one of the chief traits of Slav nature—the incapacity to organise themselves into permanent and efficient states. Thus they fell easy victims to the pushing, conquering Teutons when these in turn, under the strong impulse imparted to them by the introduction of Christianity and of the civilisation that followed in its wake, in the period of Charlemagne and the establishment of an elective but aggressive German Kingdom, began, first, to secure their frontiers against the predatory, nomadic, Turanian hordes from Hungary, and next to enlarge these borders on the line of least resistance, therefore in the direction of Slavic lands like "Austria," Styria, Salzburg, Carinthia

and Carniola. Under Charlemagne, too, began the settlement with Germans of these regions. The settlers, warlike and loaded with all their goods and chattels, came for the most part from what is now Bavaria. Hence, too, the dialect spoken to this day by the German populations of those districts is about the same as that spoken in the mountainous half of Bavaria. As a passing remark it may be said, while skimming this ethnological field, that these Bavarians themselves are racially a mixture of Teuton and Celt, with the Celtic indeed predominating in many places. That also explains the great difference in many respects between them—the real Bavarians of the Alpine tract—and their brothers of the empire. It may even be said that many of these Bavarians resemble more the Celtic Irish than the Germans further north, as in their pugnacity, in their love of art, their thriftlessness, etc. Any close observer must have been struck with these peculiarities. Of the fact of this race mixture there is not the slightest doubt. Craniology alone would settle that question if historical proofs were lacking, which is not the case.

Now, the German settlers in these regions to-day called Austria had much to do to establish themselves firmly in the lands held by force, both against assailants from within and without, and while they themselves, by reason of close ties with their Teuton homeland, progressed in civilisation and in prosperity, they had not much leisure and effort to bestow on the Slavic population they had displaced or with which they were living on more or less amicable terms in proximity. Thus it happened that these Slavic tribes (whose language and different manners alone were sufficient to isolate them) were Christianised much later only, and that no serious and persistent endeavour was made to bring them up to the

intellectual or economic level of their new Teutonic masters. Besides, these things require much time and great effort; the times continued troublous; the Slavs were living compactly in contiguous territory mostly, not intermingled as regards space with the conquering race. And again it must be noted that the date of acquisition of the various wholly or partially Slavic "crown lands" by Austria was not the same in each case, but was rather divided by centuries. Thus, a uniform level of civilisation was out of the question.

In passing it might be mentioned that Vienna itself was originally Slav, and that fate, which plays curious pranks sometimes, seems rapidly turning that city, once the great centre of Teutonic culture in the East, back again into a Slavic metropolis. Vindobona the Romans called it, probably from a Slavic tribe, the Vinds or Vends, and it was a Roman fortified camp in the midst of Celt savages. Excavations in Vienna itself leave no room for doubt on that score. During my stay in Vienna antiquarians brought many proofs to the surface, some of them from soil right under the heart of the City. Then, from the time of Charlemagne on, for a space of eight centuries or thereabouts, Vienna having been given a Teutonised form of its old name, *Wien,* became indeed German to the core, as its entire records show. But with the Habsburgs, their reigning house, the Viennese, too, gradually lost their distinctively German character. Refugees from other countries settled there, under the ægis of the court, in larger and larger numbers. Immigrants from Bohemia, from the Italian possessions of the Habsburgs, from Hungary and from every other part of the empire came in steady file. To-day the population of Vienna is, racially considered, at the very least three-fourths non-Teutonic. In features, in bearing, in

complexion, in their characteristics, they show this plainly. Picking up a recent city directory of Vienna and turning over its leaves, one is struck by the fact that a score of pages are devoted to one purely Slavic (Czech) name alone, and that other Slavic, Italian, Hungarian names abound in this truth-telling tome. Carefully observing names on street and shop signs, the same phenomenon is observed. True, the dialect spoken by the great mass of the people of Vienna is still a German, a Bavarian, one, although it is liberally mingled with Slav words. The school language, German, accounts for that. The vernacular is the last thing that changes. But the percentage of unmixed Slavs (especially Czechs) is all the while increasing. The unintermittent migration of the Czechs from Bohemia and Moravia to Vienna continues, and even the last rampart, that of tongue, is bound to fall at last, despite all the desperate efforts to ward this off made by the Viennese of old stock who feel hurt, humiliated by all this. Already the Czechs in Vienna have succeeded, notwithstanding municipal legislation framed *ad hoc,* in enforcing instruction in Czech in a number of schools situated in strongly Czech quarters, and are further extending their victory under the constitutional liberties of the empire. And how quickly a city may, under otherwise favouring circumstances, change its racial and general aspects, there is no better illustration for than Prague, capital of Bohemia, and Budapest, the Hungarian capital. For Prague sixty years ago was predominantly a German city in all its leading features. To-day it is an intensely Czech city, with the German element reduced down to about ten per cent. of the whole. All the result of a systematic Czechicising propaganda and a campaign waged with unexampled zeal. The same is true of Buda-

pest. In 1867 it was overwhelmingly Teutonic in language, character, and everything else. To-day things are exactly reversed; again caused by the same means. And curiously enough this has been done in face of the weighty fact that the language there displacing another, displacing one to possess which was in all material and intellectual respects of far greater value, was one of small circulation and intrinsically not alone extremely difficult to master but also of slight use outside of the narrow bounds where it dominates. But the potent spirit of racial pride, of racial fanaticism, so to speak, easily explains the phenomenon.

We have, then, the unmistakable fact to consider that the aboriginal character of the various populations of Austria-Hungary has been conserved through long stretches of time, in the face of all discouragement and of all material disadvantages which such conservation often meant. Indeed, it is one of the most interesting chapters in the life book of the Dual Monarchy to observe just this fact—the unabridged and unimpaired racial character of the populations not belonging to the once dominant element. For it must not be forgotten that, with the single exception of the Kingdom of Hungary, the elements thus recovering from their period of more or less oppression are composed entirely of fragments of races, not of entire races, of fragments of races that some of them, it is true, once had formed and maintained for a time large and powerful political entities, as in the case of the Czechs, of the Moravians, the Serbs and Croatians, the Slovaks and the Rumanians, or that had even lacked the political sagacity and energy to accomplish that much, as may be said of the Slovenes, the Ladiners, the men of Italian stock in the south of Tyrol, in Istria and on the Adriatic shore. Some of these even

had apparently buried all hope or desire of keeping their native tongue intact. This is true of the Slovenes, whose idiom is about the least plastic and the least cultivated of all the Slavic ones. It is only during the last thirty years that they once more, if I may use such a term, dug it out and began to try and make the most of it. They have succeeded remarkably well, and Slovene is now not alone a literary medium, but even a scientific one. It is similar in the case of Czech, though that at least could look back upon a time when it was in the heyday of its glory; when as early as the 15th century, in the time of Huss, it was developed enough to serve as a vehicle for a translation of the gospels and for the composition of church hymns and of a whole liturgy. But Czech also vanished for a long time from all public and literary use, and it was only revived two generations ago. Even with Magyar the case was similar. Intensely proud and self-contained as this race is, for centuries only Latin was used in the political life and for all public documents, even in the courts, of Hungary. And not until about 1830 was a beginning made to employ this strange idiom in the national parliament and for all other public purposes. Strange idiom, I call it; for the Magyar language, rich and capable of the finest shades of expression, has no affinity with other languages spoken in Europe. It belongs to the Ural-Altaic stock, is agglutinous and very hard to learn, though quite sonorous and yet virile in sound. Had the Habsburgs had the wisdom to consolidate all these heterogeneous elements living under their sway—and for whom the dynasty meant in the main the one single link of connection—by a mild yet persistent course of suasion, all might have gone well in the end. For the dynasty itself, strange as that may appear on several accounts, their "peoples" had ever shown something akin to af-

fection. And indeed, without that one motive of devotion to the house that had ruled them for centuries, it is hard to conceive what could have held this conglomerate, unique in this respect, together at all. It is hard to say what else could hold it together even to-day. And for long periods the Habsburgs had this opportunity of "peaceful fusion." But while the Habsburg internal policy, up to 1867, had always been that of centralisation, no attempt was made at welding the different elements into an indestructible whole. The centralisation aimed at was merely an outward one—uniformity of administration; the compulsory use of German as the language in courts, in the army, on all public occasions; a crudely levelling process, in short. But not one to blend the various parts, not one which would have made each feel a pride in the country as a whole, to foster intelligent patriotism and mutual forbearance, mutual recognition of each other's rights and ideals. Of course, the latter task was infinitely the harder one of the two. It would have called for an amount of psychological insight that we look for in vain amongst rulers of the past. Not even the great reformer, Joseph II, brilliant man though he otherwise may be called, was equal to such a mission. He, too, only adopted mechanical methods to transform his great monarchy spiritually into a unit. In fact, well-meaning as undoubtedly he was, his was not the patience required for it. Besides, his reign did not last long enough, and he was superseded by an intellectual nonentity who speedily undid the little his predecessor had accomplished.

Anyway, it is only with the dawn of the nineteenth century and with the coming of Napoleon I that the modern nations of Europe, so to speak, "found" themselves, *i.e.*, became really conscious of their national selves. Napoleon, unshackled and unconventional genius

and upstart as he was, whom the wave of the great Revolution had borne upward on its crest, was the first to throw the firebrand of race and nation strife into the stagnant pool of European politics. And while he cavalierly threw about large lumps of territory, creating this or that one of his lucky marshals king or duke or despot of any of them, one notices beneath all that surface chaos the glimmering idea of national aspirations, of national uplift and rebirth. The idea is plainly perceptible in his rough dealings both in Italy and Germany, but also in Austria. His carving out the "Illyrian" Kingdom, for example, was a master stroke in its way. It lasted but a few years, that kingdom; but even to-day the people of Dalmatia and Istria think and talk of it with some regret. This Napoleonic idea was later on seized by his nephew, Napoleon III, and served him well. It was a power on his political chessboard which he conjured with to a purpose that suited him, as in 1859, in 1866 and again, in his scheme of annexing Luxemburg, in 1867.

The modern conception of nationality, as a unit to which all those speaking the same tongue and professing the same ideals owe fealty, as one which by its mere geographical existence is bound to draw to it all accretions formerly lost to some other power or race, this conception, then, dates in the main only from the time of Napoleon III. The period when this idea became the most potent ferment, the irresistible force in the political life of Europe, was ushered in by the revolution of 1848, it is true. But even then it was not clearly defined, but rather was amalgamated with other, more general and altruistic, but not so vivid ideals. Its full fruition became only visible since 1860 by the unification of, first Italy and, ten years later, of Germany.

Had the Habsburgs, therefore, to repeat it, utilised



their time well, they would have had ample opportunities to weld all the scattered fragments making up their empire into a practical unit before the disruptive germ of nationalism had been able to infect the whole inchoate mass. But they did not do so. The long list of Habsburg rulers does not show us one single man who could be called great, not one who was able and willing to achieve great ends by moral means. They missed their turn, and now they have to pay the penalty.

Taking a bird's-eye view of Austria-Hungary of to-day, the truth of this becomes apparent at once. Just to cite one more instance, there are the Latin fragments of her population, those of Italian race in the southern section of the Tyrol and those in Istria, the Littorale with Trieste, and in the rather limited coastal districts of Dalmatia. These point admirably the lesson which is conveyed in the foregoing. For all these Austrians of Latin stock were well contented with their political lot until after the successful establishment of the *"Regno,"* the Kingdom of Italy. During the Napoleonic era the Italian-Tyrolese section was among the most loyal even, fighting the French invaders with nearly the same fervour as did their fellow Tyrolese of Teuton lineage to the north. Trieste was indubitably strongly pro-Austrian until quite recent years. The race feeling of all these people had gone to sleep. Trieste was, materially considered, far better off under the Austrian "yoke" than it could possibly be under the Italian rule of the *Regno,* waxing in wealth with rapid strides and enjoying a practical monopoly of Adriatic trade for the whole monarchy when it would have had to divide honours and emoluments with Venice and a score of other Italian ports once she formed part of Italy. Again, the *Ladiners.* These people (of whom I speak more in detail elsewhere) are

even to-day by no means pro-Italian. And they are not of Latin stock despite their name. They are, in fact, of the same ancient race which, under the appellation of *Romansch,* peoples the Swiss canton of Grisons. Celts they are, pure Celts, with a thin varnish with which the Romans, during their age of world conquest, overlaid the surface. Their tongue, very different from Italian, is more than a mere dialect; it is a literary vehicle. And these *Ladiners* who, until fifty years ago, were about as numerous as Austrians of Italian descent, and who live mostly in agricultural enclaves, in all those districts named above, side by side with the men of Italian stock, might have proved a countervailing element as against the latter. To do this it would only have been necessary to grant them the same opportunities and the same privileges which the people of Italian stock enjoyed, such as a recognition of their idiom for public uses, equal school facilities, to encourage their press, their literature, to appoint a fair quota of them to honours and offices, to promote their trend of separate race existence; to give them, in fact, merely the same rights which they have in the Swiss canton of Grisons, just over the border. But the Habsburgs did none of these things. Quite the opposite. The *Italianissimi* in the Trentino and in Istria, rather, were accorded every facility to conduct a strenuous propaganda amongst them, to deprive them of the means of furthering their own ideals, of publishing volumes of their wonderful folk lore and folk songs; in a word, they were, under the very eyes and with the very connivance of the blind Austrian government, weened away from their own tongue and its cult and within a couple of generations turned into Italians to all interests and purposes. At least, the Italian propaganda here referred to

(for which the money was forthcoming, year after year, from appropriations granted specially by the Italian parliament) has actually succeeded in thus reducing the number of confessedly *Ladin* persons to about one-half of what they were in 1870. Surrounded on all sides by people of Italian stock and denied the chance of being taught their own idiom at school, this is not astonishing. But the degree of Austrian myopia which brought about this result is certainly astonishing.

I have here briefly mentioned the case of the *Ladiners* as it is strongly to the point. But it is not the only one of the kind in this singular jumble of races and racial driblets in Austria-Hungary that might be spoken of. The fact is that under the white heat of nationalistic frenzy, under the gospel of demanding full elbow room for every fragment of a race, the rule of the stronger has been practised in Austria-Hungary during the past fifty years with a ruthlessness unknown elsewhere. Each "submerged" minority is again, if opportunity serves, submerging other minorities. The case of the Poles and of the Ruthenians in Galicia shows that clearly. The oppressed turns oppressor when he may. What has happened in the southern ridge of Austria to the *Ladiners* —an interesting fragment come down to us from the remote past but only numbering now some 300,000 to 350,000—happens in other parts of the Dual Monarchy to other minorities and small contingents, and Count Stephen Tisza in his speech in the Hungarian parliament not long ago was in so far right that it is not always easy to draw hard and fast lines as to where justice and mercy to minorities end and injustice to others and injury to the state begin. Certainly the course of the Poles against the Ruthenians in Galicia shows that, and so does the treatment accorded the Teutonic minority in Bohemia

by their Czech fellow-countrymen, now the dominant element there, which has of late years often been the reverse of considerate and equable. But without going here any deeper into the matter this much seems plain to the student of the internal conditions of Austria-Hungary, that the dynasty, the ruling house of Habsburg, is primarily to blame for it if at this writing the race problem there forms such an almost inextricable network of riddles.

CHAPTER IV

RACIAL PROBLEM OUTLINED

A query by Col. Theodore Roosevelt—Universal misconception of the problem outside Austria-Hungary—In some of its features it is unique—Repression and centralisation tried for centuries, and found not to answer—On the whole racial traits preserved intact—This fact if wisely utilised ought to yield the Dual Monarchy several great advantages in international rivalry—Diversity as a source of strength—Lesson of this war in this respect—Unfortunately racial animosities swamp all other considerations—Austrian and Hungarian paper money an unflattering portrait of the country—Twenty races under one rule—Some characteristics—Dumb and submerged elements of population—It would be the life task of a great statesman to bring about reconciliation—But it is an almost superhuman one—A world areopagus could never solve the question—Is a solution at all feasible?

DURING the presidential campaign of 1912 the present writer had a conversation with Col. Theodore Roosevelt on political matters, and in the course of it—the scene being St. Paul, Minn., which contains a very large admixture of Austrians and Hungarians in its population—the fact was mentioned that these alien-born elements mingled quite readily with American public life; that they, in fact, in the gross made good citizens and assimilated within a relatively short time completely with their surroundings. Col. Roosevelt, always interested in topics of that kind, expressed great satisfaction at this, but added, as an afterthought: "It beats me why those people cannot get on together at home. They seem to be for-

ever at loggerheads. Somehow our American theorem of the 'Melting Pot' does not seem to work out there. I wonder why? One would think that it must be much more easy for them to amalgamate into a fairly homogeneous whole at home, where they are confronted by conditions to which they are inured, than here where everything at first must seem strange to them. Yet they do not appear to make any headway in this respect in Austria-Hungary. The cable tells us of nothing but discord."

That, I take it, would be about the gist of what a multitude of intelligent Americans that have given the subject any thought at all, have to say on Austria-Hungary's gravest problem, the problem of racial affinity and antipathy.

Indeed outside Austria-Hungary there prevails universal misconception of the whole matter. Nor is this, truth to tell, confined to foreign observers. Even among the native-born within the monarchy there is a very general blurring of the issues. The whole question bristles with difficulties. It is not alone involved and complicated, but to look at it fairly, it is absolutely necessary to rid one's mind of a whole row of preconceptions and acquired errors of judgment. In a word, above all it is indispensable to approach the theme with impartiality. In some of its features it is unique. Not in the sense that race problems do not exist elsewhere to make the path of governments, of diplomat or statesman thorny. That, of course, is not the case. In the number of subject races, for example, Russia with her 128 separate and distinct tribes, types, races, hordes and nomadic aggregations of indigenous folk presents immeasurably greater difficulties if the intention or even the possibility existed there of merging all those inchoate masses—many of them pagans, fetish worshippers on the lowest plane—into a

somewhat uniform whole. But conditions in the immense Russian empire present hardly any parallel with Austro-Hungarian ones, as the merest glance shows. And so elsewhere.

To begin with, it must be kept in mind that this Austro-Hungarian monarchy, limited in size when compared with such political entities as Russia, the United States or the British world empire, harbors within narrow compass some twenty races or fragments of races and nationalities. These twenty are: Poles, Magyars, Germans, Italians, Slovaks, Hanakas, Ruthenians, Ladiners, Rumanians, Jews, Armenians, Gypsies, Serbs, Croatians, Bosnians, Turks, Czechs, Moravians, Lithuanians, and Slovenes. In Austria eight of the idioms spoken by these people of many creeds and races are recognised as *"Landessprachen"* (languages of the country), or *"Verkehrssprachen"* (languages of intercourse), and it is about as striking a portrait of this polyglot collection which masquerades under the name of a "Nationalitäten-Staat," *i.e.*, a "nationalities' state," to be found when one gets hold of an Austrian bill of paper money. There, on the body of the bill and around the margins the denomination, the meaning of the bill, the penalty for counterfeiting it and all the other things a paternal government deems it requisite to let its lieges know is printed in multi-coloured ink, for the wary to beware. Over in Hungary it is not quite so bad. There some four tongues are considered enough to convey the meaning of the text. Yet all this does not constitute the main difficulty. There is, for instance, one feature wrapped up in this race problem in Austria-Hungary of which little mention is made as a rule, and yet which complicates it immensely.

For while it is true that, speaking in a general way, the leading (or more populous) nationalities are grouped

on fairly compact and contiguous territory, this is by no means the case throughout. Just to illustrate this let me cite some facts from the last census. These show, then, that in Bohemia and Moravia, for example, there are several hundred villages partly Slav, partly Teuton. In some cases the latter, in others the former, make up the majority. Again, there are so-called "enclosures" or "enclaves," *i.e.,* districts small or large inhabited by one race, while the whole surrounding country is peopled by another. Then, as in Transylvania, the landowners are Magyars, the peasants Rumanian. This intermingling is often inextricable, as time and circumstances have shaped it. There are many towns of considerable size within the borders of the realm where one-half the people belong to the dominant race, the other made up of those grouped with the minorities; and *vice versa.* These cases in their totality concern probably a couple of millions of the population of Austria-Hungary, for what is true of Bohemia and Moravia is likewise true in varying degree of all other provinces. Manifestly such conditions render the terrorising, the more or less forcible denationalising of such practically powerless minorities very probable. The complaints, too, growing out of such peculiar cases, have always been most difficult to adjust. Often small occurrences which took their rise at national festivals celebrated purposely in the stronghold of another "nation," insignificant in themselves, perhaps due to a blustering spirit of bravado, have been magnified by the press of the various "nationalities," until a wave of anger has swept over the whole province and beyond. If it were possible in these days of railroad and telephone and printer's ink to isolate such neighbourhoods and to let calmness and common sense reassert themselves, not one-half the amount of race hatred would be expended in

Austria-Hungary. It is publicity, the close proximity, the inextricable intermingling of warring factions and disputing races that have made much of the mischief. And these interminable squabbles and rows and fisticuff encounters between the different races, especially on holidays, during large athletic excursions and popular meetings, during political campaigns and on election days, have naturally increased in frequency and acrimoniousness as railroads, steamboats and other means of communication became more common and made such hostile clashings more frequent.

Now part of the Habsburg policy has been for centuries to let all this hodge-podge of small races and racial fragments coalesce into one huge mass, alike devoid of character and of individual traits. This was their policy of centralisation. In remoter ages they did not meet with much resistance on this score, for the very sentiment of nationality—race consciousness—is not very old. Indeed in their warfare in favour of uniformity the Habsburg rulers in most cases were firmly opposed only where tangible political or economic interests or privileges were at stake. The Empress Maria Theresa, with a woman's innate tact, knew how to wheedle and cajole the Magyars, by far politically the most advanced and determined of her motley array of subjects, out of a number of their cherished political rights and pledged prerogatives. Her son, Joseph II, likewise pursuing the same policy of centralisation (*i.e.*, Germanisation in reality), went about it in greater haste and with much less success. The upshot of it all was that after a policy of this description more or less consistently followed for about 250 years, its complete failure had to be admitted. And from 1867 on, dating from the *Ausgleich* with Hungary, this policy as a system of government had to be dropped. Indeed it

has been superseded by the reverse; at first rather unconsciously, as a result of sundry crises, but after a while as part of a settled system. But it has never gone farther than halfway. The policy of centralisation had not been found to answer. Its non-success became so glaringly evident during the war of 1866, when Austria had indeed come to the lowest ebb and seemed on the brink of dissolution, that from that hour on even Emperor Francis Joseph, obstinate and self-willed as he had proven himself to be, shelved the very idea for good and all. No statesman of either Austria or Hungary has ever dreamt of reviving it, although there have been at times strong currents of public opinion favouring its revival.

Very astonishing on the whole is the fact, however, that after such a long period of stern repression racial traits in Austria-Hungary have remained virtually intact. Slavs, Magyars, Germans, even such a "submerged" race as the Rumanian,—each stand out clear and distinct, with their peculiar virtues and foibles. This, of course, must not be taken too literally. Modifications there have been wrought by the centuries. The Czechs of to-day, for example, are not the Czechs of 1618; they have learnt a great deal from their foes, the surrounding Teutons. So have the Teutonic Austrians themselves, mixed stock as they are, been moulded into something different when compared with what they were in the Middle Ages. And as for the Magyars, there is no doubt they have under the stress of national troubles developed a sense of perspective, a measure of moderation and conciliation which formerly they were strangers to. The Jews, too, with all the adaptability of that wonderfully vital race, have greatly changed in the Austria-Hungary of to-day. In both halves they have become good patriots, have enormously gained in wealth and standing. Solely in Galicia

—where adverse circumstances have hampered them—they have sunk, as to the great body of them at least, deeper and deeper into the mire of squalor, bigotry and sordid greed. Another exotic fragment (although with its 120,000 forming but the twentieth part of the number of Hebrews dwelling within Austria-Hungary), the Hungarian gypsies, have also yielded to the force of circumstances, as became patent in the course of this war. True, the larger portion of them are still vagrants and wanderers on the face of the earth. But many thousands of them have settled down to useful toil in the village or town, and the males among them of military age, enough to form a whole army corps, were enrolled in the army and have fought with varying fortunes at the front. Indeed the stories told of their qualifications as fighters seem to dispel in a measure popular ideas as to the "middling" bravery of the gypsy. Quite a number of them distinguished themselves and obtained military rank and decorations. The Bosnians, too, whom I enumerated separately as a nationality, because of special traits, have displayed qualities setting them apart from their near kin, the Serbs. Nor is this astonishing, for as their history since 1356 shows, they in their major half willingly became Moslems (their separate creed, that of the Bogomiles—a sect resembling that of the Albigenses of old and fiercely persecuted by orthodox Christianity as heretics of the deepest dye—predisposing them to the teachings of Islam), and as Moslems they have fraternised with the Turks and have betrayed a fatalism truly Turkish throughout this war. And while this war itself took its geographical rise in the pretty, mosque-dotted capital of Bosnia, in Sarayevo, they themselves, fighting sturdily in the Austrian ranks as soldiers (big, brawny, fez-covered fellows they are, too), have

done so with perfect impartiality, whether the enemy was Russian or Serb. The idiom, too, the Bosnians and Hercegovinians speak, while Serbian originally, is thickly interspersed with Turkish words, and they themselves, in their manners and their whole mode of life, whether Moslems or Christians, are deeply tinged with Orientalism.

On the whole, however, the various nationalities and races composing the Austria-Hungary of to-day are still substantially their old selves. Thus a great diversity of racial gifts is presented to the beholder. And this, if wisely used, might make for the future greatness, as a factor in contemporaneous civilisation, of this composite nation. If each of these races were but unstintingly to contribute its best to the world—the Magyar his eloquence, his political tact and skill of administration, his poetical and dramatic fire and vigour, his sturdy love of independence; the Teuton those sterling qualities with which the world is familiar; the Slav, in his various branches, his artistic gifts, his great talent for music, his psychological insight, his skill in domestic adornment, etc.—what a gain that would be! Much, most of this is at present hidden from view. But it might, under more favouring conditions, all see the light. What could an empire embodying—in its crude state mostly as yet—all those racial endowments within one frame, so to speak, what could such an empire not offer to the world within the near future!

And among the things this war has demonstrated to a reluctant world—reluctant, I mean, in the sense of being but half willing to credit so retrograde a country with unlooked-for achievements—there has been just such an illustration of what I hinted at above. For the old Archduke Frederick, while anything rather than a great soldier, at least admirably understood how to utilise the

different races in their fighting proclivities. He made splendid use of the dash and indomitable pluck of the Magyar; of the stubborn endurance of the Slav; of the sturdy valour of the Teuton. This he showed at every front—against the Russians, the Serbs, the Italians, and everywhere his discrimination was of the utmost value. Again, next to Germany herself, the Teuton element in Austria did much to neutralise the effects of the British blockade by scientific discoveries and inventions providing substitutes for greatly needed necessaries in warfare, such as rubber, cotton, copper, etc.

However, true as this is, it is just as true that even with the Dual Monarchy struggling in a death grasp, race strife has not ceased within its borders. I recall that several times, right in the midst of the war, even when news of terrific defeat had stirred the people, reports were published of such race collisions. They took place, in 1914 and 1915, in Prague and other Bohemian towns, where the students of the two national universities at one time had a regular battle, lasting for several days. The cause of it given was that the Teutonic students had charged the Czech students with treasonable practices and aims. A Croat battalion had to be sent for at last (the local police force proving powerless to check the fighting) from a distance to re-establish order. Similar disturbances, though not on as large a scale, occurred elsewhere—in Laibach, late in 1914; in Agram, in 1915, and in Vienna itself on repeated occasions, Socialistic motives mingling with patriotic ones.

With some justice one may speak in Austria-Hungary of dumb and submerged races, or fragments of races. One of these doubtless are the Ruthenians, or Ukraïnians. These form part of that wing of Russian people denominated in Russia mostly "Little Russians," other-

wise known as Ukraïnians and numbering altogether some thirty-five millions. They are really a fine race, mentally superior to the Great Russians, or Muscovites, and speaking a tongue which, while cognate to Russian proper, forms a distinct and separate unit. It has quite a literature of its own. Its greatest poet, Chevchenko, like so many others of Russia's choicest spirits, died a martyr to the cause of his people, ending his days in the Fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul. I will not go into the subject of the history of this most interesting branch of the great Slav family, fascinating and tempting as that would be. But we have here only to deal with that small section of the Ukraïnian race which fell to Austria's share with Galicia in the time of Maria Theresa. Some three millions of them dwell in the eastern half of Galicia, while another half million was apportioned to Hungary's share, in the northeastern counties of it. This whole race has fared ill. In Russia the Czarish government for a hundred years past has even done its worst to stamp out the genius of this people entirely. In Austria their lot has not been quite so unhappy. But when the deal was made between the dominant race in Galicia, the Poles, and the Austrian government, which was done soon after the *Ausgleich* with Hungary, in 1867, by which the Poles pledged the new constitutional and parliamentary régime in Austria their support in exchange for being given practical autonomy in Galicia and a free hand to settle their provincial political affairs to suit themselves, the poor Ruthenians (as they are mostly termed in Austria) or Ukraïnians were made the scapegoat. From one-time oppressed the Poles turned themselves oppressors. By reason of great wealth (the Poles being owners of most of the soil) and better opportunities, the Ruthenians were practically enslaved by the Poles. The latter

have an ancient historical grudge against the Ruthenians and this fact together with the difference in creed (the Ruthenians belonging to the orthodox church) has made the Poles ruthless masters. To all intents and purposes the Ruthenians are disfranchised, robbed of all chance to rise and cut off from every humble lane that might lead to prosperity. In short, since 1868 they have been the helots of the Poles in Galicia. In the provincial diet as well as in the Galician delegation to the Reichsrat in Vienna the Ruthenians, although numbering nearly as many as the Poles, have been represented by a mere handful of members, outvoted, browbeaten, kept in direst poverty. The large emigration from Galicia comes almost exclusively from the Ruthenian ranks. A few years ago the Polish governor of Galicia, a tyrant particularly obnoxious to the Ruthenians, was assassinated by a Ruthenian student. The latter, escaping from jail, is now a fugitive in this country. His deed, however, led to no results beneficial to the Ruthenian cause. Up to this hour the Ruthenians of Galicia are still what they have been so long—a dumb and submerged race.

One other feature in this stubborn race problem is still left for me to point out. It is significant that the clever manipulator who devised the *Ausgleich* in 1867, and who, therefore, was really the creator of the Dual Monarchy as such, namely, Count Beust, was not a native but a Saxon. He had, it is true, achieved considerable fame as the all-powerful premier of that tiny kingdom of Saxony which had unfalteringly been the steady and self-sacrificing friend and supporter of Austria, a friendship really worthy of a better cause. The fame, too, which he had acquired reached far beyond the narrow boundaries of Saxony, and even of Germany and Aus-

tria. Count Beust was very ambitious; a man of original mind and of great fertility of resources. Under his guidance the *Trias* formation of the old German Confederation had made considerable headway. He venomously opposed Bismarck and his plans of ousting Austria and conferring the indisputable hegemony in Germany on Prussia. His scheme had been to group the German Confederation in three factors, each of approximately equal powers and influence—Austria, Prussia and, as the third, the smaller states: Bavaria, Saxony, Württemberg, Hanover, etc. Hence he had baptised his plan the *Trias*. Yielding to his strong influence Saxony, in 1866, had joined Austria in her war with Prussia. Othello's occupation was gone when little Saxony, within that short campaign of six weeks—the shortest momentous war in history—lay under the conqueror's heel. And thus when the Emperor Francis Joseph after the Peace of Prague looked around for a suitable man of talent to set up his house again and make it habitable, his choice fell on Beust. All that and more Beust himself tells us in his volume of personal reminiscences, together with embellishing anecdotes and deliciously malicious storiettes. But one thing, one of the most important, he passes over. Namely, the fact that he himself was a foreigner, a non-Austrian. And yet it is hard to see how any one to the manner born, how an Austrian or Hungarian could have hit upon and then carried to a successful issue this novel makeshift of an *Ausgleich* of 1867. Unburdened with the traditions and historic claims, with the racial prejudices and predilections that, perhaps, unwittingly but none the less surely cling to every representative of any one group or race within Austria-Hungary, Beust could set to work and with the impartiality of a Minos, of a severe but just judge, ap-

portion the new rights and duties. He succeeded in his delicate and difficult task largely because he was a foreigner, a non-Austrian, one to whom no suspicion of wilful unfairness could reasonably attach.

And that is the trouble now. That has been the trouble ever since 1871—when Beust, after the brilliant success of Bismarck in the war of 1870-71 and the formal establishment of a new and potent German Empire no longer *persona grata* at the court of Vienna, had been retired and sent to London as ambassador—ever since the reorganised Austria-Hungary has been unable to find another Beust, or at least some statesman endowed with the same gifts and with the same attributes of frankly admitted racial detachment. To clean the Augean stables of Austria-Hungary would require more than a modern Hercules. It would require a man of genius, one of the kind which only see the light once in a century and which this effete, apathetic Austria-Hungary, where virile, fresh and independent thought has been tabooed so long, is least able to furnish. To each man called to preside over the Foreign Office at the Ballplatz in Vienna—for that office alone, the one of Minister of Foreign Affairs, is in this strange Dual Monarchy the one where great things still seem possible of accomplishment—be he Teuton or Magyar, Pole or Czech, from the outset followed the fact of his separate nationality. And this rendered it instinctively impossible for the men of other, more or less hostile, races to give the new man their full confidence. That in the last analysis explains the failure of one adroit leading statesman after the other in the Austria-Hungary of to-day to find the sovereign elixir of race conciliation. His best efforts, his most dexterous measures were shipwrecked on the rock of racial suspicion.

Indeed a perfectly smooth solution of the racial problem, one which would leave every section of the population wholly contented, seems like the squaring of the circle—impossible. If the young emperor, Carl, should not be favoured by fate to the extent of discovering and securing the services of a first-class non-Austrian statesman, it is well-nigh out of the question that his path as a ruler will be less beset with thorns than was that of his predecessor, no matter how much tact and equity he might display. Nor is it at all to be expected that the remedy advocated by thoughtful and humane persons outside of Austria-Hungary would fare better. To submit this knotty question to an Areopagus the members of which might be selected from the wisest and most fair-minded of their kind, whether such an international court of arbitration were at the same time one of last resort or only a deliberative body whose dictum would carry with it more or less moral weight, would leave it in the end about where they found it. And this independent of the fact that, after all, each one of the members of such an exalted body would also be more or less tinctured with preconceived ideas and affinities. It may be said, therefore, that a complete unriddling of the riddle is a superhuman piece of work.

CHAPTER V

INHERENT DIFFICULTIES OF IT

Why the "Melting Pot" theory does not apply to Austria-Hungary—All these races claim their dwelling place as their home—They are not immigrants—Soil held for a thousand years and over—Look upon their neighbours as intruders and foes—Added to this is deep-seated racial antipathy—The closer neighbours the more frequent collisions—All struggling for supremacy in their home—Not an unalloyed evil, however—Bohemia an illustration of that—Friction breeds not only hostility, but powerfully reacts on the whole make-up of each race—Czechs turned from purely agriculturists to townspeople and manufacturers—The learned professions no longer monopolised by the Teutonic element—The Jews displacing them largely, but also the Slavs—Red tape and officialism complicating the problem still further—A dictum of Bismarck's—Anxious Austrian and Hungarian mammas toiling in behalf of their offspring—A second circumlocution office—The ambition of the average youth.

THE things laid bare in the foregoing chapter comprise, however, by no means all the perplexing features of this problem of racial jealousy and virulence. Here is, for instance, the main reason why the "Melting Pot" theory, on which Col. Roosevelt descanted to me in 1912, cannot hold true in Austria-Hungary. All these rivalling races, envious of each other and covetous of territory and everything else held by their fellow-dwellers in the same house, are not immigrants, such as they are in the United States. They call this bit of soil on which they and their forefathers have lived their home,

their very own. And with good reason, too. When the Austrian or Hungarian—or for that matter, any other immigrant of whatsoever faith or blood—lands on American shores, he comes as an uninvited guest, following the bent of his more or less adventurous mind; to improve his material condition in most cases; to live free from political or religious persecution; to breathe a freer air and feel a man amongst men; to secure better opportunities for himself and his children. These and other similar motives have drawn him from across the water, these in part or wholly. But in any event he finds a land already settled; with laws to protect him, with the way made more or less smooth for him and his. But in that land whence he came and which he calls his home it was quite a different case. That land was a wilderness when first his ancestors came to it. Perhaps they had first to conquer it, take it by force and hold it by force against all comers. Or else his forbears fled to it to escape the sword of another, a mightier and more ruthless tribe, such as was the case with the Slovenes, the Moravians and others. They had to break the ground, often in almost inaccessible parts, up steep mountain sides, to keep out of the way of the destroyer. They had to fell the trees and clear the forests for their crops. Every rood of the soil was bought with the sweat of their brow, cost them in blood and toil. And the time when their sires first came lay in the remote past. It lay so far back that often the approximate time even is shrouded in doubt to this day. It is only surmise, for example, not historical certainty, that the Czechs are the descendants of the Boii (hence supposedly the name of the country: Bohemia), who settled in that fruitful land of Bohemia about 350 or 400 A.D. Of the Moravians we are only sure that along about the

time of Charlemagne and for a hundred and fifty years later they had already founded a large and powerful federative state, which under Svatopluk ruled from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Even of the early history of the Poles, Lithuanians and Ruthenians we do not know much, further than that it was stormy and full of vicissitudes. But in any case we do know that all these races and peoples who are now gathered within the Habsburg fold were early comers, dwelling in their present homesteads for a thousand years and over. Of the Teutonic Austrians we are somewhat better informed, since their exploits—their settlements, migrations, conquests—were linked together with the doings of Charlemagne, about 800 A.D., and his successors. Even they, therefore, invaders as they undeniably were, can claim possession of their homes by the "good old rule," reaching back to primordial days in those eastern districts of semi-barbarous Europe. And it stands to reason that all those so curiously jumbled races and fragments of races, remnants though they may be of what was once a coherent state, feel at home on this soil of theirs to which they have affixed its name, and that they do not intend willingly to yield it up to any intruder. For that is their frame of mind about it—they regard the "others" as intruders, as foes. The "others" are their near neighbours, perhaps their "guests," in which case the original meaning of host—*hostis, the stranger, the foreigner, the enemy,* once again assumes its true significance.

And psychologically it also becomes quite plain why there can be no question under these circumstances of these masses of conflicting denizens accommodating themselves to each other, as they unquestionably do in this country, as immigrants. For the attitude of mind is very different. In the latter case they come to make

their way among those who have preceded them, it may be by decades or it may be by centuries, come modestly, *quasi* as petitioners and suppliants. But in the former case they sit on their own soil, the soil of their fathers, which their sweat and their ploughshares have made productive. The soil may now even be barren—still it is theirs and not the strangers', the intruders'. And pursuing this train of reasoning a bit farther, it also is easily understood how it comes about that the closer proximity waxes between these rival races, the more intercourse there necessarily has to be between them, due to economic or political causes, the deeper aversion grows. The proof of this can be studied in Austria-Hungary in all its phases—nowhere better. Thus, despite the fact that the Croatians and Southern Slavs have been treated none too tenderly or fairly by the Habsburgs and by the Teutonic Germans generally, and despite the fact that the proverbial Habsburg ingratitude went so far in the recent past as to hand these Slavs back to the rigid rule of the Hungarians after they had helped the emperor overcome the Magyar rising in 1849, nevertheless these same Croatians and Southern Slavs bear the Magyars inveterate hatred, while they feel but a lukewarm dislike for the Teutons. All because for a thousand years back they had the Magyars as their close neighbours and rivals, while the others, the Teutons, were an avoidable evil, one not to be dreaded by reason of distance. Whereas the Czechs, surrounded on all sides by populations speaking the German tongue, from whom they, moreover, had picked up much valuable knowledge, largely because of that very proximity and perhaps, in part, because of these very benefits conferred, hate the Germans like poison, and most of all the Austrian Ger-

mans, those they have had most to do with in all these centuries.

Thus there can be no doubt that in this case, as in many analogous ones, frequent and close intercourse, even intermarriage, or mutually profitable business relations, have had—and still have throughout Austria-Hungary—not the effect of drawing such rival races together in bonds of friendship and tolerance, but on the contrary of separating them spiritually more and more.

Added to this, however, must be the strong racial antipathy in itself. Of all races Slavs and Teutons seem to have this instinctive sentiment strongest and most ineradicable. And it is only because of the naturally indolent and dreamy character of the Slav, in juxtaposition with the feeling of good-natured contempt on the part of the Teutons (as dealing with "inferiors") that violent clashes between individuals or masses of the two races are not more frequent. During this war, when I have had much occasion to observe these things, both at the front and in prisoners' camps, I have been struck by this ethnologic phenomenon. Instinctively the Slav, when he has the choice, will turn rather to the Latin (Italian, Frenchman, Rumanian) or to the Celt (Irishman, etc.) than to the German, English or American. And with the German it is similar, whether he be of the true breed from the Empire or of the Austrian medley. It is often curious to watch betrayal of the feeling. On a train I once observed a couple of German-Americans travelling in Bohemia. They were talking English together, and the Czechs present listened complacently and showed the pair every courtesy. At a wayside station a Teutonic Bohemian boarded the car, and on seating himself pulled out a newspaper printed in German and began to peruse it. After a while one

of the German-Americans asked permission, in tolerable German, to look at the paper a moment. Instantly the temperature fell to the zero point. The Czechs froze them simply, ostracised them and now began to talk demonstratively in Czech.

But it is not only between the Slavs and the Teutons within the monarchy that such frigid relations subsist. Between Magyar and Teuton there is likewise an impassable gulf. I recall an instance in point.

It was early in the spring of 1915. Seated next to me in one of the most luxurious coffee houses in Vienna was a young Hungarian officer of hussars, in his buttonhole a high military decoration. We entered into conversation. He was of distinguished family, handsome, his face lit up with bright intelligence. He was on a short leave from the Carpathian front, having done his share of the strenuous fighting there. I asked him his opinion of the Russian.

"Why," he said, smiling, "the Russian is not so bad a fellow after all." And he went into detail. Then, growing more confidential, he added: "Of the two, the Austrian and the Russian, I much prefer the Russian."

"Seriously?" I asked.

"Yes, seriously," was the reply, and something ferocious crept into his face.

Another case. A year ago I met a Bavarian officer in the pretty City Hall Park of Vienna, and we got to talking. He was just back from Uesküb, where he had taken a number of heavy German guns, so-called "Fat Berthas." And in chatting on about this and that of interest during his trip, I incidentally mentioned the Hungarians. Then he flared up. "The Hungarians? Why, they seem worse than the Serbians. That is the common verdict of our men in the Balkans. Nice allies,

those. They hate the Austrians so bad that they even transfer the feeling to us as their near kindred." And he swore an oath or two.

And this hatred is reciprocated by the Austrians. With them, too, it is elemental, racial. It is stronger among the unthinking masses than among those forming the upper crust. It found fresh fuel from the failure of Hungary adequately to provision Austria—and more especially Vienna—during the war, whereas before the war a large part of her supplies had always reached Vienna from Hungary. The feeling, too, betrays itself at the front. Many cases of alleged mistreatment of the Hungarian soldiers by Austrian officers have been discussed in the Parliament at Budapest, giving rise to indignant speeches and heated demands for redress. Hungarian and Austrian men would not do together within the same regiments.

But for all that this race rivalry is not an unmixed evil. That is another curious side of it. For lurking underneath the mutual aversion and distrust, there is another feeling, one by the way which, although circumstances in most respects are quite dissimilar, one may study, too, in this country to good advantage. That is the feeling of respect, reluctantly entertained maybe, yet none the less genuine and powerful for good, entertained by one race for those sterling qualities in which itself is lacking. This alloy of respect is in most cases not freely admitted to third parties. It may hide itself under the cloak of a contempt publicly and loudly expressed for that very cast of mind secretly aspired after. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating. For while noisily disparaging them, there will be quiet emulation and imitation. In no other country, for example, is this truth more apparent than in Bohemia. There the people

constituting the majority have gone through the rough school of adversity and actual experience, and with astounding results. For these are the facts: Nothing can be plainer than that the Slav, of every stripe and creed, is naturally of a heedless, slovenly, spendthrift disposition. The Czechs were so in days gone by. The Russians still are; so are all the other Slav races whom stern necessity has not moulded anew. But the Czechs, after studying for years the secret of greater efficiency and prosperity on the part of their Teutonic neighbours, at last took heed and actually transformed their original Slav character, at least insofar as to rid themselves of the traits spoken of. With the men of Germanic stock, they discovered, it was just as natural to be cautious and precise, thorough and painstaking, saving almost to the point of parsimoniousness, as it was for the Slav to be the reverse. And they also discovered that herein lay a great part of the Germanic successes over the Slav wherever the two came in competition. And so, as I say, the Czech as a race gradually began to discard those hampering defects and to assume the contrary ones of his great rival and foe. I am calling special attention to this fact for, psychologically considered, it is nothing short of marvellous. It would indeed do no harm for the American people as a whole to take a leaf out of this Czech book and to make the movement for a wise economy—a movement now pushed and advocated under the unprecedented war conditions—a big reality; to turn from the most wasteful people in the universe into one where—not niggardliness but—reasonable frugality became the rule rather than the exception. That in itself would be a glorious achievement due to the war; albeit it still seems far off, for the eradication of a national trait that has entered into the very grain is a most diffi-

cult thing, possible only in a really serious and far-reaching emergency. But I am straying from my own topic. And there is absolutely no doubt that such a metamorphosis in the Czech soul has been accomplished and that it can be due to nothing else but the bitter and strenuous, the age-long competition with the Teuton, his neighbour and fellow-denizen of Bohemia. The Czech, of all the Slav races and nations, is the only one who has acquired, to an extent truly amazing, these peculiarly Teuton qualities of character. He has become saving, husbanding his resources, national as private, with patient skill. He has amassed in that way wealth and large capital. From a country where Slav wasteful and haphazard methods prevailed but sixty or seventy years ago, the Czech part of Bohemia just as much as the one settled by men of Teuton stock, has become the richest and most carefully administered within the whole of Austria-Hungary. With the aquisition of those new traits he also combined practical results of another and not less desirable kind. Like all the Slavs the Czechs were a nation of agriculturists, almost purely and entirely so, until about 1860. Within the short period since the Czechs have not abandoned tilling of their own soil certainly, but they have successfully invaded all the other fields of human activity in which their Teutonic fellow-Bohemians formerly held a monopoly. They have entered industry and manufacturing, the important domain of finance and banking, and, to cap it all, all the learned professions as well, including those in the technical and administrative line, such as civil engineering, electrics, architecture, railroad construction, the management of big industrial enterprises and estates, etc., etc. And in all these, for them quite new and untried spheres of activity, they have done well, displaying the very pro-

clivities which formerly they lacked—those of steady patience, perseverance, thoroughness and indefatigable industry. So much so indeed that, the home opportunities offering them, after all, but a limited area, thousands of such splendidly equipped Czech scientists and technicians have gone abroad and found influential and well-remunerated posts in Russia, the Balkan, in South and North America—in fact, everywhere. Those are facts I am citing, easily ascertainable and corroborated from the records of the Czech School of Technology (itself a comparatively recent proof of their enterprise) in Prague and from those of the Czech University there, where full lists are kept of the alumni. These facts speak an eloquent language, and they certainly demonstrate that race hatred and race rivalry may also lead, as a by-product, if I may say so, to admirable and very tangible results. This showing becomes all the more wonderful when it is kept in mind that the Czechs after all are but a small people, numbering barely six millions altogether, counting in every part of the world, and that they started out rather late on their modern road and were seriously handicapped at first by being, up to 1860 or thereabouts, in their large bulk a race possessing few good schools and higher seats of learning, mostly belonging to the lower middle classes and the proletariat, and having small capital to be used for such purposes as were outlined above. Truly, it is a magnificent showing they point to with pride to-day.

In other parts of Austria-Hungary similar movements have been inaugurated aiming at the emancipation of the Slavs from the former Austrian-Teuton exclusive tenure of all the higher walks of life, but by no means with similarly brilliant results. These, too, besides the general human desire of advancement, have had their motive

partly in race rivalry. But while by no means so far advanced as in Bohemia, the percentage of those Slavs in Moravia, Silesia, Galicia and in the provinces predominantly settled by Slovenes, Croatians, Servians, Bosnians, etc., who have climbed up to the heights of intellectual and social life is annually rising. One must not forget, either, in this connection to mention the very large share which the Jewish element, in both halves of the monarchy, have secured for themselves. For this share is far greater than the Jews would be entitled to on a purely numerical basis. Indeed they not only enjoy a practical monopoly of the financial life of Austria-Hungary, but they also do so in certain professions, such as the medical, the journalistic, the manufacturing, and, in some specialties, the legal one. That they dominate in the press of Austria-Hungary is of real significance, and as they avowedly or unavowedly, in their hearts, nearly all cherish tenets of Liberalism, something may be augured for the future of the country once the way becomes clearer towards progress.

By an unobstructed road I mean, among other things, one freed from the incubus of red-tapeism and of a hidebound and inane bureaucratism. This applies to Hungary almost as much as to Austria. Stiff formalism in conducting the smaller affairs of the state and in its relations with the taxpaying mass of subjects, is a curse of the Dual Monarchy which might be abolished without a great deal of effort. All those who have ever had any dealings with this stupid monster of bureaucracy in Austria-Hungary know how firmly lodged it is. It is a remnant of the days of absolutism, incongruous under constitutional government, and it ought to be done away with, for it not only wastes an enormous amount of time for the population as a whole, who whenever there is any

enforced intercourse with officialdom are made to wait in the antechambers an unconscionable time, but it also involves the employment of an army of government henchmen who, for the most part, are superfluous and in their doings and attitude of mind strongly remind one of the Circumlocution Office. The attitude of mind of all these useless underlings is totally wrong. It is that of master towards the subordinate; it seems to assume that all these people are there for the single purpose of bothering them and disturbing them in their comfort. I admit that when once you have caught the angle whence they view this world, you understand it all. They are not, as a rule, ill-natured, rude or unduly puffed up, this army of Barnacles. And they will blandly tell you their grievances if you take the trouble to inquire. They are all underpaid, these modern Sir Tituses, and usually have to eke out their income from private sources. They have to go through an expensive university course and then, for more years, as supernumeraries, serve the state gratis. What wonder they frankly look upon all this pestering public as their natural enemies, as creatures specially devised by an unkind Providence to interfere with their luncheon and coffee-house and card-playing hours. The idea never dawns on them that they are, in a manner of speaking, the servants of this hydra-headed public. So that is their point of view, and for the extremely limited stipend which the government pays them they doubtless do enough work in the Sealing-Wax or other line of office. But the real trouble is that nine-tenths of their labours are sheer waste; that those legions of half-paid triflers might be condensed down to a few companies, and this to the vast benefit of the country as a whole. However, the Barnacles will never take this side of the matter. They will go down, some fine day,

with all the colours at the masthead, thinking the world has come to an end. And meanwhile, so long as the fun lasts, all the solicitous mothers in Austria and Hungary go on scheming and intriguing and knee-bowing to the end that their Tony or Arpad or Rudolph may, first, get an appointment under government, even if the initial salary be but twopence halfpenny per annum, and then to obtain promotion for him within about ten or fifteen years. When he does get it his poll is sadly thinning, and when at last, at forty-five or fifty, his emoluments enable him to marry, he is bald, and nearly ready to retire and get a pension of another twopence halfpenny to the end of his days. The craze for the Staatsdienst, *i.e.*, government service, is truly amazing in Austria-Hungary. The mania is well-nigh universal. All the middle class and the lower strata of the nobility, impoverished or not, are bitten with it. They will explain: "It is the one career for a young man which offers a certainty" (a certainty to starve, one might answer, at least if the salary alone is to be depended on), "and then, the *pension.*" The last remark clinches the argument. Surely this craze is in good measure responsible for the very general lack of individual initiative, of a healthy ambition in young men. One is strongly reminded of the fact when debating this or other unhealthy symptoms in Austrian and Hungarian social and political life, that the Jesuits practically ran the whole monarchy for two centuries, and that the *Concordat,* the agreement with the Vatican in the last century, gave the whole education into the hands of the Church and made that not only keeper of the country's conscience but of its intellect as well. There is no broad outlook on life in them; their vista is narrow, and the above matter is one of the most striking illustrations of it.

Bismarck in his *Gedanken und Erinnerungen,* those thoughts and reminiscences of his in which the concentrated essence of that great cynic is contained, deals a good deal with Austria-Hungary. It was a country and people to which he had given much reflection, and some of his aphoristic remarks about it are mordant and pitilessly true. One of them, though, is that if Austria did not exist, it would have to be specially created. He meant as a buffer state and a bridge to the Orient, and from his point of view that is quite true. But he always held the opinion that in the quality of its mind, Austria is about two centuries behind. Certain it is that in its officialism it calls urgently for reforms. For it is cumbersome, eats up an unnecessarily large portion of the country's revenues, and accomplishes more harm than good. There is, for example, the State Police, a huge body of underpaid detectives who have never prevented serious crimes or detected in time bodies of those plotters—irredentists, nationalists, etc.—that methodically undermined the structure of the state. Though a whole regiment of them went along with Archduke Francis Ferdinand on his last and fatal journey to Bosnia, they could not hinder the double murder. Yet this corps of drones, wholly incompetent as they are, are extremely vexatious and inquisitive as regards any stranger or foreigner at all out of the ordinary run of affairs. They do not earn their money, but they make a great show and bustle, all to no purpose. Again the least and simplest business a man has with the Red-Tape Brigade involves from a week to a fortnight's loss of time, with personal attendance on a score of official whipper-snappers in as many stuffy little, cigarette-smoke perfumed backrooms, humbly petitioning the creature of the moment to expedite your trifling matter. It has been calculated that to transact, for in-

stance, such a small thing as the making out of a tax receipt, twenty-three officials have to have a finger in the pie, with as many signatures, counter-signatures, errors, beginnings all over again, and final adjustment. With all that, I must freely own, they are never cross. They are merely dilatory, and that with them is a chief merit of the Circumlocution Office. Things are always going on in this funny old gristmill; there is something doing all the time; but it is never the right thing. Let us hope that the present young emperor, a highly estimable man despite his paternal blemishes, will do his best to scotch or kill this venerable monster, Red-Tape. It would be worth more than his offensive, a year ago, on the Italian front.

CHAPTER VI

CENTRALISATION AND DECENTRALISATION

Austria-Hungary at the decisive turn of the road—A declaration by the late Emperor on initiating his reign—Sixty-nine years ago—It came to naught—Untoward events overwhelmed him—Unsound finances retarded growth—And the war of '66 did the rest—The position of Hungary again peculiar—For the centralising policy of Hungary necessarily reacted on that of Austria—Louis Kossuth on the mission of the Magyar—Austria's Teutonic element still largely living in the past—Dread to face the real facts—"Condemned to be an eternal minority"—This war only has wakened them to see the issue clearly—The paroxysm of nationalism has wasted large part of the monarchy's life blood—Now is the time to cut the Gordian knot.

WHAT has been written in this book on the race problem of Austria-Hungary has been written in vain if it has not brought the conviction home to the reader that the ancient monarchy has at last arrived at the decisive turn of the road. And this independent of the fact that the present war has made the whole world cognizant of the supreme crisis. For long before, years and years before swords were crossed on the battlefields, internal development in Austria-Hungary made it plain that things could not much longer go on as they had. There is a natural limit to everything, and that procrastinating system so long in vogue there and for which Count Taaffe, who kept the premiership for fourteen long and unfruitful years, had coined the phrase: *"Es wird fortgewurstelt"* (an untranslatable term of Austrian *patois;* about: We'll continue to live from hand to mouth), had about reached

the end of its tether. Something, even if the war had not come, was bound to happen in Austria-Hungary before long, something putting an end to the old ways and starting off on a new chapter, something destroying the decrepit old structure or else putting it on a brand-new foundation. In a correspondence I wrote from Vienna about a year before the outbreak of the present world struggle I remember I made use of the expression: "It is one of the marvels of the age that this hoary monarchy is still somehow hanging together. But it cannot be for much longer, at least not on the existing plan. It must go to pieces." And this was said although by that time I had learned to love the country and people, was said without a grain of ill-will towards either; simply because a thorough study of conditions had convinced me of their untenability.

On December 2, 1848, a proclamation was issued from the archiepiscopal palace at Olmütz, Moravia, wherein Francis Joseph, then a youth of 18, on succeeding his uncle, the Emperor Ferdinand, on the tottering throne, had declared:

"Fully recognising, free of compulsion, the need and the high value of free institutions adapted to the times, we confidently enter the path which is to lead us to a glorious transformation and rejuvenation of the whole monarchy. Our homeland will rise anew, resting on the broad basis of equal rights and opportunities for all the peoples of the empire and of equal justice for all citizens before the law, as well as equal sharing of all representatives in legislation."

Those were courageous words for a young man not yet out of his teens. They meant, if they meant anything at all, complete severance from the absolutism that had so far been the guiding principle of government. They were

spoken at a moment when Emperor Ferdinand, too timid and resourceless to breast the rising waves of revolution throughout the empire, driven from his capital to seek a refuge in the fortified town of Olmütz, had abdicated and left an almost superhuman burden to this callow boy of 18. But fair words, after all, are but fair words. In that year of European upheaval, in 1848, many another sovereign ruler had used glittering generalities and made brilliant promises to his duped subjects, only to forget them when the hour of danger was past. It was not much different with the young Emperor Francis Joseph. Under the overweening influence of his autocratic mother, the Archduchess Sophia, he did the like. A whole twelvemonth of hard fighting to maintain himself in authority had yet to come and go before the crown sat firmly on his brow. And then—why, then he reverted once more for a number of years to the absolutism of old. The proclamation, looked at as a declaration of principles, came to naught. It is a fair question whether Francis Joseph should ever have been reminded again of these "free institutions" he waxed so eloquent about in the hour of his accession if—this time at least—there had been no compulsion about it. It was the deeply involved state of national finances that acted on him as a spur. By 1855 these were in such a hopelessly entangled state that nothing was left for him but to remember once more his budget of promises. Austria at that time was on the brink of national bankruptcy. With a paper currency of enforced circulation, yet sunk so low in actual value that it took six bills to equal one coin in the country itself, and with credit abroad gone, the monarch was forced to bethink him of summoning a parliament to begin and set things right. A complaisant parliament he wanted, of course, one to raise big taxes, to contract

foreign loans, to pledge the support of the whole country as an asset. He did not get it, however. Still, it enabled him to keep the finances of the country barely above water. Not until 1867, in fact, not until after the unfortunate issue of the war with Prussia, did Francis Joseph begin to realise how true Lincoln's saying was about nobody being able to "fool all the people all the time." Only from that year really dates the beginning of parliamentary life in the Dual Monarchy. Perhaps Francis Joseph had actually meant what he said in his proclamation of December 2, 1848. But if so untoward events overwhelmed him and made fulfilment of his word next to impossible.

At any rate, with 1867 began parliamentary life in earnest. It was of a peculiar kind, though. Looked at superficially, there is a strong parallel between it and that of England. But the similarity ceases when one peers below the surface. For there is this vital difference to be noted: England's parliamentary rule is real. There the King rules but does not govern. In Austria-Hungary the monarch both rules and governs. True, in the latter as in the former when the leading statesman, the premier—in Austria as well as Hungary—has failed in his avowed policy he resigns. But while in England in that contingency the monarch, under the unwritten constitution, summons the leader of the opposition and entrusts him with the task of forming a new cabinet and of mapping out for himself and his victorious party a new programme, without in the least interfering as to the character of the proposed new legislation, in Austria-Hungary it is different. There the monarch, in his capacity of Austrian emperor or Hungarian king, as the case may be, calls upon another leader, talks things over thoroughly, indicates to him the chief desires of the

crown—*i.e.*, his own desires—and questions him as to his ability to range enough members of parliament on his side to carry out a policy in which the main features are to correspond with what the monarch, *in his judgment*, deems paramount to the welfare of the monarchy. Only such a one as is able to undertake the work on these terms is entrusted by him with it. There must be, therefore, substantial agreement between the views of this candidate for the premiership and those of the monarch to make a new cabinet and a new policy feasible. In other words, this Austro-Hungarian parliamentarism is only the shadow of the real thing, not its substance. For the monarch rules and governs both. The line of conduct, in its leading scheme, is laid out by him. He is, therefore, at least in some highly important respects, the parliament as well as the sovereign. And this state of things applies to *Austria and to Hungary* alike. It is a sham; a pretence. It is not, in its full sense, popular government; these two countries are not living, in essential respects, under free institutions. But it is not to be denied that in all this the sovereign remains strictly within those bounds defined by the constitutions of the two countries. It is, therefore, constitutional government, only the constitutions are framed so as not to meet entirely the wishes of the people.

Now in Austria, as shown elsewhere, the old, old policy of centralisation had broken down by 1867, and since then, in a half-hearted way, autonomous rule of the various provinces has been inaugurated. It has not gone far enough, this new system of granting semi-independence to the national entities composing the whole. But it has at least been tried for a number of years within somewhat narrow limits. It did not meet with full satisfaction anywhere, largely because it stopped short of its

goal, but also because in Hungary the contrary policy has been in practice since 1867. For that is one of those odd coincidences in history, that the Magyars, after themselves for several centuries suffering sorely under the former Austrian system of centralisation, adopted it themselves the moment they were enabled to do so under the terms of the *Ausgleich* which granted them a free hand in their own internal affairs. In fact, in Hungary it took the pronounced form of denationalisation, applied to all non-Magyar nationalities dwelling within the borders of Hungary. This policy has been steadily and relentlessly pursued in Hungary for fifty years past. Every effective weapon has been used in its service. The nomenclature of towns, rivers, mountains, lakes, districts has been altered completely, newly invented Magyar names being substituted for the old ones—which were Rumanian, Slav, or German. A strict set of laws compels attendance at public schools where the language of tuition is invariably Magyar. A thorough knowledge of Magyar is necessary under the new dispensation in order to hold office, no matter how inconsequential, to transact business, in fact, do or accomplish anything whatever. The Magyar clergy has been a powerful ally of the Central government in Budapest in this campaign of rooting out anything not in consonance with these centralising purposes. Of course, the Magyars in all this are propelled by powerful motives which to them seem perfectly sufficient. It was Louis Kossuth, the patriot statesman of 1848-49, who long ago formulated the dictum: "We Magyars interrupt the Panslavic flood. Never the ambitious plans of Panslavism can be realised, except if Hungary be first cut up as was the mantle of the crucified Christ." And these words form in a measure the guiding principle with most Magyars. It must be owned

that in this ceaseless crusade in behalf of Magyarism they have been extraordinarily successful on the whole. The census figures, decade after decade, are most eloquent witnesses of that. For they reveal that several millions of persons of non-Magyar stock have within the past fifty years yielded to compulsion, persuasion and other private or public agencies employed, and have joined the Magyar camp, forswearing bonds of race and blood in doing so. It is fortunate for the Magyars that that is the way their policy has turned out, for otherwise, with their small natural rate of increase (for the Slavic elements the rate of increase being indeed nearly double that of the Magyars), they would not only have remained a steadily decreasing minority, but their whole system of nationalisation would have suffered shipwreck in the end.

Of course the centralising policy pursued so ruthlessly in Hungary could not but react powerfully on Austria. It did so, in the nature of things, primarily on the Teutonic element there. That with its ten millions formed, numerically at least, a block of great force when opposing growing Slavic autonomy. Added to it was the better schooling, the greater wealth, the historic claims and the wider distribution of intelligence to promote their struggle for the retention of former predominance. Elsewhere I have described how despite these powerful vantage points the Teutonic element has failed to keep its supremacy. But this fact has as yet scarcely been brought home to the Austrians of Germanic lineage. It was Bismarck who, in this as in everything else a realist before everything else, spoke of these Austrian Teutons as "condemned to be an eternal minority." But though years have passed since the cruelly blunt word was spoken, the German Austrians have not yet dared to face

the real facts. They, or at least very many of them, continue to blind themselves. They are still living largely in the past: in the past when "they were Austria," the rest but secondary. It is truly pathetic to observe many of these men who will not look the truth firmly in the eye. I once discussed the present and prospective future of Vienna with an "Urwiener" (one belonging to an old Vienna family), an aged physician of more than ordinary intelligence. And I called his attention to the undeniable fact of the town becoming more and more Slavic each year, pointing to a row of street signs opposite, every one of which bore a Slav name. "But," he retorted, "these men all become good Viennese after a while. They marry here, and their wives make them learn German." It was no use debating with him. His race pride was too strong not to be powerfully shocked by his native town, once the greatest centre of Germanic civilisation, rapidly becoming the greatest rampart of Slavicism. They will not see, and, therefore, they do not see. But this present war has done very much to open their eyes. The whole course of it has shown them that many things they fondly believed in are nothing better than fallacies. It has shaken these plethoric, easy-going folk of German Austria out of their long sleep. It has brought home to them that they are hopelessly outdistanced, outnumbered, outmanœuvred; that the Slav of Austria is the coming man and will not any longer be denied his due. Few of them are powerful thinkers; fewer still care to have the logic of cold fact as their chief finger post in life. But they have, now at last, in their majority begun to view this whole problem of race supremacy from the right angle. They commence to see the issue clearly and to write Finis under that long chapter of exclusive German-Austrian

triumph which really came to an end quite some time ago.

It will be a harbinger of better things to come for Austria and Hungary when the paroxysm of nationalistic fever that has wasted such stores of energy to little or no purpose, really does come to a close. The sterile race strife has immeasurably hindered progress and prosperity, quite aside from embittering, every hour in the day almost, mutual relations between the different peoples. And the hour has now struck to cut the Gordian knot. There is no smoother way to do it. Indeed, it must be cut. It can never be merely unravelled. Drastic treatment is the only one indicated for this evil. To longer persist in administering Count Taaffe's prescription, the "*Fortwursteln,*" would be sheer suicide. Austria-Hungary is doomed unless she resolutely applies the surgeon's knife and cuts down deep, cuts out the cancer of race strife with all its roots.

The *Ausgleich* of 1867, though an extremely clever expedient at a time when a *cul de sac* had been reached that seemed to exclude any outlet at all, was the work of a prestidigitator, of a diplomat fertile in devising palliatives. But it was not the work of a real constructive statesman. It could not endure. For it contained from the very start one fundamental error. It was based on the assumption that the Magyar and the Teutonic elements were the two which could for all time be depended upon for supremacy; that they too would permanently keep the sceptre of government in a firm and unyielding hand; that they alone sufficed as dominant factors to have the monarchy as a whole hold its own in the march of time; that they alone could neutralise the racial attraction and aversions so powerfully moulding other nations; that these two, the Magyars and the Teutons of

Austria, would form the economic and political forces shaping and developing the whole body. And that, of course, was a huge and fatal misconception. It predestined from the beginning to destruction the political edifice reared on the ruins of the ancient absolutistic pile. And it is now the question of making the foundation broader and surer than this present one.

CHAPTER VII

SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMA

Late heir to the throne favoured the *Trias* in lieu of the Dual Monarchy —If he had lived a South Slavic kingdom would have been established, and Bohemia would have obtained far-reaching autonomy— Why the *Trias* would not solve the problem—It would leave several discontented nationalities—The only radical remedy is self-government for each race—Foreshadowed by Emperor Carl's recent throne speech in opening the Reichsrat—A daring experiment, but must be made—The status of Galicia—Hungary's consent to the newly inaugurated policy indispensable—Count Stephen Tisza's fall from power due to his opposition to broad manhood suffrage in Hungary —He fears the end of Magyar supremacy—Delicate negotiations now proceeding—Why the young Monarch deferred the oath on the constitution—The Ausgleich has run its course—It must be superseded—A general prognosticon of the Austria-Hungary of the future.

When the bullet of that half-demented youth, Gavril Cabrinovic, put an end to the life of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the parlous throne of Austria-Hungary, it removed from the scene a man upon whom the hopes of the whole monarchy had been centred. For Francis Ferdinand had both the brains and the energy needed for the rejuvenation of the country. Personally he was not what might be called a pleasant sort of man. He was taciturn, rather rough and aggressive in his bearing, and a rigid disciplinarian, an out-and-out martinet in his official relations. Thus he was the exact antipode of his uncle, the late Francis Joseph, who united in his

person all the essential traits of the typical Austrian—being easy-going, full of *bonhomie,* somewhat lax in sexual morality, a temporiser by preference in politics, save only in army matters. In short, he had in a remarkable degree all the attractive qualities and all the surface good-nature of the Austrian of old stock, and that, without any doubt whatever, was chiefly what endeared him so greatly to his *"liebe Wiener"* (his dear Viennese), as he invariably styled them in his proclamations. I have heard stories about Francis Ferdinand, on the other hand, told me by persons in his immediate service, which explained his pronounced unpopularity with the masses; stories revealing him in a decidedly unamiable light—severe, harsh, brusque. A couple of months before his violent death, while sojourning with his family at his exquisitely beautiful estate of Miramar, near Trieste, a small body of sailors from an Austrian war vessel in the harbour was despatched to serve on the two motor boats used for his requirements, and those men were strictly enjoined not to smoke during duty hours—which practically meant all day long. While waiting in the grounds of Miramar, the archduke caught, nevertheless, one of the lads twisting hurriedly a cigarette and setting it aglow. He not only gave him at once a terrific reprimand—talking to him, too, in his own tongue, the Istrian dialect of Southern Slavic, and using such grossly vernacular expressions as "swine," "beast," etc.—but sent him back on board his vessel for a fortnight in the "brig." The old emperor, if such a thing had occurred, would probably have laughed or treated the culprit to one of his own favourite cigars—the "Virginia," or stogey. But this little incident painted Francis Ferdinand strikingly. He was fighting one of the besetting Austrian sins—for which the Austrians themselves have

coined the term "*Schlamperei,*" meaning lack of order, of system, of discipline—fighting it tooth and nail, believing that only by overcoming it could Austria-Hungary again rise. The manner of his death again showed what he was. He had been warned of widespread disaffection in the border districts of Bosnia and Hercegovina, of plots hatched to "remove" him. But he went because he deemed it his duty to do so. And even after the first bomb had been exploded in Sarayevo, right under his auto, he was not deterred from carrying out what he had set out to do. He was a man absolutely devoid of fear.

With the characteristics of Francis Ferdinand, as an individual, the conspirators in Servia and Bosnia had little concern. What concerned them, and what made his "removal" incumbent, was something else. In him, the future ruler of Austria-Hungary, they dreaded the man who would undertake, seriously undertake, the difficult mission of reconciling all the Southern Slavs of the monarchy to the Habsburg dominion. For he was known by them to advocate the establishment of a *Trias* as the sovereign remedy for Slav disloyalty and estrangement. He was stern, had an iron will, perseverance in what once he had decided upon, had definite, unshakable convictions as to the indispensable requirements of the Austria-Hungary of the future. He was just the man, in a word, that the decrepit monarchy needed to be set up once more. All that, however, the Servian plotters cared little about. The circumstance that signed his death warrant in Belgrade was that Francis Ferdinand stood committed to the *Trias* idea. The *Trias* in lieu of the Dual Monarchy. The *Ausgleich* had reached, according to him, the end of its usefulness, and in place of it was to come a Triple Monarchy, a confederation of three dis-

tinct political entities; each part was to be independent of the others, save in a few reserved points. These reserved points were to be confined to absolute essentials—the field of foreign relations, political and economic treaties, army and navy—in the main, then, those provided for in the Austrian compromise with Hungary of 1867. Austria was to be one third, Hungary another, and a new South Slavic State, comprising Croatia, the Banat, Slavonia, Bosnia, Hercegovina, Istria, Dalmatia and the so-called Littorale with Carniola, the third. It was this conception (for which, however, the old emperor, Francis Joseph, had not yet been won) which the Servian hotspurs and plotting patriots dreaded. And with reason. The idea itself had been slumbering for years in the subconsciousness of the Servian race. Dr. Sunaric, president of the Croatian Club in the Bosnian-Hercegovinian Sabor (*i.e.,* provincial chamber), expressed it some time ago in a political speech as follows: "We can no longer submit to the fact that we seven millions of Southern Slavs within the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, forming as we do as Servians, Croatians and Slovenes a linguistic and national unit, should enjoy no independence. We demand existence, under the Habsburg sceptre, as an independent state. I am even of opinion that the Trialistic state idea might lead the Servians now forming a small realm of their own to gravitate towards solidarity with us under the crown of the Habsburgs. Emperor Francis Joseph, of course, is prevented from granting our wish for the convening of a Pan-Croatian conference, because he has made oath upon the constitution now in force, the one of 1867. But the new emperor will have a free hand before himself swearing to a constitution governing the whole monarchy."

What this South Slavic leader outlined, the late heir to

the throne, Francis Ferdinand, had thoroughly deliberated upon and mentally digested. His plan contemplated, however, not alone the consolidation of all the Southern Slavs of the monarchy within one independent realm of their own. It went much farther. It intended to reconcile the Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia by granting them a (rather limited) autonomy, about on similar lines with that obtaining in Galicia. Francis Ferdinand, though of purely Teuton stock himself, was known as a Slavophil. He not only had mastered Czech completely, but had written much in that difficult tongue. He had likewise possessed himself of a familiar knowledge of the other Slav tongues spoken in Austria-Hungary, and the Serbo-Croatian language he spoke perfectly. It is, of course, remembered that he fell in love with a Czech lady of noble lineage, and that she had gained his affection to the point of his persisting in marrying her against the strenuous opposition of his uncle and sovereign. For the probable issue of this union he had been, under the terms of the Austrian constitution, obliged to resign all claims to the throne, it is true. But the marriage itself was in all respects a most happy one, founded as it was on true affection and a lasting sense of gratitude on his part. For at a time when his health was low and, in fact, symptoms of incipient tuberculosis had become apparent, she nursed him so devotedly and with so much self-sacrifice that his recovery (after a stay in Egypt) was probably largely owing to her. The union itself was ideal, and so was the fate that sped the bullets which killed, almost instantly and painlessly, husband and wife seated side by side.

All the bonds that bound him, therefore, to the Slav cause, sentimental and political, aided in ripening in

Francis Ferdinand's mind the plan of an Austro-Hungarian sweeping reform by establishing the *Trias* form of government and terminating the *Ausgleich.* Public and private utterances of his which, after his tragic end, found their way into some of the leading censored Austrian and Hungarian newspapers and periodicals, leave no doubt that his mind was fully made up to the close on that score. But there is just as little doubt, in the light of events which the present war has brought to a focus, that the life plan of this remarkable man, even if it had been carried out in the teeth of a determined Hungarian antagonism, would not have solved the race problem definitely. The war has stirred even sluggish Austria to its deeps, but if Francis Ferdinand had lived and war had not broken out, it would have gone different, no doubt. Hungarian opposition to his plan—and it was well-known to them and had incited their hatred for him even before his accession,—would not have been easy, almost impossible, to overcome; that much may be taken for granted. But suppose his plan had not miscarried; suppose the Hungarians had been made to see that the *Ausgleich,* while it had served their own turn admirably on the whole and for a time, could no longer endure, what would have been the result? For one thing, it would have left several discontented nationalities. The amount of autonomy which Francis Ferdinand was ready to concede to Bohemia would never have satisfied the Czechs. Neither would the three million of Ruthenians and the two million of Slovaks have been contented. Nor would the three million of Germanic stock in Hungary (the Saxons of Transylvania, the Swabians of the Banát and the peasant population of the Zips region) or the three millions and a half of Rumanians in Hungary and the Bukovina been at comfort. The fact, rather, that

one of the hitherto neglected races, the Southern Slavs, had been given independence while they themselves were to drag their chains along even under this new dispensation would have increased their restlessness tenfold. Inevitably, with the example of their brethren of the South before their eyes, all these submerged fractions and fragments of the whole would have striven with renewed ardour to gain what had been denied them, to gain it forcibly if need be, by armed risings, by concerted action, and the upshot would have been civil war of the most horrible kind.

No, well-meaning as Archduke Francis Ferdinand doubtless was, fired by a noble ambition and by a grave sense of justice, his scheme did not go far enough. The only radical remedy for the ills which race strife has bred in Austria-Hungary is self-government for each and every part of the whole. The ideal must, in fact, be the establishment of something like a United States of Austria-Hungary, *only more so.* That is, the self-government in each state of this prospective federation must be, to accomplish all that is desired, more complete than it is in its American prototype. Common ties must be confined to a very few. A historical survey, if that were necessary, would soon show the reason why. But I shall mention merely one chief reason. The American colonies when they declared their independence of England were, it must be admitted, a group of political entities but loosely hanging together, even more loosely than do the parts of the Dual Monarchy to-day. They were also drawn from very heterogeneous original sources. What could be, for example, more dissimilar than the Puritans of the Mayflower and the Cavaliers of Virginia? And each of these thirteen original colonies had traits so wholly setting it apart from the others as to make a

union between them at that time seem folly. But there was, nevertheless, one potent tie between them all that the Austro-Hungarians of various stripe lack—the tie of one common descent, of one common tongue, of one common law, of one literature, one history, one set of main racial characteristics. And this in the end, against all divergent interests, sufficed to bring about solidarity, amalgamation, the marvels of the Melting Pot. For Austria-Hungary other reasons must be given to believe in the feasibility of such harmony in union. There sentimental reasons are largely absent; but material reasons are stronger and more pressing.

It may be expedient to analyse the conditions there more closely.

Austria-Hungary, as it exists to-day, contains one entire nationality, that of the Magyars, a race politically sagacious, domineering and strong in organisation, but not in itself numerous enough nor holding territory large enough to stand on its own bottom, so to speak, in these days when statesmen of various nations have begun to "think in continents." So long as the Magyars were able to contrive, no matter if by means scarcely defensible, the denationalisation of smaller races surrounding them and welding them into their own political system, things might go on relatively smoothly. But this brutal system seems now to become no longer feasible. The aroused national *ego* of the smaller races forbids it. So does the equally aroused conscience of the world. If Magyarisation is not possible any more, how can the Magyar core of Hungary, thrown suddenly on itself, hold its own? How can it make headway against powerful neighbours like Russia, or against a consolidated Rumania with a population exceeding its own by fifty per cent.? The whole political syllabus of the Magyar as a

nation since 1867 has rested on the unfair process of despoiling their neighbours and fellow-dwellers of what was dearest to them—their race soul, their language, their national aspirations. Once you deprive him of the chance to continue this game *ad infinitum,* you make him simply *primus inter pares,* the first among equals, no longer the tyrant and oppressor. Therefore, the Magyar will not yield up the political and social prerogatives he has enjoyed so long with impunity without a desperate struggle. But will he prevail? It is more than doubtful. The forces that contend against him are morally very strong. For they are composed not only of the strong desires of the races he has oppressed, but also of the consonance of world opinion. The Magyar, as I said, is politically sagacious. And for that very reason he will be the first to see that his old pretensions are no longer to hold sway; that it may be the part of high wisdom to make the best of a poor bargain. There are facing him alone on this proposition of consolidating the Southern Slavs, a body of men almost as numerous as his entire Magyar race, and nearly as desperate and valorous fighters in a good cause. This seems to me, briefly put, about the position of the Magyar just as soon as the plan of granting complete autonomy to his helots of hitherto, the submerged races of Hungary, has fully matured and is brought forward with all the authority and weight of unselfish patriotism.

In this connection it is necessary to quote a few paragraphs from the recent throne speech of the young Emperor Carl, May 31, 1917, in opening the new session of the Austrian parliament, the Reichsrat. In it he said:

"I feel convinced that a happy development of our constitutional life is not possible, after the barren results of the last years and under the extraordinary po-

litical conditions during times of war—leaving out of consideration the Galician problem, for which my august predecessor has already shown the way—, without an expansion of the constitution itself and of the administrative foundations of our entire public life not alone within the monarchy as a whole, but also especially in the separate kingdoms and 'lands,' foremost among them in Bohemia."

This declaration in itself is very significant, as it foreshadows in a manner not to be mistaken the plan of enlarging the functions, rights and privileges of each component part of the monarchy, and of apportioning to each a larger measure of independence and a more pronounced separate existence than they have so far enjoyed. While scarcely specific enough to enable the reader to erect an articulate political structure, the young ruler has gone about as far in outlining it as is possible in a speech from the throne. Such a speech is merely to serve as a finger post. Details have there no place. But the purport of the above passage is plain enough. However, his enunciation gains in vividness and meaning if it is supplemented by another statement of his that occurs towards the end of it. He there declared that while under normal conditions he should be ready to make oath to the constitution actually in force, under the peculiar circumstances he should be obliged "to defer that solemn ceremony until a time which I trust will not be remote, a time when the foundations for a new, a strong and happy Austria, invigourated both internally and externally, shall have been laid for generations to come."

This, then, coupled with the preceding passage, expresses the intention plainly enough to recast the whole frame within which the political life of Austria has been enclosed for the past two generations.

It shows clearly that the young monarch fully realises that he has come to a parting of the ways, and that the old order of things cannot and will not be further maintained. Doubtless he also feels that it is a bold experiment he is resolved upon, but one that must be dared. Aged Francis Joseph had no longer the elasticity of mind, the vigour of body, to have braved fate in that way, to venture on an untrodden path. For such it is. In all modern history there is no parallel for such a projected rebirth of an ancient country as is here sketched, however briefly and dimly, by this ruler of inexperience, yet undeniably imbued with the best motives. Youth is venturesome. But it will be one of the most astounding lessons of the longevity and indestructibility of seemingly outworn political entities if the experiment should, after all, succeed.

For Austria the future status both of Bohemia and of Galicia remains to be fixed as the task beset with most difficulties. And to both these countries Emperor Carl referred particularly in his enunciation. They are hard nuts to crack, truly. As to Galicia we have got an inkling of this before. The population there, in round figures eight millions, is made up about as follows: In the western half, including Cracow, the purely Polish element is settled, about four millions; in the eastern with Lemberg for capital, the Ukraïnian, or Ruthenian, exceeding three millions; Jews everywhere, about 750,000; and the remainder, men of Teutonic strain, as officials, in some small colonies, as professional men, merchants, engineers, managers, manufacturers. The Ruthenian element is, generally speaking, wretchedly poor and ignorant, gravitating more or less towards their kinsmen, the Ukraïnians, on Russian soil, Greek orthodox in faith, and although a people of infinite patience, honey-

combed with disloyalty, discontent, with strong aversion towards their Polish masters. The Poles own seven-eighths of the soil. Even in the Ruthenian, the eastern, part of the province, the Poles are lords paramount, in possession of vast and princely estates, frequently given to absenteeism, spending their revenues very often at the international gaming tables of Monte Carlo and elsewhere; mostly highly educated, used to material luxury and despising the subject race that believes in gods of its own. There have been risings of the oppressed Ruthenian peasantry now and then; they were always drowned in blood. As to the economic conditions prevailing in Galicia full official figures are available. They have, besides, often been ventilated in the Reichsrat, the Austrian parliament. One of the most influential leaders of the Ruthenians in that body stated it publicly—and supported his statement with incontrovertible proof—that his people are living in almost incredible squalor, and that many thousands of them would starve annually if their kindred beyond the sea—husbands, fathers, sons—did not regularly send over remittances from their savings. He showed how the average Ruthenian peasant family numbers seven, and how they are supposed to make a living out of a farm embracing about four to five acres of arable land. Their dwelling is in most cases a self-erected hovel made of sun-baked clay, sheltering, besides, the horse or cow, chickens, pigs, etc. It is here, too, that illiteracy predominates with from 62 to 78 per cent. of the total. The war has roused these poor people. They demand human rights. They demand the ballot (practically withheld from them by Polish intimidation or bribery), and they demand adequate representation not only in the Reichsrat, where they, although nearly composing the half of the population, are now

outnumbered five to one by the Poles, but in the provincial chamber as well. The disaffection of the Ruthenian population in Galicia made itself unpleasantly felt for Austria during the war. There was much pro-Russian espionage. Austrian officers told me that in the early part of the war they had to suffer more from that than from the invading Russian armies. There was a time when hundreds of Ruthenian spies were sent to the gallows every day in Galicia. The Poles are, however, the masters in Galicia, and they dread, even the fair-minded among them, the advent of the day when the Ruthenians will insist on the right to cast an untrammelled vote. They dread it not alone as ushering in the end of Polish sway throughout Galicia and the emancipation of the Ruthenians from their old-time yoke, but just as much because of the dense ignorance of these men which in their opinion would bode no good to the welfare of the province as a whole. Hitherto and for the past fifty years the Austrian government has had, at every crisis, the united support of the Polish delegation in the Reichsrat, in exchange for allowing them to manage their political home affairs in any manner they pleased. Now, however, with the coming of the new emperor and with the altered conditions brought on by the war, some measure of justice is to be meted out to the Ruthenians. This has tremendously stirred the Poles who threaten to break from their allegiance to the government, even to the dynasty. To insure a renewed loyalty on the part of the Ruthenians, besides, other sacrifices and measures, in particular a distribution of land, are called for. Altogether the situation of Galicia is—no matter how the question of a re-established and, possibly, a reunited Poland be finally solved—complicated

and full of danger. It urgently demands wise statesmanship.

Then there is the Bohemian problem. If anything that is even more involved and of much longer standing. To bring about a compromise which would moderately satisfy both parties, the Czech and the Teuton Bohemian, seems out of the reach of human power. The very fact that the adversaries are so well matched in all but one respect (that being in numbers, in which, as we know, the Czechs with their four millions far outbalance the German Bohemians with two millions and a half), makes adjustment all the harder. Bohemia wants full autonomy (save in the two or three points where she must go together with the rest of the monarchy), and nothing short of it will content her. She wants, above all, a perfectly free hand in internal affairs, such as the Poles have had in Galicia, and she wants it in precisely the same way and for a similar purpose. That purpose being to oust the German tongue completely from public use and, as soon as may be, from private use as well. She wants to denationalise the German Bohemians, in other words, and erect a Czech supremacy in Bohemia so strong and so backed up by all the agencies of civil power as to stabilise it forever. That is their programme. They are no longer satisfied with equal rights. They intend to seize all the rights. This, of course, looked at as a merely retaliatory step for injustice done them in times gone, is easily understood from a Czech viewpoint. But unquestionably if two wrongs do not make one right, this policy is to be condemned. And to find a way out of the whole labyrinth of puzzling contradictions would seem indeed an almost superhuman achievement. It will be of great interest to watch from afar the great decisive battle which has now set in for Bohemia.

In Hungary, it may be said, the great fight of readjustment is also on. The fall of Count Stephen Tisza from power marked the first clash. For that was owing to the reluctance of that statesman and of the hitherto ruling party—the party of National Labour—to grant legislation widening the scope of suffrage. He and those around him are afraid that to eliminate the restrictions in force, confining the right to vote to those possessing a minimum of property and education, and paying a minimum of taxes, will mean the dispossession of the Magyar from his controlling influence over the realm. These restrictions have permitted him, although but a minority, to elect a majority of members into the Hungarian parliament and most of the district and provincial chambers, thereby dominating legislation and the whole political existence of the country. The new King of Hungary, however, has sided with the more progressive and less selfish parties in Hungary, those favouring thorough election reform and fairer treatment of the subject races. Delicate negotiations are now proceeding which will probably culminate in a more liberal era for Hungary. The crux of the situation is, of course, the attitude of the South Slavs. If Hungary consents to a complete separation for Croatia, and the creation of a South Slavic state in which the other Serbo-Croats will enter, an enormous amount of dangerous and constant internal friction would terminate. Without that, however, it could not be truthfully averred that a satisfactory solution has been found.

If these things come to pass which I have here but roughly sketched it is indeed possible to make Austria-Hungary, so long one of the political eyesores of the world, once more a vital factor. It would, for the first time in the troubled history of the old monarchy, set really free the inherent forces for good in all these con-

glomerate regions. It would liberate an amount of versatile talent so far hidden away in the dark, of artistic and industrial gifts scarcely dreamt of. And it would indeed mean, as the young emperor recently phrased it: a happier and more prosperous population. Which would also mean a distinct gain for the world.

CHAPTER VIII

POLITICAL LIFE

Sharp separation between Austria and Hungary—The whole political foundation of Hungary radically differs from that of Austria—Two parliamentary sessions witnessed—In the Austrian Reichsrat a total absence of dignity—In the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies an air of ardent patriotism—Hungary has a broad aristocratic base—Austria on the other hand has always looked to the Dynasty for its political advance—In Austria the time-honoured motto has been, *Divide et Impera*—In Austria the Slavic communism and broad democracy running counter to the Germanic fealty to a leader and authoritative interpretation—In both countries the bitterest problems are adjustment of languages, of administration—Differences in the parliamentary rules between Austria and Hungary—In the latter now the franchise extension question—Narrow and broad nationalism—How the Ausgleich works, both politically and economically—Hungarian dreams of industrial efficiency.

In all comment on the political life of the Dual Monarchy the sharp cleavage between the life, aims and methods of the two halves, of Austria and of Hungary, must be kept in view. Nothing, for example, could be more strikingly dissimilar than an average session of the Reichsrat in Vienna and of the Chamber of Deputies in Budapest.

The structures in which the two legislative bodies are housed are both fine and impressive. The one in Budapest, standing close to the banks of the mighty Danube River, is evidently modelled after Westminster in London; it rises in its white beauty and in its graceful spires

skyward in variegated splendour. The one in Vienna is as though it had been transplanted from the rocks of Parthenon—classical in outline, covering great surface but of medium height, ornate with bronze sculptures of Athenian grace and suppleness, an ancient temple devoted to the adoration of the gods. But which gods? As a matter of fact, Eris, the goddess of discord, has been worshipped most there.

Vividly I recall the last visit I paid this transcendently stately pile. It was in March, 1914. There was no ceremonial barrier to overcome. The doorkeeper in his mediæval glory of tinsel and silver-tipped staff willingly let me pass. He may have thought that no stranger could eclipse the noise and confusion prevailing inside. For it was at the height of the obstructionist tactics embraced by the opposition that I sought admission. If Pope's lines: For forms of government let fools contest; What's best administered is best, ever was true, surely it did not apply to Austria and its parliament. For there is a total absence of dignity and efficiency there, and the bulk of the 500 delegates or thereabouts whom I saw on entering the press gallery looked and behaved like a band of madmen. It was a question about the rights and privileges of one of the eight officially recognised "national tongues," I think it was Ruthenian, that had wrought them all to such a fearful pitch. It was, I believe, a question which to an outsider appeared of minor importance. But to these men in the foreground of the immense hall it must have seemed a question of life and death. This is what burst on my astonished view: About a score of men, all decently clad, were seated or standing each at his little desk. Some made an infernal noise violently opening and shutting the lids of these desks. Others emitted a blaring sound

from little toy trumpets; others strummed jew's-harps; still others beat snare drums. And at their head, like a bandmaster, stood a grey-bearded man of about 65, evidently the leader of this wilful faction, directing the whole pandemonium in volume and in tempo. The sum of uproar thus produced was so infernal that it completely drowned the voice of a man who was evidently talking from his seat in another part of the house, for one could see his lips moving and the veins in his temples swelling. Bedlam let loose! That was the impression on the whole. The obstructionist tactics, which I happened to witness at their zenith, were being carried out with the declared intention of overcoming the resistance to the measure advocated by the little minority of Ruthenian delegates. After listening to this infernal concert for a brief spell, in fact until my nerves gave way, I inquired outside and heard the matter stated as I described it. I was told that not only this Ruthenian fraction, but every other in the Reichsrat as well, in its fraction and committee rooms had stowed away, in a locked and safe place, a complete assortment of such instruments of torture—whistles and bell sleighs, mouth harmonicas, cow bells and trombones, specially manufactured noise-producers warranted to overtop everything, etc., etc. Each party, each fraction, each faction, each individual delegate owned an arsenal of these things, merely for the purpose of making all legitimate business in the Reichsrat impossible, at the mere whim of one or a set of those "representatives" of the Austrian people. Strange but true.

It was, I think, Sydney Smith—or some other witty Englishman—who gave it as his opinion that the "solemn ass" was the most unbearable of the human species. If so, Austria is well off in that respect. Asses there are,

plenty of them, both bipeds and quadrupeds—but "solemn" asses—no, never. Not one. Such an utter lack of dignity I have not encountered in any other parliament of the world. There is no mace-bearer there. No "naming of names"—that dread threat in the American Congress. No cry of "I spy a stranger!" All this would be of no avail in the Austrian parliament. There they throw inkwells at one another; hold their fists in close proximity to their neighbour's proboscis; call not only names, but very foul names. The "speaker"—here they call him the president—is inured to all this. It leaves him cold. And he has absolutely no authority, no power to control or prevent all this; he cannot stop any of these outrages. When he intends to call any member to order, to rebuke any one, or to deprive him of the word—he is at once outshouted and his plan is frustrated. The only practical remedy he has is to suspend the session, and that, as a rule, is usually precisely the thing that the obstructionist or obstructionists wanted. It is this utter lack of authority of the presiding officer of the Reichsrat that is responsible for the success of all the innumerable obstructionist campaigns waged there in the past. It is because of this that at the recent reconvening of the Reichsrat (after a lapse of more than three years) one of the chief items in the outlined programme of reform was the thorough alteration in the code of parliamentary rules, rules that have obtained unchanged for more than a generation. It has been anarchy systematised.

Now, in the Hungarian parliament things proceed exactly in the opposite way. Count Stephen Tisza, the "man of iron" as he was called, while majority leader and premier during the most troublous period of the war and some time before, carried on a regiment of Spartan

discipline. On one occasion, when the opposition became so boisterous as to make business impossible, he called on the "parliamentary guard," a small but effective military body that had taken the oath of blind obedience to the speaker, and pointed to a small group of inveterate obstructionists. And when these would not yield, Tisza gave another significant nod, and the guards drew their sabres and prepared for slaughter. Then the most obstinate gave way. In the midst of the war I witnessed a stormy session of the Hungarian Chamber. A great onslaught had been made on Tisza by his ablest foe, Count Julius Andrassy, the leader of the great Constitutionalist Party, and that had been followed by further attacks made by Karolyi and Apponyi, who charged the statesmen in power with reactionism in withholding the franchise even from the defenders of the country. The air was at white heat. An electric spark would have set it ablaze. But Tisza faced his foes like a lion. He bore the brunt of the spirited debate that followed. No insulting epithet fell from the lips of any of the speakers. Tisza's henchmen were like a Roman cohort. No break could be made in their ranks. They stood to their doughty leader like good men and true. The magic of numbers was with them, and they knew it. And victory perched on their banners. All done by and within strictly constitutional methods. And throughout one could feel that all these men, determined opponents though they were to the stern premier who was not their choice, remained Hungarian patriots, loyal to the core to the country of their birth, content to accomplish what they could by strictly parliamentary means—all Hungarians in fact. By contrast what a humiliating spectacle did the Reichsrat of Austria offer to view! There the men of each little province, of each section of a prov-

ince, thought only of that and let the remainder go by the board.

The contrast typifies the peculiar character of each half of the Dual Monarchy. Let us see. Hungary is built up historically from a broad aristocratic basis. From days immemorial the lower nobility has been (and still is) the backbone of the nation. But not a nobility in the sense as elsewhere, not a relatively small class enjoying privileges earned by time-serving truckling to the whims and pastimes of pampered sovereigns. No. The nobility of Hungary from the first was the fighting portion of the nation. In award for the obligation to fight the battles of the country with all their sons and all their men, each of these members of a race of conquerors was given a freehold for himself and his descendants. The scions of these original nobles still form that part of the population who own the soil, and who mostly till it, too. The initial freehold has been shrinking in size; or rather, it has been divided and subdivided, share and share alike, among children and children's children, each son remaining noble, each son bearing the name and title of his ancestors. Much church land, it is true, much land once belonging to the crown or to some municipality has been acquired by these nobles in the course of centuries, thus doubling and trebling perhaps the mass of it in bulk. But, on the whole, each member of this primitive, soil-bound, vigorous and warlike lower nobility owns a small estate, be it only fifty or be it five hundred acres, that he cultivates and whence he draws his sustenance, dwelling on his own soil and dying on it, leaving his patrimony undiminished. A sort of farmer-nobility, in fact. That, as I say, is the backbone of Hungary even to-day. It is these men who have made Hungary what it is, and who keep it so. Of course, there

are other elements in modern Hungary. There is not alone a powerful higher nobility, wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice and owning estates so large that they can drive with a fast team all day long without leaving their own acres. There are now numerous prospering and populous towns and cities, with commerce and an industry steadily growing under the fostering care of Hungary's statesmen. There are thousands of villages tenanted to-day by a free peasantry and rural labouring element more or less dependent on the nearest lords of the soil, whose serfs they were until the middle of the eighteenth century. But the rural nobility, the farmer-nobility, so to speak, is still the rock bottom of the nation; those smaller noblemen of moderate means, too, dictate in the last place the politics of Hungary. They are an unsophisticated, narrow-horizoned lot, but they are also men of hard common sense who keep a sharp lookout on the destinies of the country. The heart of this aboriginal Hungary is the Alföld, the low-lying, alluvial plain forming the most fertile portion of the whole, rich in black humus and heavy wheat and corn land, whence fabulous crops are drawn, one of the most remarkable regions of Europe in intrinsic wealth and productiveness. The other sections of Hungary group themselves around the Alföld. They are adjuncts, not only racially (as they are inhabited by Slovaks and men of Teutonic stock, by Serbians in the South and Croatians, by Rumanians in Transylvania, etc.), but economically as well. The heart that is pumping perennially fresh rich blood into the veins of the country is the Alföld. That is the real Hungary. And there, too, you still find Hungarian life in all its picturesqueness, in its pristine virtues of hospitality and valour and strong patriotism. There you find the primeval *czikos,* the horseherd. The Bakony Forest with

its immense droves of savage swine is no more, and wheat fields are bobbing in the breeze instead—but the village-studded region is still as distinctively Magyar as it was centuries ago.

Thus in its core Hungary is yet a bucolic country, resting safely on its foundation of vigorous lower nobility, a land of rustics with all the good and bad points of these. Above all, a self-reliant land with a liberty-loving, an independence-loving population. And this is true even of the cities. Nay, more. Even the Jews of Hungary—about one million of them there are—have imbibed something of that spirit. They are not timid, cringing creatures as in Russia. They, too, are freemen, with the courage and self-respect of freemen. The Magyar values them exactly for what they are, and does not inquire into their creed or parentage and antecedents. That is why in Hungary there are so many valiant, patriotic Jews.

But now look at Austria. There the population is predominantly Slavic—about two to one, roughly speaking. These Slavs, from the very nature of their becoming Austrians, the exact manner of which has been described elsewhere, cannot have much of that sentiment denominated patriotism. To acquire that there was neither time nor opportunity. *Divide et impera* has been the old Habsburg motto as to them; to play off one against the other. Remnants of former more or less powerful Slav states, cowed and under the domination of their priesthood, their inevitable destiny it was to become provincial in their thoughts and aspirations. Again attention must be called to the undeniable historic and ethnologic fact that the Slav does not seem to be gifted as a state-builder. Of course, Russia will be at once pointed to in refutation. But on the contrary,

Russia proves the contention. Russia, when left to herself, was a jumble of small, impotent states, a number of them, like Pskov, Nizhni Novgorod, Ryäsan, etc., half-communistic republics. They were knocked into a heap by the invading Mongolians, and for a number of centuries Slavic Russia was under the heel of the Golden Horde, fawning, submitting. And even when, under Ivan the Terrible, Muscovy forged to the front she had again to battle for many years of dissension against the Polish yoke, until she herself came under the knout of a native set of despots, the Romanoffs, upset at last in a night. And now once more Russia is plunged into chaos, with the old tendency uppermost of splitting into innumerable tiny units, with the ancient spirit of village communism, the *mir,* cropping out to the surface.

So, too, it has been with the Slavs of Austria. What elsewhere is love of country, a love of country as large and as powerful and as uniform as circumstances permit, is with the Slav the love of his narrow-bound home, of his province, his town, his commune. Under such a system the Slav rests content. Bohemia was content with it until at the time of Boleslav the Cruel the judges of her *zupa* (her village councils) ceased to be elective. None of the Slav empires could live for long. The Slav seems to see his ideal of government in the small unit, in the village commune. This has been evident from the remotest historic times. To oppose the stronger Germanic will for a powerful and efficient state supremacy the Slav had nothing but his affection for his native section. The only effective link tying him to Austria was, and is, the dynasty. That he has looked upon, when everything else failed, as something attaching to him personally. He has so regarded it for centuries. What he received out of the hands of this dynasty in the way

of an amelioration of his political or economic condition he has taken as a welcome gift. Independence, free institutions he has (with one or two notable exceptions) not striven for as things in themselves desirable, but at most as things benefiting his province, his village, and solely and inalienably tied up with the latter. No bond of common descent, no admiration for superior prowess has leagued the Slav peasant or serf with the nobles and big landholders of his native province. In large proportion these nobles were not even of his race, and in everything he had little or nothing in common with them. Besides, where the Magyar is a natural aristocrat, tempered only in this feeling by his natural love of freedom and his sense of fairness and justice, the Slav is by natural proclivity a broad democrat, regarding all as his brothers, a communist almost. The sacredness of private property ownership is a sentiment to which the Slav soul responds but feebly.

Set against this the chief characteristics of his fellow-Austrians of Teutonic stock—their strict ideas of private ownership; their fealty to the leader; their meticulous sense of order, cleanliness, system—all conceptions foreign to the Slav of pure lineage. That the Czechs in some of these respects are exceptions must be referred to—and are striking proofs of the fact—their long and intimate relations with their Germanic neighbours.

But after all, practically there are two points of strong resemblance in the political life of Austria and of Hungary. In both countries the knottiest problems are those of language and race. To these, internally, everything else is subordinated. The whole mechanism of administration turns on this. As in Austria, in Hungary also the attempt has been made, not as an experiment but as the cornerstone of the whole internal polity, to rule a

numerical majority by a minority. This has been done for a long time, in most instances and for most provinces for centuries, and for the past fifty years it has been done under cover of popular government, by the aid of a cleverly manipulated parliamentary system, one that gave the shadow but not the substance. These, then, are the points in common in the political life of Austria and Hungary. But while thus a bond, in a sense even a unity of purpose, is created between the Teutonic Austrians and the Magyar Hungarians, one which goes so far as to overcome the otherwise very vigorous Germanophobe sentiment in the Magyar breast and to lead him to wish the Teutonic Austrians success in their anti-Slav policy, as directed against the common foe, even to co-operate with them at his end of the line, there are nevertheless striking differences between the two. The circumstances are quite dissimilar. The Magyar minority is a homogenous whole, possessing all the strategic advantages. The majority, not nearly so large a majority as is the Slavic one in Austria, presents no united front. It is moreover composed of three racial fragments—a Teutonic one, split up and settled in Transylvania, in the Zips region of northwestern Hungary, and in the Banat, in all about three millions strong, scattered geographically and only sympathising one with the other for the sole reason of common descent; the Rumanian one, dwelling for the most part in Transylvania, with smaller particles in the Banat and throughout the remainder of Hungary, altogether neither in creed, in energy nor in education and material development fit to cope with the Magyars; and lastly, the Slavic tribes, such as Slovaks and Ruthenians in the northwest and northeast, Croatians and Serbs in Slavonia and Croatia, divided from one another by difference in language, in faith, in his-

torical development, and held but loosely together by the one bond of similarity of race. In this way and by reason of an ardent belief in their own destiny, as well as by the prestige of their political autonomy and of a realm created by them and held against all comers for a thousand years, and also by their undeniable political superiority and their marvellous capacity of assimilation, the Magyars of Hungary are successfully maintaining their supremacy. That the case is otherwise in Austria we have seen. There the Teutonic Austrians are not alone in a minority of one to two, but they are themselves but fragments, greatly modified in every respect from the original stock, from the larger people over in Germany. They have to face among their Slavic adversaries one whole race, the Czechs, and the Czechs happen to be that branch of the vast Slav family possessed of stern qualities, among them persistency and vigour; and to make at all headway against the Slavic flood surrounding them they are obliged to become the allies, from political measure to measure, of the Poles of Galicia, sanctioning the latter's policy of ruthless suppression of the Ruthenians, thereby incurring again the deep hostility of these and of the Slovenes and Rumanians of Bukovina. In point of wealth, too, and in industrial efficiency and intellectual progress the Czechs are a close second to the Austrian Teutons. So that, let them turn whichever way they will, their tenure of power is always insecure and subject to sudden reversal. Geographically, too, their situation is not nearly so favourable as is that of the Magyars. For whereas the latter occupy the very centre of Hungary and that part of the total territory by all odds the most fertile and valuable, the Teutonic Austrians are seated, for the most part, in less dominating portions of the empire. The Teutonic Bohemians, one

of the most progressive branches of the race, even occupy the outskirts, the ridge of the kingdom, so to speak. The Germans of Upper and Lower Austria are surrounded on all sides by Slavs; and so are their brethren of Silesia and Moravia. In short, with all their other disadvantages, the Teutonic Austrians combine those of unfavourable sites for purposes both of offence and defence. To offset that somewhat they are heirs to a tongue which is among the leading ones of the world, both as to its being a medium in international intercourse, in science, commerce and art. While, on the other hand, Magyar is a language which can never have more than a circumscribed circulation, and none of the Slav idioms of Austria, whether it be Czech, Polish, Slovene or Ruthenian, can in any essential respect compare with German. Yet here is the curious fact that notwithstanding all these drawbacks the Slav idioms spoken of have gained without exception during the last fifty years over the German within the territories where those Slavs formed the ruling element. In Bohemia the fact is most startling, perhaps; for there the loss of German has been something like thirty per cent., when compared with, say, 1860. But in Galicia, too, Polish has scored an easy victory over the former almost universal use of German, facilitated, no doubt, by the concession made in 1867 to Galicia of instituting Polish the language of public life—in the provincial administration, in the courts, etc. Even Ruthenian has made great headway in Eastern Galicia, and so has Slovene in Carniola, Carinthia and Styria. And Italian, the common vernacular in the southern Tyrol, in Istria and the district of Trieste, has displaced German completely in those regions. The incentive of a steadily growing race consciousness and race pride has been behind all these changes, of course. In Hungary,

however, this motive has not been strong enough to overcome the steady Magyarisation tactics of the Hungarian government. There, on the contrary, the tongue spoken by the ruling race, the Magyar, has gained. The successive tables of the Hungarian census, published between 1870 and 1910, and which go into all these details with scrupulous fidelity, furnish astounding proof of the marvellous success of the Magyar propaganda, coupled of course with special laws enacted by the Budapest parliament with the distinct purpose of furthering these nationalisation aims, such as making the teaching of Magyar in all Hungarian schools (no matter even if there be not a single school child of Magyar parentage attending) obligatory; making a thorough knowledge of Magyar compulsory for all candidates for state offices, no matter how insignificant; paying premiums out of the public funds for scholarships in Magyar, etc., etc. The sweeping victory thus achieved in spreading the use of a language intrinsically among the most difficult to learn in the universe, and one which sixty years ago had not even the beginnings of a literature, is among the most astounding things recorded for the nineteenth century.

One additional feature contributing to the relative political prosperity of Hungary, when compared with the glaring failure of Austria in this respect, has been the efficiency of Hungary's parliamentary régime. And this again has been, to some extent, at least, due to the difference between the parliamentary rules obtaining in both legislative bodies. Those in Hungary have been framed so as to permit the presiding officer at all times full control of the house; those in Austria are marked by impotence. It will be of great interest to watch during the ensuing months the course of events in the two bodies. For in both measures are being deliberated upon which

will stir political passion to its depths. In Hungary the proposed extension of the franchise, enlarging it into something analogous to manhood suffrage, will bring the entire reactionary forces of that country to the field, and these are, after all, still very considerable and of far-reaching influence. And in Austria not only the deficient parliamentary set of rules are to be amended, but the bitterest fight will be waged on the proposition to make German again formally the "language of public intercourse" within the empire, which it formerly was. This indeed might be termed a war measure; in so far at least that the practical demands made on the administrative machinery of the country (on the railroads and the transportation system more particularly) convinced all unprejudiced persons that the sole use of some one language for these purposes was absolutely required, and in the nature of things that one language in Austria (out of the eight idioms there officially recognised) could only be German. Still there will be a bitter fight on it, no doubt. For in Austria this question of language has acquired dimensions more than commensurate with its intrinsic importance. It is never judged from merely sensible and utilitarian points of view, but nationalism is always intertwined with it. This manner of looking at the whole problem indeed is not altogether confined to Austria either. The other half of the realm has its share of it. To illustrate that I may briefly relate a little incident of travel. I had to undertake a trip from Vienna to Agram (Slavic: Zagreb), the capital city of Croatia, and in going there had to cross, of course, considerable Magyar territory. There, in the train and on the part of the government train officials—conductor, baggage master, guard, engineer, firemen, uniformed policemen, down to the boys looking after the water

supply and selling newspapers or refreshments, everybody was orthodox Magyar. Nothing but that idiom met the ear. But after the last Magyar station was passed, and the train began to roll over Croatian soil, a startling metamorphosis became apparent. Now nothing but Croatian was permitted. My few laboriously acquired phrases of Magyar were wasted. Everybody pretended not to understand them. "Talk Croatian!" now became the battle cry. The very conductor, in punching my ticket, had been transmogrified into an enthusiastic, an aggressive Croatian. I had to forego the purchase of some liquid refreshment, for even my wheedling "Pivo" (one of the few Czech words I happen to know) was scorned, as not being genuine Croatian. And on the journey back I underwent the same experience. The rapidity with which, as the respective border was passed, everything and everybody changed into another nationality was grewsome. It took one's breath away. They are all morbid on this point, it seems. Although they may—and often do—possess a perfect knowledge of the hated tongue of their respective "oppressor," they will not acknowledge it. That would be sacrilege in their eyes. If they know a few syllables of English or French, for example—these being considered "neutral" tongues for the time being—they will make shift to convey their meaning to you. But for the Croatian to talk or even understand a word of Magyar, or for the Czech a word of German—perish the thought!

The *Ausgleich* of 1867 being the fundamental compromise between Austria and Hungary, of course it is of immense weight in the relations subsisting between the two countries. Here I will confine my observations mainly to the economic results of it. Like every compromise this understanding, renewable every ten years

under conditions of atrocious difficulty, has not given full satisfaction on either shore of the Leitha. Some of the objections to it are made in good faith and lie in the fact that nothing human is perfect; but other objections are brought up, either in Austria or in Hungary, chiefly because political weapons can be forged out of them. Austria since 1867, owing to the terms of this *Ausgleich* which vouchsafed to that country, practically if not in express terms, the whole Hungarian market for industrial and commercial exploitation, has made enormous strides in manufacturing. The output of Austria, in fact, in all industrial products has quadrupled in volume and value within the last fifty years past. Two-thirds of this output has gone to Hungary. In 1913 (the last fiscal year for which complete figures are available) the worth in money of these Austrian exports to Hungary mounted to about $600,000,000 in American money. The whole industrial situation in Austria has steadily adapted itself to this state of things. Hundreds of cotton and cloth mills in Bohemia and Moravia would go to the wall if this outlet were closed to them. It was only in the midst of the war that the first Hungarian gun works (for heavy calibres) were inaugurated in the northwestern part of the kingdom. Up to that time every rifle, every weapon, every siege gun used in the Hungarian army was of Austrian make; and so forth. But in Hungary there had been from the start a strong and influential part of the nation wholly dissatisfied with the *Ausgleich,* not only from political motives, but from economic ones as well. This section, the chief mouthpiece of which is the Independence Party, with men like the Karolyis, the Apponyis, the Batthyanys, the Jusths, the Ugrons at the head, argued that this complete economic dependence of Hungary on Austria in all questions

of industry and finance, worked not alone against complete separation—an ideal striven for by this party—but also against the future rise of Hungary as an industrially potent country.

Theoretically no doubt the spokesmen of the Independence Party are quite right in this contention. But it is a question whether, first, Hungary is intended by nature for a pre-eminently manufacturing centre, now or at any time; for its geological formation seems to have predestined it for an agricultural country above all. And, next, it is a further question whether it would be rational under these circumstances to make the attempt of transforming Hungary into a land of industrial proclivities. With radically changed conditions, perhaps, such a thing might be feasible; but at present, and for as long a period as it is humanly possible to forecast the future, it would decidedly not pay Hungary to set deliberately to work to turn herself from an agricultural into a manufacturing country. True, in Transylvania there are productive mines of all kinds: oil and coal, iron and copper, silver and gold, lead and zinc, etc. And out of them minerals and petroleum and fuel are taken in increasing bulk. Again, more paying mines are doubtless awaiting explorer and exploiter. Probably, too, there are still other deposits undiscovered and situated on Hungarian soil hitherto neglected. But the sparsity of railroads, the lack of navigable canals, the dearth of liquid capital, the want of seasoned and enterprising experts, and other factors are all handicaps. The same defects apply to the rise of an industry of general scope. However, what will not national pride and enthusiasm accomplish! Certain it is that the Hungarian people as a whole, even otherwise cool heads of sound judgment, such as Count Julius Andrassy and even Tisza and some of the latter's

supporters, like the Counts Szechenyi, Erdödy, for the past twenty years has deliberately entered the arena as a manufacturing one, in competition with the Austrian. To make this possible at all, the Hungarian government had to subventionise all these manufacturers; to grant them loans on easy terms; to pay premiums for finished products of a certain degree of excellence; to donate large sites; to abate taxes; to let in raw materials duty-free; to hold expositions and spend state money on advertising —in a word, it had to encourage this baby industry in all possible ways. And the results so far have been mediocre. Austria on her part has not viewed these efforts with complacency. Her whole economic policy is so adjusted as to afford a large and certain market to Hungarian products of the soil, and with such preferential tariffs in force the agricultural commodities of Hungary have practically enjoyed a monopoly in Austria, obtaining big prices and enabling the cattle and wheat raisers in Hungary to count with the certainty of a price for every bit they had to sell that was largely determined by themselves. Thus, Austria, having adjusted her own production to suit the needs of Hungary, felt she was not treated equably when Hungary made every effort, even at great sacrifice, to make herself independent of Austrian industry. Much bitter feeling has been the result. It came to a head when during the war, at a time when Austria was cut off from all other sources of supply and her population, habituated for fifty years past to have Hungary sell her the large surplus of her crops, Hungary failed in her customary rôle of provider with the necessary foodstuffs. As hunger pinched more and more and flour was no longer procurable, Austrian indignation at what was construed as rank Hungarian selfishness or worse, rose to unparalleled heights. That

in Hungary all along there was comparative plenty of the necessaries of life, was notorious, as well as the fact that Tisza, the premier of Hungary, looked with indifference at the sufferings of the other half of the monarchy. And the explanations now and then appearing, to the effect that the Hungarian people had only just enough for themselves to eat and were unable to export more than a small part of their produce, had no effect on popular opinion.

The *Ausgleich* is renewable every ten years. It ought to have been renewed by now—for the decade 1907-17 has just elapsed. To deliberate on this delicate and extremely complicated matter, as well as to submit the final result of these deliberations for ratification to the parliaments of the two countries, is the duty of a unique body of men, called the "*delegations.*" These are made up from members of both houses of either parliament—from the House of Magnates and the Chamber of Deputies in Hungary and from the House of Lords and the House of Delegates making up the Reichsrat (or parliament) of Austria. These *delegations* have already for some time been at work, starting in about a twelvemonth ago, but their task is rendered this time peculiarly difficult owing to the unsettled political conditions of both countries and the uncertain outcome of the war. Certain it is that in the state of public sentiment, both in Austria and Hungary, there are great hindrances in the way of a mutually satisfactory settlement. It would lead too far to mention these in all their details. But it may be said that Austria, being both the more populous and the wealthier half of the Dual Monarchy, has heretofore had to pay, as her share towards the upkeep of joint institutions, such as the army and navy, the customs department, etc., two-thirds of the whole, leaving but one-

third to Hungary. Even this has not satisfied Hungary, and there has always been necessary the greatest amount of patience and of self-control on the part of the *delegations* to come to a solution, especially as the press of the two countries has naturally taken sides for or against each debatable paragraph. Undoubtedly it will be the same this time. In Hungary the Independence Party has of late gained much ground, and this party, of course, is against the *Ausgleich in toto,* repudiating it in advance. In Austria, on the other hand, there is much violent anti-Hungarian feeling, due to war famine and to other facts for which Hungary, right or wrong, is held responsible by the masses. It will, therefore, be of great interest to watch the snail-like progress of the *Ausgleich* proceedings, no matter how the war itself may end.

CHAPTER IX

CAUSES OF POLITICAL BACKWARDNESS

The chief one is political immaturity—Progress was in all cases the result of dynastic condescension—"Authority" the watchword—Austria scarcely influenced by the western growth of Liberalism—The French Revolution left the masses of Austria and Hungary untouched—No lack of political parties, but their leaders use catch phrases merely to entrap voters—Liberalism in the Dual Monarchy in its chief representatives of thought and action—No common aims, no common focus, no common propaganda—Whole movement but sporadic—Paralysed by the race problem—In Hungary the whole matter more simplified—There Liberalism is less dependent in its efforts on the question of race—Extension of suffrage—Opponents of such a reform—But for the monarchy as a whole the precarious political situation of the past twenty years has tended to cloud the issue—Low state of popular education as a contributing factor.

As one looks back upon the long and tortuous history of that loose-joined body of states and provinces known since 1867 as the Dual Monarchy, it becomes apparent to the observer why the people of Austria-Hungary are politically backward. For chiefly their historical development is responsible for the fact. In the case of the one-half, of Hungary, the long-continued and almost unbroken struggle to maintain themselves against the might of the conquering Crescent, a struggle lasting for about 350 years, makes it plain why this people, who, as early as 1222, was already so far advanced on the road leading to thoroughly liberal institutions as to wrest from its king a Magna Charta of popular rights even

more sweeping than that obtained by the Barons of England at about the same time, actually retrograded instead of advancing farther. *Inter arma leges silent.* Incessant war is no promoter of civic freedom. Indeed, if the Magyars had not been endowed by nature with a strong love of independence and free institutions, the last vestiges of those must have vanished in this bloody strife. As it was progress was much retarded by the unfavourable conditions prevailing until 1683, when the Turks for the last time penetrated as far as Vienna, and even after that, until the Peace of Passarowitz. As for Austria, the abnormal growth and development of it would alone go far to explain the political backwardness of its masses. There was no homogeneous soil on which that tender plant, freedom, could take root and spread its branches. The various provinces and "lands" falling, one by one, under the dominion of the Habsburgs, not only spoke different idioms and showed a diversity of qualities, but they also stood on no common level of intellectual or political development. In every sense they were far removed from the progress of the West which there slowly gained headway until, from 1789 to 1794, it grew into a storm that upset the stoutest ramparts of mediæval feudalism. Thus, when all Europe and America were ringing with the exploits of the great French Revolution, when civic freedom was born with severe pangs and great bloodshed, and proclaimed to all the world, only faint echoes of it all penetrated as far as Austria-Hungary. And all through the Napoleonic earthquake these eastern countries went on their slow, somnolent way. Gross abuses of Church and State continued to flourish there. The peoples inhabiting them still groaned under these. Serfage even was not wholly abolished until later. All these peoples were simply not

yet ripe for freer, more responsible forms of government. Nay, for decades after, until the middle of the 19th century, both Austria and Hungary were living, in some respects, in almost primordial conditions. There is not only the political record to prove that. Two of the leading novelists, one the Austrian woman, Baroness Ebner-Eschenbach, the other the Hungarian, Maurus Jokái, in stories (like her "Village Tales" and his "Magyar Nabob," for instance) that are admittedly true to the original, give us glimpses of the kind of "paternalism" still practised in both countries, a "paternalism" which was, in fact, undiluted absolutism in dealing with the lower classes. Even to-day the change from Western to Eastern manners is at once apparent to the traveller crossing the Austro-Hungarian border. Stock phrases everywhere used by the low-born to the high-born, such as "I kiss the hand, your Grace"; and even the kneeling posture and the touching of the hem of the lady's or gentleman's skirt with the lips—all such things, slight tokens as they may be, illustrate the yet unbridged abyss between the democratic West and the subservient East.

Thus it came about that, in nearly every instance, progress in these matters of political advance came not as the result of a fierce struggle for equality and greater human rights, as was the case farther West, but as the free gift from the rulers, from the privileged castes, as a sign of dynastic condescension. And these concessions were doled out late and sparingly. The watchword remained always: Authority. It is so to-day, despite all the changes wrought by the great war. As in previous great struggles the soldiers of Austria and of Hungary have proved excellent fighting machines. To some of the "tribes," as for example the Croatians and Dalma-

tians (among whom illiteracy prevails to the extent of 62-68 per cent.), fighting comes natural, fighting for anything and with anybody, and they allow themselves to be slaughtered by the thousands without once inquiring what they are really fighting for. The "panje" (the masters) have ordered him to hold this trench, and hold it he does. Excellent "cannon fodder" this, as must be owned. The Czechs, most advanced of the Austrian Slavs, alone exercised considerable discrimination. When they were sent to face Slav brethren, such as Russians or Serbs, they preferred to fire in the air. In a word, then, the masses of the Austrian people, as well as a considerable portion of the Hungarian one, are still in a state of political immaturity. They do not reflect for themselves; they accept as true what they are told by their leaders or by the authorities set over them, and act accordingly. And, of course, this habit of unthinking obedience is especially strong in matters of creed and of politics, *i.e.*, matters which do not touch their pockets directly.

There is, therefore, no lack of political parties nor of party leaders. This is especially true of Austria. In every province, every little while, a new party, so-called, is born, and in the interested press the fact is proclaimed with blare of trumpet. In most instances, though, the new party is short-lived. It is just strong enough to elect an ambitious new "leader" into the provincial or the national halls of legislation, and then it again crumbles up and vanishes. In nearly every case these new parties and their mouthpieces manipulate more or less cleverly some catch phrases coined to describe the supposed specific needs of a province, a town, a district, a class. The foremost Austrian politicians are nearly without any exception men exercising their talents within

a very circumscribed area. They are strictly provincial in their views and aims. Of national stature there are but a very few, and these are mostly members of the higher house, the House of Lords, where their field is large and more fruitful. Austrian politics, speaking broadly, are dominated by and are the outgrowth of provincial desires and conditions, much more than that is the case in Hungary. There indeed a number of statesmen in the full meaning of that word are at the head of affairs. And even the opposition leaders are, for the larger part, real statesmen, men with national programmes, definite ideas and convictions, men of large calibre. That is why whenever constructive statesmanship is urgently called for in the joint affairs of the Dual Monarchy, a Magyar had to be summoned in the majority of cases. The Austro-Hungarian statesmen of lasting fame, since the new structure came to exist in 1867, have all been Magyars—men like Andrassy, Kalnoky, Tisza, Deák. On the other hand, the Austrians who were put temporarily at the head of affairs during the past fifty years, were usually stop-gaps, men of single ideas, to fill vacancies for a short space merely. Count Taaffe, an intimate friend of the Emperor Francis Joseph since boyhood's days, was, perhaps, the only exception. But Taaffe's task was to accomplish the impossible, namely, to conduct state matters so as to reconcile both Slavs and Teutons of Austria. And so, of course, he failed in the end. Perhaps it may be said that in no other country is it so difficult for a statesman to achieve lasting results as in Austria-Hungary, even when leaving aside the fact of the people's political crudeness. For this conglomerate people is thinking only in sections, working and achieving only in sections, and is, therefore, consciously or unconsciously, ever at cross-purposes, and is never

backing up a statesman of original conceptions and methods with its united strength. This fact, too, has led in the end to the failure of nearly every one of Austria-Hungary's strong diplomats. Were it not for that, Hungarians are by nature peculiarly gifted for dealing with large affairs of the state, and among the pliant and subtle Slav minds of Austria there is also excellent raw material for diplomacy. It is the unstable character of the people they represent that is to blame.

Now the question may well be asked: Is there such a thing as political Liberalism in Austria-Hungary at all? As to Hungary it may be answered unequivocally in the affirmative. In fact, the idea of Liberalism has made there great strides in advance for some time, long before the outbreak of the war. But the forces working the other way have also all along been strong, marshalled as they were by such a consummate tactician as Count Stephen Tisza. Then the question of freer political institutions is in Hungary intimately interwoven with great material interests. For with a broader franchise will inevitably come the end of aristocratic rule, and especially will the overweening influence of the Magnate families of historic note, such as the Esterhazys, the Palffys, the Szechenyis, the Pallavicinis, etc., be curtailed. These owners of estates, so large that they overtop in size some of the smaller German sovereign principalities, are naturally averse to parting with them, or fractions of them, save at advantageous terms. These Magnate dynasties, one might almost say, hold jointly about one-third the soil of all Hungary, and the very size of their possessions forbids any but the most careless extensive cultivation of it. Meanwhile, owing to inability to acquire sufficient arable land of their own, year after year many thousands of sturdy Hungarian peasants have emigrated

to the United States or Canada. According to the latest census figures an army of over 100,000 of such land-hungry peasants, Magyars to boot, have deserted the Alföld, the most favoured region of Hungary, for no other reason but the one stated; while from Croatia the reports are that 270,000 of these Hungarian Slavs have gone to seek better fortune across the Atlantic during the five years 1905-10 alone. The granting of manhood suffrage (for the emigrants all belong to the disfranchised classes of the population) would doubtless soon put a stop to such an unnatural and grossly selfish land policy, especially under the leadership of such able and unprejudiced parliamentarians as Andrassy, Apponyi, the Karolyis, etc., who strongly advocate the forcible dispossession of those favoured estate owners, against adequate compensation on the instalment plan. Tisza, the ablest and most unbending of the Hungarian reactionary forces, is now out of power, and the road to this, the greatest internal reform movement in Hungary for many years, seems open. It is certainly strange that this movement has been sponsored by Hungarian aristocrats who themselves belong to families tracing their patents of nobility back to the days of Arpad, more than a thousand years ago, for warlike deeds performed under the banner of the king. But it must be recalled that a middle class, the class which in most other modern states is the chief advocate of political Liberalism, is really only in the making in Hungary. The Magyars are tillers of the soil, not dwellers in town and dealers in wares. That task has there fallen mostly to two classes of the population, viz., the Jews—of whom there are living about one million within the kingdom—and the Teutonic Hungarians, altogether numbering close on three millions.

The latter, however, that is, the bulk of them, are prospering on their own soil, in Transylvania, in the Banat, in the Zips districts, and but a part of them is either in commerce, manufacture or engaged in the professions in the towns of interior Hungary. So that the Jews really form the greater part of Magyar town life. They also, besides those enlightened and progressive sections of the Magyar intelligent classes, government employés and nobility spoken of, make up a large percentage of advanced or even radical Liberalism in Hungary. The Hungarian press is nearly altogether Jewish.

The same fact is true of Austria. In Vienna, for instance, the Jewish element is by far the most conspicuous. It dominates in the press, finance, commerce and industry. In fact, progress in every shape throughout Austria is a synonym for Judaism. Politically, it is true, this remark must be reduced to its proper limits. For there is not only a large and rapidly growing Socialist element in existence, but there are also several Teuton-Austrian parties and several Czech ones which form together a considerable portion of the electorate of the country and which undoubtedly must be classed as Liberals. The Christian Socialists, on the other hand, are professedly anti-Semites and so are subdivisions of the Socialists, as in Bohemia and in Slovene districts. The latter fact is largely explained by the successful tactics of Jewish speculators in land, depriving thereby strata of the peasant population of their holdings and inducing them to emigrate.

But one fact must never be lost sight of: the race question here, as in everything else, injects itself into political life. It overtops every other. It contrives to prevent political Liberalism from ever achieving a united

front. It relegates Liberalism to a secondary place. For Liberals in Austria there are no common aims, no common focus, no common propaganda, and there cannot be so long as existing conditions continue. It brings it about that the whole Liberal movement in Austria is but sporadic, never of any long duration, never cementing parties or fractions, provincially or racially divided, into a unit, not even temporarily. I mentioned briefly that in this respect, as in others, Hungary is more fortunate. The race question plays there, too, a big part; but it does not overshadow all other questions. Besides, although the Magyars have been ruthlessly Magyarising the non-Magyar races dwelling side by side with them, there is not the same virulent race hatred displayed as in Austria, owing in part to a singular gift of assimilation possessed by the dominant element. In Austria unfortunately the race strife has for several generations assumed forms and attained a degree of bitterness unparalleled, I believe, anywhere in history.

However, there is one more factor militating against the spread of Liberalism. The precarious political situation of the Dual Monarchy during the twenty years past has tended more and more to cloud that issue. Conscious of her increasing delicate situation internally, conscious also of the waning loyalty of large sections of her population, and at the same time facing every year anew the dimly threatening danger of a coming war—a veritable struggle for existence—the movement for enhanced Liberalism has been relegated to the background. And not only that, the low state of public education in the monarchy as a whole, but more particularly in certain portions of Austria, has also had much to do with the relatively small interest the question of attaining freer institutions has elicited. Illiteracy so widespread as it is

shown by the census of 1910 to exist in Austria—nearly ten millions of analphabets out of a total of twenty-six millions—is surely not contributory to Liberalism in politics.

CHAPTER X

THE HABSBURGS AND THEIR FAMILY POLICY

It may be described in one short phrase: personal aggrandisement—Viewed from that angle it has been consistent through the centuries—Their "lands" and their "peoples" regarded by them as personal possessions—Never an honest attempt to interpret the longings and racial aspirations of their conglomerate subjects—Not even unselfishly devoted to the Austrians of German stock—Leaning on those elements which for the time were most powerful—The question of race and the Habsburg dynasty—Not German at all—The influence of the Jesuits lasted for over two hundred years—The Habsburg court since 1564 a refuge for titled adventurers from all over Europe—Examples and names—The new landholding aristocracy in Austria—The prestige acquired by the Habsburgs through the Imperial crown of the Holy Roman Empire solely used to further Habsburg dynastic interests—During the last fifty years the Habsburg family policy has been greatly hampered by Hungary and by the race problem—But it is still the only guiding star for the ruler.

Not so very remote are the times when all the crowned heads of Europe, each in his own way and working with the means ready to his hand, looked at the lands and nations entrusted to their care as so much private property. Those were the days when the principle of divine rulership still found common acceptance; when such heresies as "consent of the governed," "no taxation without representation," etc., were not even dreamt of; when, as jolly old Pepys narrates in his diary, even free Britons went down on their knees drinking the health of

their merry sovereign. "Kneeling, let's kneel, damn you," he exhorts his friend in the street. Mankind has passed through the whole gamut of "loyalty" in its various interpretations. There were days (and in Japan they lie but a short while back, for instance) when men were so "loyal" that their rulers, like the gods themselves, must remain invisible and when to gaze at them meant to die the death of a malefactor. There were days when the "king could do no wrong"; when the king could not only say: *"L'état c'est moi,"* but actually mean it, and meaning it could regulate all his doings accordingly, to the great edification of his subjects; when the policy of a nation was, in essence, nothing but the personal policy of its king. That policy then might, perhaps, redound for a certain period to the advantage, material and otherwise, of the people he ruled, or it might not. In any case, it was a policy dictated chiefly or entirely by the wishes and impulses, by the ambitions and idiosyncrasies of one person, the monarch. Necessarily such a policy was unstable, because it changed with the accession of a new ruler who often might hold opposite views of what was best for him. There are some notable exceptions to this recorded in history, but they are, after all, exceptions, and do not vitiate the theory as a whole. There were also in those earlier days some rulers, a very few, who did not identify their nation's interests with their own, but rather their own interests with theirs. These, too, were rare. Of the nations that in modern times have achieved greatness, measurable prosperity and success it may be said that their guiding spirits more frequently made the happiness of the governed tally with their own than was the case in other countries. The human species has gone through all these preliminary stages of political development semi-consciously.

Humiliating to our pride of to-day as it may seem, these former phases of evolution were probably necessary to bring it at last home to man that civic and national freedom presupposes a rather high degree of intelligence and character. Conversely Louis XI of France probably did not knowingly pursue a policy favourable to the development of an advancing middle class when he persistently curtailed the feudal powers and privileges of the nobles; neither did Richelieu or Mazarin—at least we have no utterance of theirs to tell us so.

But while in England and France and even in certain states of Germany there were occasional monarchs whose aims served the best interests of those countries, in that agglutination of lands under the sceptre of the Habsburgs there was literally not one of that description, not one during all the centuries elapsed since Rudolph of Habsburg first laid the foundation to their dynastic power. As one quickly passes in review the main historical events in which the Habsburgs played a part since 1273, in vain you will look for one single bit of evidence that their polity has been other than one dictated by family reasons—to be more precise, than that of personal aggrandisement. There have been learned discussions on this point, and it must be owned that on the face of it the doings of this or that particular Habsburg are hard to interpret on reasonable grounds (as when they systematically devastated Bohemia, their most valuable "crownland") but doubt vanishes and everything becomes clear when one remembers that the sole line of conduct consistently followed through all their tortuous paths was and is inspired by family tradition; that it always strove for more personal power, for larger possessions and wider influence, for the further extension of their conglomerate territories.

That has been the single Habsburg policy for 650 years. To lord it over more and more lands, no matter how foreign in race and no matter how such addition might be brought about—that has been their one object. And through it all, not only in remoter days when similar views obtained everywhere else, but down to this very hour, the Habsburgs have regarded the polyglot races under their sway as their personal possessions, as human chattels to do with as they liked. Even when this present war broke out, how did aged Francis Joseph address them in his proclamations? He spoke to them as "My Peoples" (Meine Völker); he spoke of the millions fighting for the preservation of his throne as "My Army"; of the allied nations as "My Allies." Everywhere else concessions had to be made to a spirit of independence; not so in Austria. There the policy pursued by the crown remained that of the family tradition, that of personal aggrandisement. With justice it is laid to the charge of the Habsburgs that there never was any attempt made by them to bring their subjects closer to them spiritually; to make acquaintance with their souls, with their racial aspirations, with their secret longings and dreams. The welfare of not one of the eight races living in the shadow of their throne was ever made their care. And even the oft-mooted question whether the Habsburgs are of German stock, whether they sympathise in their hearts with German ideals, whether, in short, they may be classed as Teutons, even that question must be answered with a most emphatic negative. The Habsburgs (even more than the other Austrians originally of Germanic lineage) have long ago ceased to feel themselves as Germans. Emperor Maximilian, the grandfather of Charles V, was the last one of the Habsburgs that still lived and thought as a German, and that

was four hundred years ago. Since then the Habsburgs —even in the days of Maximilian a mixed product as to descent—have forfeited every right to be classified racially with any particular stock. The blood of Burgundy, of Flanders, of Spain, of Italy, of France, of Bohemia, of Hungary flows and mingles in their veins, and save the thick and pendulous underlip—the far-famed Habsburg lip—which is the one physical trait marking them through the centuries, there are no special racial characteristics in body or face telling them apart. They themselves are not only as polyglot as the "peoples" they rule over, but far more "compound" in their lineage. Neither are the Habsburgs intellectually in sympathy with the German nation of to-day. Not even Maria Theresa, not even her talented son, the semi-Frenchman Joseph II, showed any interest in the golden age of German music (Beethoven, Schubert, Haydn, Mozart, etc.) or German poetry (Schiller, Goethe, Lessing, etc.). And the late Emperor Francis Joseph, although his whole life long fond of Vienna and Vienna ways, never cared a rap for the German stage or German science, his preference being for the ballet and for the florid style of opera.

For more than two hundred years—*i.e.*, from 1564-1772—the Jesuits dominated the court of the Habsburgs, making themselves absolute keepers of the Habsburg conscience and smothering every attempt made to smuggle in some of the religious Liberalism from France or Germany. They, too, were the intellectual authors of the virulent "Counter-Reformation" that set in throughout Austria and that finally led to the horrible Thirty Year's War (1618-48), leaving not only Germany completely exhausted, beggared and depopulated, but Austria and Hungary as well, albeit not to the same extent. And

when, under the reign of that strange non-Habsburgian Habsburg, Joseph II, the Jesuit rule was temporarily abolished, when even Portugal and France had put an end to Jesuit intrigues within their domains, on the death of that enlightened Joseph II the order was once more restored to predominating influence under Metternich's baleful régime. Even later, Austria, by the *Concordat* concluded with the Vatican, once more shackled education and free intellectual growth.

And to their court in Vienna, since the reign of Emperor Rudolph, of Ferdinand and his successors during the whole of the 17th century, the Habsburgs, mongrels in blood and bigots in religion, invited all the titled adventurers of Europe. And they came. They came from France, from Italy, from Spain, from the Netherlands, from Ireland and Scotland and England; poor Catholic gentlemen mostly, driven out by persecutors themselves, or else only possessing a sharp sword to be sold to the highest bidder. And thus you find them, all through the thirty years of fighting, always under the Habsburg banner, the Butlers and O'Donnells; the MacMahons and O'Byrnes, the DeLaceys (raised to the rank of counts) and Mercys and Montmorencys, the Clam Gallas and Clarys,—the whole litany of them from every quarter of the compass. Many of these were rewarded with large estates in Bohemia or Moravia or other places where the former noble owners, as rebels, had graced the gallows, and they started a new nobility there, one still in possession to-day. Later, too, when Prince Eugene of Savoy came out of France to fight for Austria, side by side with Marlborough, against the man he hated most, Louis XIV, and still later, when Laudon, the Englishman, became the best sword Maria Theresa could send against her arch-enemy, Frederick of Prussia—during all these troublous

days when Austria's black eagle on a golden field was flying everywhere—from Belgrade and the Lower Danube to the dykes of Holland, adventurers of empty purse and high-sounding names flocked to Vienna to make their fortunes. And all the time, too, Vienna became a non-German town; its court was completely denationalised; in every sense this court drew its inspiration from the Catholic South (Italy and Spain notably) rather than from Protestant Germany, Holland or England.

Any one who will take the trouble to-day to study such official Austrian sources as, for instance, the Court Calendar, Army Register, the Dictionary of Notabilities, etc., may easily convince himself that as far at least as the nobility and the landholding classes of Austria are concerned, these are overwhelmingly non-Teutonic in descent. They are also non-Slavic. They are the scions of that motley crowd of which we spoke above. Indeed it may be said, without stating the case too crudely, that for centuries the eminent names in the history of Austria have been non-Austrian. Not to go back any farther than 1700, one finds such "Austrian" worthies as Prince Eugene of Savoy, the equally great Italian, General Montecucoli, the doughty Irishman DeLacy, the Irishman Taaffe, the Frenchmen or Belgians d'Argenteau, de Bucquoi, de Hoyos, the Irishman Plunkett; the Slav Kaunitz, the Saxon Beust, the Rhinelander Metternich, etc. And when, on the other hand, one investigates the list of landholders in Bohemia, it is found that the chief names are, it is true, German, like the Princes Schwarzenberg, the Thuns, Hohenbergs, Harrachs, Schönborns, Lichtensteins, Waldsteins, owning between them some 8½ per cent. of the total area of that country, but that these names are titles conferred by Habsburg rulers on the aforesaid foreigners that had come to grace their

court, or Italian like Pallavicini, Piccolomini, but Czech in hardly a single instance. What a contrast is afforded in this respect by Hungary! There the aristocracy (together with the Church and with some municipalities) holds enormous estates, and they bear nearly all names famous in Hungarian history, such as the Esterhazys, Karolyis, Szechenyis, Palffys, Batthyanys, Erdelys, Tökölys, Serenyis, Festetics; Wenckheims. Altogether they occupy jointly no less than 30 per cent. of the entire land, and two of their estates measure each more than half a million of acres, with another score measuring each between 150,000 and 200,000 acres. But then Hungary never had any "Counter-Reformation," such as Bohemia had.

The creation of a new non-Slavic and non-Teutonic nobility in Austria explains, besides, several phenomena. This, for example, that again in striking contrast with Hungary, this nobility having no racial ties with the soil nor with the bone and sinew of the people inhabiting it, never led the van in any movements aiming at obtaining desired concessions from the crown, but that they on the contrary were bound hand and foot to the latter. Again, it explains how it comes that this new aristocracy, wealthy and cultured (though the word must be understood in rather a narrow sense) though it be, is not patriotic, but rather cosmopolitan in sentiment and sympathies. Also in a measure, that they are very clannish and exclusive. In other countries derivation of the nobility proceeded along different lines; their historic rôle, at certain phases of development (such as, in England, in the early Middle Ages and again in later days, in Hungary throughout her whole history, in France in the days of the Ligue, of the Fronde and even later, in Italy during the period of the Renaissance and again during the Ris-

orgamento of Cavour and Garibaldi, in Germany in the days of Goethe and Schiller), went far to atone for other shortcomings. But in Austria there are no such compensating features of the case, for even in the arts, in music, etc., the part they played as patrons was a sorry one. They allowed the great geniuses of the country almost to starve, while they wasted their substance on Italian primedonne or French ballerinas.

And as one scans in vain the historical horizon of Austria to discover extenuating circumstances for this Habsburg "land hunger," it must not be overlooked that the centuries-long tenure of the crown of the Holy Roman Empire (the title from 1500 on had become an empty one, as no other Habsburg, after Charles V, had either sought or obtained coronation in Rome) by the Habsburgs was not productive of any tangible benefits to the German nation. The imperial crown, in fact, deteriorated into a nonentity, into a shadow without substance. And it deteriorated into that mainly because the Habsburgs, ever much more eager to gather to themselves an ever increasing *"Hausmacht,"* so-called, that is, territories of their own, without troubling their heads much about the internal concerns of Germany proper, and misusing their own *"Hausmacht"* indeed, as in the case of the rise of Protestanism in Luther's time and again during the whole of the Thirty Years' War, to coerce those German princes not in religious consonance with them, had in reality ceased to be, as I pointed out before, Germans in sentiment or aim. They cleverly enough plied the prestige which the imperial crown ensured them, in attaining their own dynastic ends, but were wholly indifferent to the ultimate fate of Germany while posing as its protectors and spokesmen.

Now during the last fifty years this Habsburg dynastic

policy has been enormously hampered by the fact that Hungary by the so-called *Ausgleich* of 1867 has acquired substantial autonomy. It is this fact, the fact that side by side with Austria, forming part of the *Gesammt-Monarchie* (*i.e.*, the monarchy as a whole) there was a country enjoying a larger measure of independence and political prosperity, that has hastened the process of racial strife in Austria herself, and has rendered it much more acute than it would probably have been otherwise. Of these things I speak more fully elsewhere.

Suffice it to say here that notwithstanding this latest phase of the whole matter, the Habsburg family policy has still remained the old one. It still is the guiding star of Habsburg existence. So far as visible signs go, there has been no modification of it, no conversion to more modern and enlightened doctrines. As to Hungary, the constitution and the terms of the *Ausgleich* bind the king down to specified duties and prerogatives, and all political parties in Hungary watch jealously that these be not exceeded by a hair's breadth. But as to Austria the case is different. The Habsburgs there have not given up their ancient pretension of ruling and governing both. By small compromises to right and left, by playing out one party and one province against the other, the Habsburgs have so far contrived to postpone the day when they must either quit or else condone for their past by embracing the faith and the methods of modern times. For the old, old game of *divide et impera,* the old heathen statecraft of the Romans, will not serve them any longer.

CHAPTER XI

THE IMPERIAL COURT

Above all it requires modernising principles—Is the most retrograde and exclusive court in the world—Mediæval views and customs still prevailing—Solemn obsequies at the late Emperor's death an illustration—The Habsburgs in their various branches—The "Thou" in court and aristocratic circles—Some improvements by the present imperial couple: Carl and Zita—Maria Josefa, the Emperor's mother—A few notes—The late Archduke Otto—Emperor's brother is a lawyer—How the people regard the whole court—Some unappreciated facts about Francis Joseph—His mother, Archduchess Sophia—Simplicity and stubbornness—Carl Ludwig—The Habsburg fund—The Este fund—The Toscana branch—Leopold Salvator—One of the few useful members of the house—His prayer at the outbreak of the war—Escapades and scandals—Carl Stephan, the "Pole," and Joseph, the "Magyar"—Rainier and Ernst—His daughters and son, and their lawsuit—Morganatic marriages—Archduke Frederick and family—The late Archduke Francis Ferdinand.

One of the things that have tended to create the impression throughout the world that Austria-Hungary is a very backward country, is its imperial and royal court. And indeed it must be said that this impression is not far wrong. For there are a number of features about this particular court which strangely clash with the democratic sentiments obtaining to-day in other countries. The reputation acquired by the Vienna court of being the most retrograde, the most intensely mediæval in its views, its ironclad system of ceremonies, and its general

bearing towards the other dwellers in this mundane sphere, is not undeserved. The breath of real life has not yet found any cranny or chink by which to penetrate this hoary and somewhat mouldering structure. The air within is unwholesome and heavy-laden with the incense of flattery. So far as history shows, there has been but one solitary monarch of the Habsburg line that dared to be natural and progressive, and of that one, Emperor Joseph II, the courtiers in the Hofburg, in Schönbrunn and Laxenburg tell one another even to-day awesome stories with bated breath, although a century and a half has elapsed since then. Why, this Joseph II (a brother of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette of France) had even the hardihood to throw open the Prater, the imperial hunting grounds near Vienna, to the common, ordinary people, and when his noble courtiers rebelled thereat, murmuring that henceforth they should not know where to go to be "among themselves," he told them curtly that if that were a guiding principle in life where should he himself turn to be among his equals? He should have to spend his days among his ancestors in the Capuchin mausoleum. And that settled it. The Prater has been a popular place of amusement and recreation ever since, and Joseph II caused the inscription to be placed at its main entrance: "To my Fellow-Men from their True Servant." But, as I said, the memory of this open-minded ruler is hated and despised by all those men and women in Austria loving in their hearts the *ancien régime,* with its disdain of the "rabble"—and the number of these is still surprisingly large in the empire. And Joseph II was the only one of his type in the annals of Austria.

It is the spirit of the darkest Middle Ages that is still reigning omnipotent at the Vienna court. One cannot

speak of a Budapest court, for none has been held there for many years. The late Emperor Francis Joseph, although he underwent the ceremony of coronation as "Apostolic" King of Hungary (a title conferred by the Pope on King Stephen in the year 1,000 A.D. for his services in behalf of the general acceptance of Christianity among the Magyars), and although he shrewdly dickered and bargained with the Hungarian nation in political and economic matters, yet never really forgave them their rebellion of 1848-49 and never felt comfortable in their midst. It has been a much-ventilated grievance of the Hungarians that their King would not reside among them, only spending at long intervals a few short weeks at most on special visits to Budapest or to his royal country seat at Gödöllö. The old emperor on his part, during the last score of his many years preferred Schönbrunn (first built by Maria Theresa in the middle of the 18th century), a smaller and more unpretentious château in the outskirts of Vienna. Besides, medical advice had warned him to eschew Vienna with its granite pavements. It lies embedded in green. The whole surroundings were more to his liking than the immense pile of the ancient Hofburg in the heart of old Vienna. True, the immense park itself is laid out in the style of the stately but stiff French art of Le Nôtre and Versailles, but the emperor's own intimate section of it, to which every morning he used to descend a short flight leading directly from his suite and his study to his favourite rose garden, was more in the English taste. It is separated from the huge park with its rows of enormous chestnuts and its carefully trimmed hedges of box, by tall wire fencing. Through this wire fencing, however, any one could have seen the old gentleman a stone's throw off, walking slowly among his roses, bending frequently and inhaling the delicious

fragrance of a Maréchal Niel or a La France that had opened overnight.

Now the present young emperor has ascended the somewhat shaky throne of the Habsburgs, the Hofburg, as the real seat of the monarch, has been restored to its former importance. A new wing, built in Renaissance style and actually fitted up with such new-fangled things as sanitary plumbing and comfortable bathtubs, has been added of late, and there the young Emperor Carl dwells with his family when the season does not permit residence in Laxenburg. This Laxenburg is located yet another short distance beyond Schönbrunn, up on a height, and is likewise in the midst of tall trees and verdant bushes, and meadows, an ideal summer resort. But wherever he be and Zita, his spouse, the elaborate etiquette of the Habsburg court, first adopted and copied from the Spanish of the Escorial, by the Emperor Charles VI, follows them. It may be recalled that this same sedate and sombre Spanish etiquette, prescribing a certain attitude of body and mind at nearly every minute of the day or night, proved too much for the young English wife of the present King Alfonso at Madrid, and that she prevailed upon her doting lord to modify it somewhat. It seems that the young Emperor Carl may make a similar attempt before long. There is certainly room for some such reform, for the Habsburg court etiquette is by all odds the most stifling in existence. A striking illustration of this was afforded, first, at the death by assassination of the heir to the throne, Francis Ferdinand, and of his consort, in the summer of 1914. The grave and awful problem had to be solved by the imperial master of ceremonies, Prince Montenuovo, how to conduct the funeral of the husband and, next, of the wife. She, it must be considered, was only his "morganatic" wife.

Her rank was not equal to his. And before he was permitted to wed her, who had been a mere Countess Chotek, he had been compelled to make oath of resignation that any issue of the marriage would not be entitled, nor proposed by him for succession, to the throne. All the rusty wiseacres of the imperial court were in a great state of excitement to solve the knotty question, which they finally did by declaring that while the remains of Francis Ferdinand doubtless were worthy to receive the state burial due a leading member of the dynastic line, and while every honour and glittering pageantry of such a ceremony should be exhibited the woman, the wife of his bosom and mother of his children, could by no means share in them. Hers should be a simple private funeral. And so it was done; the whole elaborate ceremony, lasting for several days, was gone through with. But it seemed as though nature herself wanted to protest against this discriminating tomfoolery; for as the night came at last when the bodies of these two were—according to the stringent injunction of the formal will and testament of Francis Ferdinand—to be laid side by side in the mausoleum specially built at his château of Artstetten on the Danube, a fearful storm, accompanied by torrential rain and terrific thunder and lightning, broke and wholly destroyed all the costly mummery of death—velvet and silver trimmed catafalque, shrouds and mourning housings of the horses, even the expensive trappings of the guards in mediæval gear and costume.

And when the aged monarch himself died last winter, at the ripe old age of 86, a similar but even far more extensive programme of solemn hocuspocus was gone through with—everything according to paragraph so and so, section something or other, of the statutes for such cases made and provided. It is like the laws of

the Medes and the Persians, this unchangeable code of traditional lore, and the people of the monarchy are so used to it that they would feel deeply aggrieved if every tittle and letter of these hoary traditions were not carried out to the last point. Not but what some of those things are not impressive and grand, even replete with meaning of a sort. Thus, before the embalmed body of Francis Joseph, after undergoing for a week everything else in the way of showy vigils and lying in state, could finally enter its last resting place, the crypt of the Habsburgs in the Capuchin Church at Vienna, a symbolical procedure reminding one strongly of a similar one of the ancient Egyptians, had to be performed. The bier with the long train of titled and highborn pall bearers having been borne to the closed gate of the crypt, three knocks were heard against the iron. A knight in full and resplendent armour demands entrance. A tiny window opens in the gate, and a monk in cowl is seen there. "Who knocks?" he says in a low voice. "The body of his Serene Majesty, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and King of Hungary, demands admittance for sepulture," is the reply. "We know of no such person here," says the sad-eyed monk. "Again I say: Who knocks?" And then, with a deep obeisance, the shining knight makes answer in humble tone: "A poor brother, a fellow-being, seeks entrance for eternal rest."

"Enter," then responds the monk, and throws wide the gate.

Again, it is true that the festivities at the Court of Vienna are not only splendid in their externals but have a peculiar charm of their own. Once admitted within the sacred circle, the hospitality shown is gracious and without a tinge of ostentatiousness. Everybody there addresses the other, save alone the members of the im-

perial house, by the intimate German "*du,*" the "thou" of earlier English, a sign that all barriers of exclusiveness have now fallen for the lucky individual. Indeed, the "*du*" is reckoned as an honouring token of equality, of good-will, not only among the Austrian and Hungarian aristocracy, but also with the officers in the army, no matter how humble their original status and family connection. But it has truthfully been said that there is nothing to exceed the exclusiveness of the Austrian court and nobility. It is next to impossible for a person, no matter how wealthy and famous, to find admission save on the single ground of birth. Always excepting, of course, the officers of the army. Their patent as an officer is also the Open, sesame! to every gathering, no matter how high the rank.

To be, therefore, "hoffähig" (*i.e.,* admitted to court) is the highest distinction that can be conferred on any one in Austria. Those forming the upper crust strive eagerly for it if there appears to be any chance at all. But the Emperor himself has, as a rule, little to say about it, for this thing is, like everything else connected with court life, reduced to rigid rules that none may transgress with impunity. Prince Montenuovo (a direct descendant, by the way, of Marie Louise, Napoleon's wife, from her second union with Count Neipperg) for many years was the severe and exacting arbiter in these matters in his rôle of chief master of ceremonies, together with his collaborator, the chief chamberlain of the emperor. This man Montenuovo was perfectly incorruptible. He is known to have rejected fabulous sums with which certain men (among them a well-known Crœsus of the bourse, since created a baron) sought to bribe him. He is known to have argued successfully even with his master, the emperor, when a candidate (or his wife) did not meet his

own high requirements. Well, things are bound to alter in this regard under the milder sway of the present young empress, Zita of Parma, a charming young lady of Italian stock, very good-hearted and with her husband far more democratic than any previous wearer of the ancient crown.

The House of Habsburg counts at this writing all told some 170 members—men, women and children. After the extinction of the original main, male stock, in 1739, the marriage of the daughter of Emperor Charles VI, Maria Theresa, with Francis of Lorraine brought the still reigning branch of the dynasty, the Habsburg-Lorrainers, to power. Beside them there are several collateral branches, the Toscana line, the Este line (partly of Italian derivation) the Neapolitan and the Parma line. Of all these it is doubtless the Toscana line (comprising about thirty members in all) which displays the greatest ability, both physical and mental. One of the daughters of the late emperor became the wife of one of these Toscana agnates. His name is Francis Salvator, and his wife, the Archduchess Marie Valerie, while always her father's favourite child, shows little of the personal charm of her mother, the lamented Elisabeth who fell a victim to an Italian anarchist's dagger. Francis Salvator himself has exerted himself greatly throughout the war as head of the Austrian Red Cross society. He has not alone sacrificed in that pursuit his own and his wife's large revenues, but it has been due to his personal appeals and strenuous efforts mainly that the required enormous funds have been raised. Again and again he has gone to the front, organising and looking after things; he has accompanied, more than once, trainloads of sick or wounded soldiers; he has been chiefly instrumental in starting and equipping sanitary stations some

distance behind the fronts, one at the Hungarian border in the Carpathians, and two each at the Galician and Italian front. These stations, now running some thirty months, have done most in preventing the spread of infectious diseases and war epidemics like spotted typhoid, cholera and bubonic pest, and of smallpox in the hinterland.

The present emperor and king is a frank, wholesouled, modest and personally very charming young man whom (quite some time before his accession) it was my good fortune to meet several times. As yet he is inexperienced and life may perhaps so deal with him as to make something quite different out of him than he is now. Crowned heads are apt to turn out in the end other than even wise men expected. History is full of such cases, from the days of Alexander the Great and Nero to times much more recent. But one thing, it is pretty safe to say, time will not make of Carl, emperor and king. He is not made of that stern stuff out of which great rulers are carved. I saw him, not a great while ago, trundle a baby carriage on the gravel paths of the Hofburg castle park, his wife walking by his side. He wore a typically Austrian smile of placid good-nature, a regular paterfamilias smile. It was during the days when his aged granduncle, Francis Joseph, was still bearing the burden of the crown. The young heir to it was home from the front on a short leave, mainly to see what his youngest-born, that had woke to the light of this queer world during his father's absence, was like—and outside the iron railing gay Vienna was passing back and forth on the Ringstrasse, many stopping for a moment or two to enjoy this idyllic picture of young wedded bliss. Thoroughly unaffected and urbane the then Archduke Carl looked. From all accounts that is part of his nature.

At the Italian front, a year ago, the soldiers all adored him. He would stop and light his own cigarette on that of a common fighting man. No pretence of superiority; quite simple and democratic. He would chat with any of the men, ask them the news from home, about how they fared, made them tell their troubles, their joys, their private affairs. To each he spoke in his native tongue, whether Slav or German or Magyar. A thoroughly amiable character. He would share the meal of any small group in the trenches, would sniff the succulent *gulyas* approvingly, and display a healthy appetite in eating it.

In all this he has more from his father than his mother. His father, Archduke Otto, though he led a rather reprehensible life, was extremely popular. He was strikingly handsome—a tall, powerfully built man, swarthy, with hair and beard of raven black. They had made him marry the Princess Maria Josefa, sister to the present King of Saxony whose marital troubles for years afforded much gossip. Maria Josefa did not know how to manage her wild husband. He never cared for her and was continually indulging in escapades. Many of these you can still hear about in Vienna. One which led to his being in disgrace with his uncle, as head of the House of Habsburg, for quite a while, was indeed an almost unpardonable freak of reckness deviltry. Coming home, with a cavalcade of roystering boon companions, from a suburban resort where they all had dined not wisely but too well, they met a citizen funeral cortège, and the young Archduke, fired with a noble postprandial ambition, instantly wagered that his horse, the Hungarian blooded mare Euryanthe, could "take" the coffin. Before any one could stop him, hep-hep-halloo, he and the horse went over—to the intense scandal of the old priest head-

ing the mourners. The priest, too, that very day saw to it that the old emperor was informed of the matter, and a rather violent scene is said to have ensued between uncle and nephew. Things went on from bad to worse with Otto. Exiled for a time, Otto returned from a trip to foreign parts with the seeds of a lingering and painful, as well as in the end fatal disease in his blood. During its last stages the quondam good-looking sprig of effete royalty had to wear a mask in front of his face to hide the ravages of the frightful disorder from the public, his nose being completely gone. At a comparatively early age, less than 44, he succumbed to the ailment, leaving two young sons, of whom the present monarch is the elder, and a widow who from the disillusionment of life had sought consolation in a rigid observance of religious rites. A devout Catholic, a fond mother, an angel of charity that brought succour wherever cases came to her ken, the Archduchess Maria Josefa, whose tall and somewhat obese figure lacks distinction, with a rather austere demeanour, has never been liked by the Austrians, the ways of the latter differing so much from hers, while, as I said, they condoned willingly all the faults of her wayward husband, merely because his outward bearing was debonair and because his failings were typically Austrian. However, she educated her two sons as well as she could. At that time nobody foresaw, of course, that Carl was ever to ascend the throne, his uncle, Francis Ferdinand, being in the prime and vigour of manhood. The younger brother of the present emperor, Maximilian (Max for short), chose the study of law for a favourite pursuit, a unique case in the Habsburg family chronicles. He is now a full-fledged doctor of laws, having also passed the "state examination" with

distinction, although, of course, he is not actually practising his profession.

If I were so inclined I could easily fill a whole book with scandal of the court of Vienna and of the House of Habsburg. Surely there is enough of the kind even if one confined himself to none but authentic stories. But that is not my purpose, and enough, even more than enough, has already been printed of such matters. I cited the aforegoing few cases solely because they really belong to a characterisation of this most ancient court in existence, a court which events in the near future may snuff out completely, as being a relic of the past not fit to survive.

However, among the Habsburgs of the day there are quite a number not only highly respectable and full of the homely and domestic virtues of humbler folk, but also some men of ability. It is not possible, with space requirements, to furnish in every case details which, in themselves, might prove of interest to the reader. But I will skim the surface at least, lingering here and there for a moment, without laying claim to exhausting my theme.

One of the most sympathetic of these Habsburgs is the Archduke Leopold Salvator. For a space of fifteen months he was my close neighbour, so close indeed that I used to meet him or members of his large family every day. He belongs to the Toscana branch and is 51 years of age. His wife, Donna Blanca, is the daughter of the late pretender to the throne of Spain, Don Carlos. The couple have ten children, five of each sex. With the exception of the smallest, a youngster of six, the boys have all gone to the front—as simple privates at first, gaining promotion, one at the tender age of only sixteen, by conspicuous gallantry. Their father has been filling, for

a number of years before the war, and is still holding, the very important post of inspector of the entire artillery for the Austro-Hungarian army and navy. In that capacity he strove hard to obtain from the two parliaments grants sufficient and in time to construct those heavy ordnance which all military experts had predicted would be indispensably needed in the next great war. His efforts proved in vain; at least the appropriations were made too late and in amount quite insufficient. Archduke Leopold Salvator, though personally strongly averse to war, had all along been convinced that such a great war, with all Europe for long resembling a powder magazine, was bound to come. On an understanding with the aged emperor, but unknown to either the Hungarian or Austrian parliament (except a few members in his confidence), the archduke managed to have those much-needed heavy guns made, mostly at the Skoda Works in Pilsen; to have them tested thoroughly and installed in the army. These were, I scarcely have to point out, the marvellous 30.5 centimetre howitzers and the 42-centimetre mortars that played such a decisive part in the early days of the war. They had been designed, made and tested wholly without the connivance, even the knowledge, of the German general staff. Of this and other details I speak with full possession of the facts. Liège, it may be recalled, fell before these Austrian guns, and the quick capture of Antwerp was also largely due to them. Throughout this long war Archduke Leopold Salvator has contributed enormously, by his special gifts, to the success of the Austrian and Hungarian artillery.

And this same Archduke Leopold Salvator I met, on the day war was declared on Russia, under circumstances which impressed me deeply. It was on a hot, sunny day,

and I was out for a stroll to the shady woods but a few minutes' distance from my little house. The road lay in the glare of the sun, and as I neared a bend in it facing the extensive palace of the archducal family and the grounds in front of it, I was almost blinded by the light. Thus it was I came unawares on a picturesque scene. At various points along his orchards and vineyards (sloping toward the valley down to Vienna proper) and paths Donna Blanca, the archduke's Spanish and pious spouse, had caused tall rustic shrines and crucifixes to be erected for the wayfarer and the help of the house to stop and say an *ave* or two. And before one of these the stately figure of the archduke was kneeling in the dust of the road, with the sun beating down on his bared head. I halted and removed my own hat. Beside his master knelt the chauffeur, a sturdy Pole from Cracow, his lips likewise moving in silent prayer. Not heeding my presence the archduke continued in his devotions for another rapt five minutes. Then he slowly rose, his face pale and twitching. My salute he answered by a motion bidding me to approach.

"The emperor has just sent me word that war was declared on Russia two hours ago," he said gravely and in a low tense voice.

"And your imperial highness has just said a prayer for the success of the Austro-Hungarian arms?" I ventured to remark.

The archduke shook his head. "No, not that," he then murmured, as though to himself. "I have prayed to God for peace. I fear it will be an awful war, a long war—weary months, perhaps years."

"Years?" I said.

"Yes, years—I am afraid so—years." And with that he dismissed me.

"Years," he had said, "years." I think he was about the only one in Vienna whose ideas grasped the fearful situation. For during the first burst of war fever nobody I heard anywhere calculated the war to last longer than a few months. That, too, seemed to be the general impression in all the belligerent countries.

Another eminently wholesome and well-meaning member of the imperial house is Archduke Frederick, who by reason of the physical incapacity and advanced age of the emperor was appointed, at the very outset of the war, acting commander-in-chief of all the armed forces of Austria-Hungary. Greatly liked and esteemed throughout the monarchy for his sterling character, his equable and cheerful disposition, his admitted impartiality on all questions of race and politics; married to an excellent German wife (the Bavarian princess Isabella) and on the best of terms with the powerful ally and friend, the Emperor William II, furthermore of enormous wealth (estimated at about 350,000,000 Austrian crowns, say, $70,000,000 at the normal rate of exchange), and imbued with a strong sentiment of duty and patriotism, this man seemed to be the fitting incumbent for this all-important post. Ever smiling and of excellent humour, with an iron constitution that made him withstand the privations and hardships of war (for he, too, very often had his headquarters under the thatched roof of a peasant's cottage, eating the plain fare of the soldier, after eighteen hours of the twenty-four rattling along rough roads in his auto), this sturdy and easy-going gentleman of sixty did the best he knew how. Of mediocre intellect and of but slight experience in actual warfare, likewise a trifling too yielding to personal influences brought to bear on him, he proved, though, in the long run and under the adverse conditions that he had to face in this

grim and relentless struggle for the further existence of what the Habsburgs have always looked upon as their patrimony, not quite able to cope with overwhelming difficulties. In every other respect this elderly cousin of the late emperor was above reproach. His courage and confidence were unfailing. His liberality was boundless towards the army. From his vast and highly productive estates in Silesia, Moravia and Hungary he furnished all the while, free and as a contribution out of his own means, nearly all their produce in cereals, milk, cheese, bacon, etc.; even his famed distillery (located at Teschen, Austrian Silesia) sent to the army commissariat all the table liquor, especially *slivovic* (plum brandy) and *kümmel.* His bounty has gladdened the heart and strengthened the stomach of innumerable of his soldiers. And his whole family, from his wife to his youngest daughter, has devoted itself to Red Cross and other good work. One of the maiden daughters, as Sister Irmgard, is a Red Cross nurse, and a very efficient and gentle one at that.

Perhaps a few words relative to the late emperor may be proper here, especially as these refer to points not generally appreciated. Francis Joseph became ruler of a composite realm at the early age of 18, after his uncle, the Emperor Ferdinand, had been unwilling to capitulate to the revolution of 1848, yet unable to check it. The youth undertook the hard task of bringing order out of chaos not with the proverbial rashness of his age, but rather under the domination of his strong-minded and intensely ambitious mother, the Archduchess Sophia. He not only succumbed to her paramount influence but he remained under it until her death. In fact, he was afraid of her. She determined all great matters of state for him; he married the wife she had picked; he went

to the front, in 1848, in Italy and received his baptism of fire at Ste. Lucia to humour her; he coped with the rising in Hungary and drowned it finally, with the active aid of Nicholas of Russia, in blood at her command; and finally, the *Ausgleich* with Hungary in 1867, she also persuaded him to accept.

The late Emperor Francis Joseph was a man of narrow but intensely honest mind. In that he was a thorough Habsburg. That race has, with a couple of exceptions, within 650 years, bred none but men of that description—narrow but honest. He never shirked what he conceived to be his duty. Otherwise his nature was rather shallow as well. The world has admired this man who stood up undaunted under all the strokes of adversity and personal sorrow. And in a sense this admiration was well bestowed. But to a man of his peculiar moral and mental construction such steadfastness and robust persistency came easy. He did not feel deeply. His patience was very largely obstinacy. His tastes were simple—a soldier's campaign tastes. Very true. But that was only because he was unable to relish higher or more æsthetic joys. The tragedy of his family life—the bitter estrangement from his finely attuned, high-strung wife, the jealousy of and tyranny over his highly endowed only son Rudolph—was largely of his own creation. He was mentally and morally unable to fathom such complex natures as those of wife and son, and being unable to do so broke them. His marital infidelity, notorious in Vienna but forgiven, nay applauded, because in this he was a true Viennese, did not weigh on his soul. But it bred a horrible disillusionment in his wife's heart, a feeling akin to physical and moral aversion. The grosser appetites ruled him until his last hour. His disgraceful connection with Kathi Schratt, the actress, en-

dured through all his griefs and pangs, and superseded all other attractions. He was a man with the fleshly passions of a Louis XV, who like him was the *bien-aimé,* the well-beloved of his people. But that was in the 18th century, and this in the 19th. Kindly by instinct he was, surely; but it was the surface kindliness of an ordinary nature. There is nothing in all the innumerable anecdotes the people of Vienna tell of him that might be classed as high-mindedness, although the soldier's generous appreciation of a foe worthy of his steel he did have in a high degree.

Perhaps the basest thing Francis Joseph did in his life —and this was towards the close of it—was his treatment of the children of his cousin, Archduke Ernst. It is a story worth telling, an unusual story. This Archduke Ernst was something rather different from the typical Habsburg. He was shy, an artist by heart, a bachelor, mortally afraid of his sovereign and cousin. Of course, being a Habsburg he had to hold a rank in the army. His garrison town for a certain time was Laibach, in Carniola. And there he met and fell in love with a charming lady of good family, but living in somewhat humble circumstances. He wooed and won her, but only in the good old-fashioned way—with a ring on her finger and a wedding ceremony in church, performed by the parish priest of those days. For all that happened long ago. Now the Archduke Ernst had a fortune estimated at his death at about $2,000,000 in American money. His "morganatic" wife (for the groom, fearing his cousin, had not attempted to obtain the permission and sanction to the union, as he ought to have done under the family rules of the House of Habsburg) knew all this, for her highborn husband had often explained it to her. But she also knew that her marriage was per-

fectly valid under the civil and ecclesiastic laws of Austria. The children she had borne him were, therefore, also legitimate offspring, entitled to all their father might leave them on his demise. When the archduke died about ten years ago the wife had preceded him by a few years. Rather dreading sinister court influences that might succeed in cheating his children out of all or part of their inheritance, Archduke Ernst, during his latter days, consulted his brother, Archduke Rainier, as well as other relatives and friends, and finally, too, a lawyer of note, Baron Gianelia. The latter, treacherously, confided the story to the old emperor. When Archduke Ernst finally did die, a testament was found bequeathing the bulk of his vast fortune to his four children, three daughters and one son. The son had risen to the rank of major in the regular army, and the daughters were married. All four lived in rather straitened circumstances. The lawyer, Baron Gianelia, however, acting for what is known as the Habsburg court chamber, and under instructions from the aged emperor, set up the claim, (1) that no real valid marriage had ever taken place; that (2) the four children were bastards and entitled to nothing; and (3) that the whole estate of the late Archduke Ernst, there being no nearer relative, must go to the brother of deceased, Archduke Rainier, himself a childless octogenarian. Under all sorts of pressure the children, all but one, relinquished their claim, some small sums being paid them for compensation. But one of the daughters, having children of her own and being both unwilling to have the stigma of illegitimacy attached to herself and to have the children done out of what she rightfully considered her share of the estate of her father (who, some time before his death, specifically acknowledged her and promised her ample redress in the financial way), went to law.

That lawsuit was about the most despicable subversion of justice that can be conceived. It went through all the stages of chicanery, backed by the highest influences in state and court. The upshot was that the plaintiff, although she had made a mother's heroic fight for her own good name and the rights of her children, and although in the long course of it several of the judges having a hand in the various decisions were upright enough rather to resign their office than submit to the insidious influences at work, the upshot of it all, I say, was that the poor woman lost her cause and broke her heart. It was a sad case; it was a frightful miscarriage of justice, and if not entirely, at least partially, the aged emperor was responsible for it.

Singularly enough, outside Austria-Hungary the fact has scarcely ever received mention that the younger brother of the late emperor, Archduke Carl Ludwig, though close to eighty himself, is still alive. Nor does it seem to be known that this Carl Ludwig for many years had been handled very severely by his august brother and sovereign. The latter fact, though, is scarcely to be wondered at, for Carl Ludwig has not only shown himself all through life scarcely better than an idiot, but also morally a defective. He never married. Francis Joseph banished him from court, many years ago, and the last heard from this sprig of royalty he was still steeped in senile debauchery.

A peculiar position within the dynasty is occupied by the Archdukes Carl Stephan and Joseph. The latter is known far and wide as the "Magyar archduke," and the former as the "Pole," owing to their racial and political affiliations. Joseph is the only member of the Habsburg family that bears the Magyars sincere affection. With his wife, the Archduchess Augusta, he has resided, till

the beginning of the war, at the royal castle in Buda. Throughout the war he has commanded one or more Hungarian army corps. He has endeared himself to the Magyars in every way. His household is run according to Hungarian notions. Only Magyar is spoken there. He is eloquent and his frequent speeches have always been intensely patriotic—from the Hungarian point of view. Many people say that he aims at wearing the crown of an independent Hungary some day. With the late emperor and king he was never a favourite. He shows the typical Magyar spirit and is thoroughly sympathetic to the men of Hungary. As a soldier he has shown in this war no great qualities either as a strategist or tactician, but to compensate for that fully in the eyes of his Magyar soldiers he has throughout given evidence of reckless daring, of indomitable valour. Scores of times he has exposed himself to death in the foremost trenches. He was wounded twice. He has gone into battle in the ranks, armed, like his men, with hand grenades. He has treated his men on a footing of perfect equality. In short, he was, and is, the apple of his eye for the Hungarian fighter. His wife, the Archduchess Augusta, is at the head of the Hungarian Red Cross, and has likewise done wonders in her own womanly way.

Archduke Carl Stephan again has long been the chief candidate for the crown of a reconstructed Poland. At least so far as the Poles of Galicia can determine that issue. For with the Austrian Poles, *i.e.*, the Poles of Galicia, he is immensely popular. To all intents and purposes he and his whole family are Polish—though in the matter of descent that is only partially the case. His chief residential quarters are at Saybusch, where he owns a vast and splendid estate and where everything, from roof to cellar is Polish—servants, guests, admin-

istration, vernacular, etc., etc. By every means Carl Stephan, a man of about 50, has emphasised his love for the Poles. His wife is the Archduchess Maria Theresa, who owns a large and fine palace in the diplomatic quarter of Vienna, and who during the war has tirelessly organised aid for those soldiers become blind through illness or wounds received in action. But her own ample means, as well as those of her husband, have gone mostly to the equipment and relief of the Polish Legion that was started three years ago to fight for ultimate independence under the eagles of Austria. Of her daughters, two are married to Poles of historic names, viz., Prince Radziwill and Prince Czartoryski. Unfortunately for the ambitions of Carl Stephan, he is not in the good books of Emperor William. In fact, that monarch considers him an unsafe man, he having, on several occasions, shown his sympathy with the Polish subjects of Prussia a bit too plainly. At any rate, the project of making Carl Stephan constitutional ruler of recreated Poland is still in abeyance and seems to hang fire of late.

It deserves comment that the House of Habsburg, independent of means (called "appanage"), voted by the Austrian parliament and of others come to them in their individual capacity, derives the largest portion of its income from the so-called Habsburg Fund, an accumulation of several centuries. There are several other funds, such as the Este Fund, which are reserved exclusively to those branches of the dynasty. But the Habsburg Fund is by far the most considerable. It is estimated at about 500 millions, and consists in lands, estates, interest-bearing papers, mines and tenements. To an annual share of the proceeds of this fund every member of the Habsburg family is entitled, so that—if it came to the worst—none of them will have to go a-begging. The

emperor, through an administrator appointed by him, has the management and disposal of it. Several members of the house, however, have relinquished their claim to it. One of these is the Archduke Frederick, the wealthiest individual Habsburg, with the exception of the emperor himself. The Este and some other separate funds, such as the Toscana and Parma one, originate from the time when the Habsburgs held a portion of Northern or Central Italy, such as Lombardy, Venetia, Modena, Parma, and Tuscany. When they left, under the impulse of a revolutionary rising of their dear subjects, a settlement was made and a fund created for the dispossessed rulers and their kin and descendants. Thus, Zita, the present empress, enjoys certain separate revenues from the Este fund; so do her brothers, the Princes Elias and Isidore. None of the House of Habsburg is poor, although some are vastly wealthier than others. Inheritances and legacies are constantly swelling the bulk. The appropriations voted by the Austrian parliament (for the Hungarian one votes none, except for the king himself) are not very large per head, it is true, but in the aggregate they amount to a big sum.

The Austrian people, nevertheless, view their court rather leniently; all except the rabid socialists who inveigh against these "*Tagediebe*" (loafers) rather frequently in the columns of their party press. At least they did before the establishment of strict censorship, since which they are gagged, of course. However, the great majority of the Austrians look upon the Vienna court and the whole dynasty with good-natured indulgence. Since they are fond of show and splendour, of glittering court festivities and handsome horses and turnouts, they consider that by paying the piper they also earn the right of being interested spectators. Thus, they

unfailingly throng streets and parks and squares when anything is going on at court of special moment. In the crowds are always some court flunkies or others acquainted with the details, and these shout out information for the general benefit, often almost in the face of imperial or royal personages themselves. That is done sometimes in a naïve manner that must be, I should imagine, rather embarrassing to those criticised. Thus, I remember on the occasion of Kaiser William's visit a year ago, at the corner of the Ringstrasse where his coach and six turned off towards Schönbrunn, one ubiquitous woman (evidently possessed of inside facts) shrieked out in a shrill voice such bits of information about the Kaiser as: "He's wearing a new uniform of the Hungarian hussars"; "he's got his mustache waxed tight"; "he looks thin and worried, no wonder," and so forth. And all so that he must have heard every word. I could never discover in such motley Austrian crowds any trace or hint of a longing to be rid of such monarchic trappings, or any leanings toward republican forms of government. In Hungary it is different; but the Vienna people are still intensely loyal to the throne.

That could also be plainly seen at the funeral ceremonies of the late Francis Ferdinand, in June, 1914. For despite the fact that he had not been at all popular with the Austrians of Teutonic stock, the Viennese honoured in him the murdered heir to the throne. The archduke had been hated by them in life not alone because he had taken a Czech woman for wife and was credited with a design to establish "Trialism" (in place of a dual a triad monarchy, with the Slav element as the third and most important), but because of his entire personality which to them was intensely unsympathetic. Indeed, Francis Ferdinand was rather rude and rough in his instincts

and demeanour. He had none of that distinctively Austrian easy good-nature. He was a martinet with the army, exacting and often brutal with his intimates and his servants. All sorts of stories are current explaining the almost hostility felt for him by the masses. But he seems to have been a strong, a rugged character, one of the kind that poor Austria-Hungary needed to pull her out of her slough of despond. The young man now in his place is of a different fibre. His face betrays weakness. But it also beams with the bright smile of the Austrian.

CHAPTER XII

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY DURING THE WAR

General belief abroad that the Dual Monarchy could not withstand the shock—Shared by many within her own borders—Grounds for this belief—The contrary took place—War acted like a cement knitting the loose parts into a firm whole—The Entente Powers themselves to blame for that—Moods and expectations at the outbreak of the giant struggle—Austrians relieved from the load of self-distrust and doubt—Street scenes—Stump speakers—With hurrahs and smiles into Armageddon—Disillusionment—The first trains of wounded— Prisoners of war received with silent compassion—How the grip of hard times set in—Only from early in 1915 the seriousness of the situation realised—The awful crop of the Carpathian Campaign—Fall of Przemysl—"Well, that is the way with us here"—Slow plans for providing for a long war—Woman to the fore—How she replaces the men in the trenches—Amusing features of this—Female butchers, drivers, blacksmiths, bricklayers, street paviors—The spirit of self-sacrifice awakened—Gaieties notwithstanding—Social problems cropping up—Tremendous increase in youthful criminality—Raising the wage standard.

One of the miracles wrought by this war is surely the reawakening of Austria-Hungary. Abroad scarcely any one had deemed it possible for the ancient monarchy, that had been crumbling to pieces before the very eyes of careful observers, to weather the storm and withstand the awful forces of assault let loose from every quarter. Those who knew the country best held that opinion most firmly. Even within her own borders if not the majority of the people then certainly a very large portion of it

thought the hour of political doom had struck for Austria-Hungary. Centrifugal agencies had been visibly at work undermining foundations, and hardly anything opposing such tendencies could be perceived. In fact, it had been predicted, time and time again, in Austria's own parliament, that the next great war would sweep the monarchy out of existence. True, in Hungary such a state of mind did not prevail to the same degree. Patriotism, faith in the future of the country as a permanent political entity, are vital there, even if it must be conceded that the oppressed minorities suffering under the Magyarising yoke of the dominant race, had serious grievances and that their loyalty at best proceeded from the head and not from the heart. But as to Austria there could be no question at all. It was honeycombed with discontent and apparently fast disintegrating. Nor were grounds for such discontent lacking, as is pointed out elsewhere in detail.

Briefly, besides a number of political reasons, besides the insidious race troubles, there were potent social and economic motives to be pleaded for the disgruntled elements. And the reflex of all this dissatisfaction could be plainly discerned, year after year, in the steadily growing emigration. Indeed, so threatening a feature of the economic life of both Austria and Hungary had this emigration become shortly before the outbreak of the war that both governments resorted to the most drastic measures to check it. During the fiscal year 1913, despite all the severe and very comprehensive steps (including, as these did, the criminal prosecution of several hundreds of emigration agents; the absolute prohibition for all male persons between 17 and 35 to leave the country except by special authorisation and with the permission of the military and civic officials; the imposition of heavy

fines and jail sentences for all those who had facilitated the escape of persons of military age across the frontiers, etc.), the tide of emigration had still rushed on at the rate of over 400,000 for the entire monarchy, beside another 600,000, in round figures, that as "season wanderers" had left the more backward provinces—especially Galicia and Croatia—to earn during the spring and summer, mostly in Germany, the bread for the support of themselves and their families which at home they were unable to find.

Well, the war came, and in the face of all this and of much more here left unmentioned, the ancient empire not only stood the awful test but actually underwent a rejuvenating process during it. All those fragments that before the war had hung but loosely together, were fused into a firm whole, if but for a time. The fires of a common danger welded them together; the terrific blows dealt by fate hastened but the process of consolidation.

To any one who, like myself, was merely an interested onlooker, the thing seemed nothing short of a miracle. It was certainly a very striking illustration of a truth—duly appreciated by but few—that such a historic structure, no matter how heterogeneous and how casual the mutual adhesion seemed to be, is not easily demolished. The mere force of inertia militates against destruction. There are unseen ties holding the parts together below the surface. There are hundreds of special reasons, many of them no doubt quite trivial in themselves, making for the continuance of the whole, despite all those other hundreds of conflicting interests and warring feelings that in times of security had it all their own way. Above all, if I have succeeded in reading aright the psyche of the average Austrian, there was one determining factor making for the preservation of this weird and polyglot com-

pound, and that is the dread of the unknown. In talking over things in their naïve way, the soldiers in the trenches, the peasants by their homely firesides, the urban residents during their toil, all seem to have argued about this way: Well, what is to become of us if our enemies prevail? Should we be better off under some new rule? Would there be lighter taxation? Would life be easier for us? And, on the whole, the conclusion they reached seems to have been in the negative. In other words, they decided that it would not be wise, in order to escape the evils they knew of, to flee to new ones.

At any rate, whether I understood these simple-souled people correctly or not, this much admits of no doubt: That the people of Austria in overwhelming numbers made up their minds to stick by what they got; to stand by their old emperor in his days of trouble. And if I may express an opinion here it appears to me that the Entente Powers themselves were very largely to blame for this decision. If the Entente Powers had been wise enough to hold a conclave, early in the war, and then to issue, as the result of their deliberations, a statement frank and comprehensible and honest, by which their responsible statesmen had bound themselves to a programme of reform, pledging the good faith of the western nations and of Russia to inviolability of territory, autonomy, full internal rights and economic prosperity, Austria-Hungary in all likelihood would have been theirs. Such a programme would have tallied with the proclaimed Entente aims of the war. It would have appealed very strongly to the various races within the empire weary of ceaseless and bootless strife. It would have been a reasonable compromise. But instead of that the Entente statesmen merely intrigued and made hollow protesta-

tions, made promises which, even if they had been carried out, would not have solved the difficult problems under the weight of which Austria-Hungary had been staggering for so many years. And when that did not have the desired effect, declarations believed to be authentic began to appear in the enemy as well as neutral press wherein the Entente Powers threatened the complete political destruction of the old empire, with annexation of territories to neighbours more or less greedy and correspondingly hated, such as Serbia, Rumania, Italy and Russia, leaving but an impotent and dismembered remnant. It is true, this picture of their future did in a measure appeal to certain limited sections of Austria (to Bohemia, at least to the Czech part of it, particularly), but it did not do so to any part of Hungary, not even to the Rumanian districts of it. On the contrary, it spurred them on to more stubborn resistance. It made Hungary, for the time being, one political unit. And those propositions and fanciful dreams emanated from so many (often wholly apocryphal) sources and were often framed in such offensive language and conceived in such total misapprehension of the soul of Austria-Hungary that they could not fail to have just the opposite effect desired.

Interesting the opening months of the bloody drama this war has turned out to be certainly were. I had spent nearly two years in Austria when the bullets of Cabrinovic and his associates put an end to the lives of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the heir to the throne, and of his consort, the Duchess Sophie. Up to that hour I had strangely missed any visible token of patriotism, even in Vienna. Scarcely ever, for example, did one see the Austrian flag with its Black-and-Yellow in the streets or on top of buildings; the Red-White-Green of Hungary still more seldom. But from that hour on all changed. It

was as though some powerful restorative had been administered to the whole people. They not only instantly became fervently patriotic; no, they turned chauvinists and jingoes. That whole month from the end of June to the end of July, 1914, was intensely hot and dry throughout the monarchy, as though to keep step with the aroused temper of the nation. Day after day the sun shone glaringly from a deep-blue firmament, and day by day I watched with keen attention the rising tide of war fever. In those days I saw and heard what I had not so far observed among this people of indolent, easy good nature. Downtown in the heart of Vienna, and away out in the quiet slumberous suburbs, men would suddenly be seized by a veritable frenzy. They would climb on top of a soap box, mount an auto or a cart standing by the curbstone, or be hoisted to the pedestal of one of the many monuments, and then harangue the quickly gathering crowd. Where did they all come from in a moment? Invariably an Austrian flag would be unfurled to the breeze, a war hymn would be intoned and the stirring words of it would kindle eyes and make pulses throb. And then your stump speaker would begin. And how he did hold forth! The gist of his impassioned tale would always run like this: That the old empire had been asleep for half a century, shamefully asleep, while down below to the southeast a cunning, boastful, malevolent dwarf had mocked them all, spat at them, challenged them a hundredfold; how it was time now to awake from this inglorious sleep, to be up and doing; how this wicked dwarf, the Serb, had in his presumption at last murderously slain the man on whom Austria had built her hopes of a brighter future, of prouder days; and how to the north another neighbour, one half bear, half man, but wholly evil, had encouraged and egged on this arrogant

pygmy to the last and final outrage; but how they, the men of Austria, must now avenge the murder and see to it that nothing like that should ever become possible again. And so forth and so on in the same strain. And I must confess that these orators sprung from the loins of the people did talk well. Their eloquence had something elemental in it. They simply swept their audiences off their feet. And the effect was lasting. From day to day I noticed plainly how the hysteria spread. These preachers of "war as a remedy" invaded even the palaces of the old emperor and of the archdukes, of the Minister of War, Fieldmarshal Krobatin, and the dingy old pile of the Foreign Office on the Ballplatz, close to the Hofburg, and everywhere it was the same spectacle. Everywhere the easygoing Viennese were wrought up to the pitch of martial furor. The old songs of Austria's former glory, the lay of conquering Prince Eugene, the winsome tune of Haydn's "Gott erhalte," burst forth and were heard everywhere, played everywhere in the public amusement places and parks; the bands intoned them in the beer and wine gardens; and as though an electric spark had run riot, everybody rose, old and young, men of all ranks, and while they sang tears of emotion glistened in their eyes. Never before had I seen a people in such a delirium of wrath.

Was there a movement on foot to bring all this about? Or was it really the spontaneous outburst of a people still treasuring a great past, still proud of the warlike achievements of their forbears? I must own I was unable to determine that point. At times it certainly did look to me as though it were a master hand thus playing cleverly on the heartstrings of an unconscious throng. There were circumstances that made such a supposition plausible. All the more as one followed the skilfully

launched catch phrases in that portion of the press, both in Vienna and Budapest, inspired commonly by the Foreign Office. Certainly Count Berchtold, at that time guiding the destinies of the monarchy as a whole, and Count Tisza, the Hungarian premier, were evidently in favour of adopting the most ruthless measures against little Serbia, the "dwarf" aforesaid who had caused them so many sleepless nights.

But be that as it may, when the night finally came, the night of July 24th, and the wire flashed the news from Belgrade that Serbia had rejected the Austro-Hungarian ultimatum, the whole town, the whole two millions of Vienna, were strung up for war. I went down to the centre, where the little newsboys were distributing "extras" —tiny leaflets containing the skeleton news in block, bold-faced type—and there could be no doubt in anybody's mind that it meant War,—War with a big W. The whole town was frantic with joy. Total strangers embraced each other. They wept for joy. The nightmare of humiliation, of disdain gulped down like a nauseous drug for ages, was off their breasts. They felt like freemen, like heroes fit for battle. It was the same in Budapest, as I subsequently read in the papers; it was similar in the provincial capitals. If ever a nation went into war as to a feast, as to a cleansing, strengthening bath, Austria-Hungary surely did on that sultry, nerve-racking night of July 24th, 1914.

Neither was it a flash in the pan merely. When the news came that Russia had made Serbia's cause her own, and that war was on with the big northern colossus, it found the people still in the same mood of martial joyousness, if one may use such an expression. The old emperor had read his many-tongued "peoples" aright. His proclamations, crisp and ringing, set them all ablaze

anew. They were firmly convinced of the righteousness of their cause. They were sure of undivided support of their great ally, Germany. They reckoned, every one of them almost, with a short victorious war. People would demonstrate to you that it must be so. Even the women were caught in that net of specious pleading. In the stores the owner would address you: "Not longer than three months at the utmost, don't you think so? Why, there isn't enough money in the whole world to carry on war nowadays for a longer period; war is so expensive, you know. Three months—then peace with glory." And the poor woman whom I noted a year later wearing mourning for her eldest who had been killed in Russia, would give me my change with hands trembling with excitement.

Then came the days when endless trains rolled out of Vienna toward the northern front. Inside were jammed young soldiers between 21 and 28; dapper officers, their eyes shining with valour, all wearing oak leaves or tiny pine twigs in their new caps of field-grey, shouting, singing in chorus, their weeping sweethearts, wives or mothers catching a last glance of them. On the doors of their cars, all over their cars, in fact, they had chalked rhymed doggerel of their own composition, distichs or couplets poking good-natured fun at the foe they were to meet so soon and whom they undervalued, oh! so sadly. Humour, reckless humour in these verses. Stanzas there were concluding with the remark: "Good-bye, till we meet again at Moscow." And how many of them later on actually did meet the Russians in Moscow! Only it was a different kind of meeting from the one fancied. Well, they knew none of these things at that time. They were buoyant, cocksure of quick victory.

A little later the first transports of war prisoners and

of their own wounded—almost simultaneously—began to arrive. I recall the immense multitude of anxious relatives and friends (for one of the regiments garrisoned in Vienna, the famous Deutschmeister, had contributed a goodly share of these victims of the war) one breathless August night waiting, packed six deep, near the huge complex of buildings making up the General Hospital in Alsen St., Vienna. Now the temper of the people had already begun to change. War seemed no longer a picnic. They waited dumbly, with beating hearts. At last the long, long procession of Red Cross autos, rumbling hollowly over the rough pavement, began to arrive—slowly, cautiously. The wide gates of the place opened from the inside. They are still opening to-day for the same purpose. One by one the drab vehicles, big cross painted on the side, vanished into the inner court. But there were too many of these autos. There was a jam. Several of them turned off inside. They contained poor fellows who had died in transit. Other autos had their cargoes unloaded, and on stretchers these wounded men were borne through the hallway. One of these was groaning very low. A woman darted forward from the front row and put a flask of wine to the cracked lips of the sufferer. "He looks just like my own boy!" she murmured, as she crept back into her place. Many of this transport came from the Serbian front. They were badly hacked or shot to pieces by the old-fashioned Turkish handjars or antiquated bell-mouthed blunderbuses the Serbian government had equipped the bands of *franctireurs* with out of its arsenal at Kraguyevatz. "These wounds will never heal," said one of the receiving *internes* of the hospital. In those early days of the war the tremendous task of taking proper care of the hosts of sick and wounded was not as yet handled well. It required a number of months

to organise and systematise it properly, and even then many novel features had to be created in order to fit newly arising conditions. At the time I speak of it happened very frequently that of a trainload of men brought in from the front no less than twenty-five per cent. or more perished on the journey, partly through lack of adequate care, partly because they had not been in a fit condition for a long transport. But all these things grew rapidly better.

A few days later I witnessed the arrival in Vienna of the first large number of war prisoners. They came in two big sections, one from the Russian, the other from the Serbian front, about 13,000 in all on that day. It was very interesting to watch the process. Speaking generally, the Russians were a little stunned by all the new and unlooked-for things they saw, but otherwise quite cheerful, almost boyishly happy, some of them. With big, trustful, childlike eyes they regarded the crowds lining the streets near the Northern Station where they had debarked. Their destination was a hastily constructed camp in the vicinity of Wels, Upper Austria. Later on this camp was one of those I visited. Among the Russians the infantry men formed the great bulk. The remainder were largely Cossacks, and these had a totally different aspect from that of the others—they wore a forbidding, distrustful, stern mien. The Serbians, of whom about 150 were women and young boys from ten upwards—and these had been made prisoners while engaged in guerilla warfare against the invaders—looked all of them like the Cossacks. Sullen, vindicative, fanatical, young and old alike avoided observation as much as they could. There were many old men in their serried ranks, men with long, straggling whiskers of grey and

with eyes that made the impression of extinct volcanoes with now and then a last lurid flare in them.

What interested me more than all else was the reception given by the populace to this motley host of their vanquished foes. For this reception was quite otherwise from what I had expected. It was compassionate, almost sympathetic. No reviling word fell. Men and women would hush heedless children when those let drop remarks that might be offensive to the strangers. Many of the prisoners were weary, footsore, half starved. One Serbian cast an avid glance at a loaf of bread in a woman's arms, and she instantly sprang towards him and pressed him to take it, saying, in her rough Viennese dialect: *"Arms Hascherl, gel d'bist hungrig?"* (Poor fellow, you're hungry, I suppose). And the crowd thought it but right for her to perform the little Samaritan act, although one elderly man mumbled: "Well, I bet ours fare no better."

It took a long, long time to make this happy-go-lucky people of Austria (and still more that of Hungary) understand the seriousness of the whole situation created by the war. For months and months they continued to live about in their accustomed way. The news in the papers might try to bring the grim truth home to them. But so long as death and danger and want did not touch them personally, all that news seemed a long way off and to be no concern of theirs. In Vienna and Budapest very especially the gay and carefree life had apparently not changed. Not alone the luxurious coffee houses along the main thoroughfares were lit up nights as brilliantly as ever, and the laughter one heard in passing was as boisterous, but every other place of recreation was also thronged. The war was still discussed with abandon. Censorship had only just begun to be felt. The end—an

end crowned with laurels, of course—seemed yet nigh. The joys of the table were still freely indulged in, and no one had even the remotest suspicion that Austria and Hungary, countries wallowing from times immemorial in the lap of food plenitude, would before long feel the pinch of hunger.

It was not till early in 1915, when the war had already gone on for seven or eight months, that, stroke upon stroke, a realisation of "what they were up against" began dimly to be perceived. Those were the awful days of the Carpathian campaign, when Austrians and Hungarians (and the Germans of General von Linsingen, that had come to their assistance) froze to death by the thousands in the passes and skirting woods of that range of mountains, often holding positions five thousand feet high, with the snow house-deep and the mercury below the zero point. Those were the days when the "Russian peril" for the first time came to be adjudged at its true perspective, when the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholayevitch was thundering with his legions along the whole line that leads from the Galician passes down to Moravia and Vienna at one end and to the Hungarian plain and Budapest on the other, and when that gaunt commander was sacrificing within one single week 80,000 of his men in the reckless attempt to break the thin phalanx of its defenders. These were also the days when the spectre of want first began to stalk through the land; when the "bread-card" was issued; when the Austrian government (just as improvident as the people it rules over) suddenly discovered that the visible supply of foodstuffs had shrunk to a minimum, and that nothing more could be had for love or money till the next harvest. And finally, these were the days when Przemysl fell.

Nothing characterises the shiftlessness and lack of

provision of the Austrian government more strikingly than the circumstances attendant on the surrender of that virgin stronghold. The enormous strategic importance of Przemysl (pr. Pshemyshl) had all along been pointed out in the press of the monarchy, and so had the "impossibility" of taking it. The heroic defence, the enormous slaughter among the Russian assailants under the Bulgarian Dimitrieff, 80,000 of his army being lost during the first siege, these things had all been dwelt on with confident pride. And then like a thunderbolt from the blue came one evening the news of the fall of this impregnable fortress. Nobody was prepared for it. At the little news store where I bought my evening papers, despair reigned. I went home and told my Austrian landlady. Her son, a young lieutenant, staying with her on his way to recovery from incipient consumption brought on by the hardships of the Russian campaign, was at first stunned. Then he broke out, with a sort of quiet fatalism: "Well, that is the way with us here." He meant the Austrian lack of efficiency and the inability to attend to things with thoroughness. For Przemysl had been compelled to surrender because of lack of provisions, forced by hunger, and more than 100,000 men went into Russian captivity. Some 6,000 guns were lost. The Russians now held 72 per cent. of Galicia. Next day and the days following the Austro-Hungarian war minister published in the papers many details of the disaster, making an attempt to exculpate himself; trying to make it appear that the event had been inevitable. But I had to remember the exclamation of the young lieutenant: "Well, that is the way with us here." It explained everything.

Throughout this fearful winter of 1914-15, very severe and dreary, with coal and other fuel scarce and high in

price, and with an infant mortality in Vienna and other large cities unparalleled for centuries,—throughout this winter, I say, the terrible crop of the Carpathian campaign referred to had been ripening. That is, scores of thousands of men with frozen limbs had been brought in to Vienna in trainload after trainload. The whole city was one vast sickhouse. Everything had been turned into an infirmary. Beside the regular hospitals and the so-called "reserve" hospitals established by the war department, of which latter at one time there were fifty-odd, Red Cross funds had been used to create hospitals, dispensaries, sanatoriums. The Order of St. John, a knightly organisation of which an archduke was the "chief hospitaller," had also raised funds among the wealthy and maintained by now a number of houses for the reception of suffering officers. All the school buildings, wholly or in part, were made over into hospitals. Even the huge University building was given over in two of its wings to the care of wounded soldiers. Nay, the very Parliament Building, a structure of rare architectural beauty in the classical taste, became a hospital. Some 75,000 wounded or sick soldiers were thus housed at one time in Vienna alone.

And then at last, slowly, unwillingly almost, early spring arrived. The sun once more began to struggle out from behind those leaden cloud banks, and sprigs of green peeped out shyly. And as the days grew longer and warmer, for the first time one could measure the dread horror of it all. For now these houses to which, purposely always in the middle of the night, these myriads of maimed fighters had been taken throughout the weary months of winter, commenced to disgorge, so as to let the sun and the gentle spring air do what surgeons and drugs had not been able to do. The great Ring-

strasse of Vienna, for a distance of three miles running in a semi-circle around the inner city, saw multitude upon multitude of these victims of a relentless war. There they came, hobbling on crutches, the head tied up into a formless mass under a turban of gauze and linen bandages, arms in sling, feet a bulky package, pale, weak, yet trembling with joy at breathing once again in the open. And there they sat by the thousand on the benches placed under the quadruple row of tall shade trees, and looked up with grateful eyes at all the petting and sympathy, all the handfuls of cigars and cigarettes pressed and urged on them. These were some of the victims of the Carpathian campaign. Many more thousands lay out there, where the sun now licked away the snow from their mouldering bodies in the narrow defiles and dense brush about the mountain passes. And the Vienna people knew it: these men here on the benches were they who had stood between them and perdition, between them and chaos. Often it was touching to observe how some dainty miss would stop and put forth her little hand to shake the hairy paw of one of these tough warriors, and chat and make much of him. But some of the sights were not for such as she. I recall one case particularly. It was that of two men, simple private soldiers, labourers probably in their Styrian village home, comrades both who had served in the same company of the same regiment. And the same fate, too, had befallen them. For while on sentry duty one intensely cold night they had, each of them, frozen legs and hands. Those two sturdy men were reduced to nothing but trunks—the limbs had been amputated. Now they were taking their first "walk" outside the hospital, on artificial limbs furnished at government expense. They were able to use them haltingly as yet, but practice makes perfect, and by now they are

probably getting along tolerably at home. The Vienna people are very kind-hearted, very compassionate, and the little scene I witnessed, with these two as central figures, demonstrated that anew. For when the two friends had reached the corner of Kärntner Strasse, which is to Vienna about what lower Fifth Ave. is to New York, two ladies spied them from their carriage, halted, ran towards them and began to question. Then each tore off the cap of one of the men and first cast a bank bill in it, next stood at that much frequented corner and begged. Within five minutes both caps were brimful of money—mostly paper, with some silver coins mingled. It was a treat to watch the two crippled soldiers meanwhile, their broad bucolic faces red with excitement and wreathed in smiles. Probably they had never seen so much money in their lives before as they now held in their caps. A stout policeman then crossed over, and in that coaxing voice they have in Vienna, said to the pair: "Now you've got enough—I'll call a cab and send you home. You're capitalists now and can afford to ride." And so it was done, and the two rode through a crowd of smiling humanity back to their hospital.

Yes, they were decidedly slow in Vienna and throughout Austria-Hungary in providing for a long war. This was true in every respect. So, too, in finding substitutes for the men sent to the trenches to fight. Women to the fore! That at last became the watchword. The process was a very gradual one. At first youths had been promoted into the vacant places of their elders. When the age limit both in Austria and Hungary was extended either way, so that the men were called in, in special contingents, from 17 to 50, there was no help for it—the women had to replace the men. In a large way that was done on the street railroad lines (which in Vienna and

Budapest are run by the municipality), and the conductresses and motor women were put into uniforms similar to that of the men, and there was considerable amusement at their expense for a month or so. By that time the public were used to the sight. But as men of active age became more and more rare in the hinterland, women (and, so far as that could be done, boys up to 17) practically began to monopolise employments of every kind that had formerly been regarded as distinctly reserved for men. Even the butcher trade, that of the drivers, blacksmiths, horseshoers, bricklayers, street paviors, etc., fell largely into the hands of women, and it was found that, while certain drawbacks had to be accepted as unavoidable, on the whole they fitted such arduous positions much better than did the lads of less than seventeen. In the country, too, they did the best they could, although to safeguard and facilitate the heavy harvest labours large numbers of soldiers were given leave during the three seasons thus far passed in war. In Hungary, in 1916, about 200,000 men all told were thus sent home to help their overburdened womankind gather in the crops.

No doubt many humorous situations arose out of this state of affairs. In the cities you could see women acting as cab drivers who possessed that feminine fear of the horse that animates some of the sex. And such drivers would then walk demurely at the head of the "fiery steed," leading him by the bridle, while the passenger inside, who was paying good money for this feeble imitation of a drive, would storm and scold in vain. The most heroic thing, however, I saw woman do in Vienna was her turning butcher. Not only the carving and sawing and cutting-up of the carcass, be it remembered, but the killing, the slaughtering, of the animal as well. Yet

what were these women to do? With the enormous prices paid for meat (up to $3 the pound), the pork or beef butcher business was a very remunerative one, despite the fancy sums paid the grower in the country. Husbands, sons and fathers off to the war, it was either shut up shop and lose all the trade and custom, or else to buckle to and do the job as well as she knew how. Thus I watched with some amusement the plight of a pork butcher's wife whom my wife had patronised all along. She did a rushing business, and my wife told me later that the good woman had confided to her: the first pig was the worst—every other after that came easy. It seems that she and her daughter (a girl of 18) who up to that awful moment had sold pork certainly, but with rings on their fingers and with nice white hands, were at a loss how to cut up the murdered porker, and had finally done it at a guess. But, she said, her customers were never the wiser. They had not noticed. So they gained confidence in themselves, and soon mastered the mysteries of porkicide.

But it was by no means only in these lower walks of life that women in the Dual Monarchy came, saw and conquered. No. They have done equally as well—perhaps better—in nearly all the learned professions and in responsible positions. They have been admitted, it is true, for a number of years past, in the universities of Austria and Hungary, but were debarred from most places for which study had fitted them theoretically. Only the practice of medicine and teaching in all its branches were allowed them, while they were shut out of the legal profession and out of the priesthood as well. Since the war most of these barriers have fallen. They may not as yet be appointed to the bench, but they can practise in a number of courts, may become administrators of estates,

and at present they fill the greater number of the minor legal office positions. At the public schools where formerly woman teachers were frowned upon, except in girls' schools, they now form the majority of the force. Employment in banks, wholesale houses, etc., has largely passed into the hands of women as well. How this thing is going to work out in the end is matter of conjecture, of course. At the front, in the trenches, this has been discussed thoroughly. Nobody, however, can tell how the readjustment will be made after peace. So far as opinions expressed in the press goes employers are on the whole satisfied with the services of their new female clerks, saleswomen, bookkeepers, etc., and even point out a preference for them. Part of that, however, may be owing to the fact that they have to pay women less in wages, salaries or commissions than they did to the men.

One thing seems certain, the war has roused the people of Austria-Hungary. They are more virile, more energetic, more enterprising than they formerly were. Habits of indolence have had to subside. Self-indulgence, perhaps the besetting sin of the people before the war, has had to give way to self-sacrifice, to altruism in all its varied phases. Just to instance one point, it is truly amazing that that country, economically retarded and poor in capital, has nevertheless raised the enormous sums through its own unaided strength which this war has swallowed. Similarly, the voluntary contributions to all sorts of charities begotten by the war have been not only very large but spontaneous. I do not recall a single occasion when the public was asked in vain to respond to some new call upon its generosity. An admirable feature, for example, in this line were the days when, almost wholly managed by school children, boys and girls, of the ages between 12 and 16, voluntary collec-

tions were taken up for the needs of the Red Cross—now for the Blind Fund, now for the Flower Fund, now for the hospitals, again for some other commendable feature. These children attended to these duties promptly, at all sorts of weather, even when snow was flying, and I never heard of any shirking or of any dishonesty. The locked boxes were delivered untampered with at the end of a day of arduous toil (usually Saturdays and Sundays, or during vacation time), and in that way many hundreds of thousands passed through their hands in Vienna alone.

On the other hand, the natural craving for pleasure and distraction was by no means in abeyance throughout the war. The theatres, the opera, the "movies" were not only going all the time, but were even reaping a golden harvest. And while in Berlin the attractions most relished seem to have been farces, etc., in Vienna the serious drama and standard operas were preferred, although the Vienna and Budapest type of operette was also well patronised. Dancing, however, which at first went on unrestrained and of which diversion the Austrian and Hungarian people are proverbially fond, as well as certain other more noisy and objectionable amusements were, after the lapse of eight months of war, restricted and at last entirely prohibited. Public opinion sanctioned this, the press pointing out that it was a dictate of humanity and decency to forego such pleasures in the days of the "*grosses Sterben*" (*i.e.*, "huge dying") at the front, and when so many thousands of poor women went about in their weeds.

One other feature brought about by the war deserves mention, namely, the rise in the standard of wages and the fearful increase in youthful criminality. The rise in wages was, of course, chiefly owing to the rise in prices

generally, and the latter was due to the growing scarcity of foodstuffs and certain industrial rawstuffs, such as cotton, wool, leather, fats, etc. But the increase in youthful criminality had a different inception, for it grew mainly out of the temporary or permanent absence of the paternal authority. The same social symptom, due to the same cause, has been remarked in the other belligerent countries, including France and England. Youths from 14 up were, however, not alone deprived of the guidance of their fathers or elder brothers, but they also, because of the difficulty of obtaining competent labour, were enabled to earn much more money than before the war. This led them by easy stages to dissipation and thence to crime. This has been remarked throughout the monarchy. Statistics on these points, so far as available, tell a regrettable tale in this connection. In Vienna, for instance, for the year 1915-16 the increase in crimes and serious misdemeanours committed by persons below 18 rose to 340 per cent. of what it had been in 1913-14. Returns from elsewhere are not much different. And the government has so far proved practically powerless. The police forces are everywhere much smaller than during normal times, since a large percentage of the men had to join the army. Courts and other civil authorities, too, have a plethora of additional labour to perform. The whole matter is a very serious problem and will grow steadily worse until peace reigns once more, and even after.

CHAPTER XIII

THE FOOD QUESTION AND SOME OTHERS

General points about supply and demand—Sharp cleavage between Austria and Hungary—War slowly resulted in organisation of state, provincial, municipal and rural measures intended to enforce systematic production, purchase and equable distribution of chief articles of consumption—Meat, milk, bread, butter, potatoes, etc., also some manfactured indispensables as leather, cloth, cotton goods —Hunger demonstrations—What the late Premier, Count Stuergkh, said about them—Effects of semi-starvation in Austria—Hungarian conditions far better—The Vienna burgomaster in times of stress —Enormous difficulties of the whole problem—Surrogates and substitutes—Nettle fibre vs. cotton—Nitrates from air—Sandals for the poor—How Austria-Hungary raised forty billions of the sinews of war—Some drastic illustrations and statistics.

In the piping days of peace, which now, alas! seem so remote, it was held a want of tact, of taste, of manners in civilised countries to discuss the joys of the table too intimately, too lengthily. But now! Note the contrast. Since the hour when the stringency of the British blockade first was brought home to the shocked feeling of the peoples of the Central Powers, when the stern spectre of famine first began to haunt the civilian multitudes dwelling otherwise in security, perhaps hundreds of miles behind the embattled fronts, the dread of ultimate starvation would not down. It sat, a fearsome guest, a gaunt monitor, as at Belshazzar's feast, down at table. In the midst of momentary plenty it cast a damp on the spirits. It was an ever-present, looming, intangible, all-pervasive peril from which, despite brave words, there seemed no

escape. With pithy, grappling force and truth did one of the British cabinet members in Parliament liken this dimly approaching ghost to the Spanish garrote. In speaking this orator seized his own throat, clutched it tight, squeezed it harder, while the Commons hung on his words, and mumbled: "Thus it will be, gentlemen—like a neckcloth of fate—shutting off breath, throttling, shutting off life itself."

He spoke but too truly. His gruesome simile seems being verified; at best the process of throttling has taken longer than he surmised.

For the past eighteen months and more no topic has been discussed so generally, with such feverish interest, and absorbing zeal throughout the length and breadth of Austria-Hungary (precisely, too, the case in Germany) as has been the food problem.

And is it any wonder? Little by little, at first month by month, next week by week, then day by day, almost hour by hour, the lurking issue has become more sharply defined, its outlines more clearly apprehended; fear of it has crept into hearts at first undaunted. Government regulations came tumbling one upon the other. They could not exorcise the palsy. Always everything resolved itself into the simple question: But will there be enough?

And that question could not be evaded. Much, amazingly much, has been done by science, both in Austria-Hungary and Germany, to solve the riddle of how to make a great deal of little. Under the sharp spur of grim necessity rigid economy in foodstuffs became the chief civic virtue; privation became a sacrificial donation on the altar of patriotism; the latter turned a pitiless Juggernaut mowing down hecatombs of the poor and defenceless, the weak, the young, the ailing and the aged.

But the rude question still remained, staring everybody in the face: Will there be enough?

By all sorts of scientific legerdemain it was attempted to befog and befool the crude minds of the multitude, to make them believe, contrary to the evidence of their senses, that black was white, and that the decreasing rations of food doled out to them really sufficed to sustain their strength and preserve their lives. All sorts of panaceas were vaunted. Inventors turned up of a sudden proving infallibly, with a huge display of printer's ink and flaring posters, with darksome chemical formulas beyond cavil, by testimonials from the highest living authorities, proving past doubt that certain cakes of yeast preparation easily would take the place of meat and eggs, not alone in nourishing qualities, but also in toothsomeness, in keeping the vigour of body intact,—and all for a mere trifle. When Holland and Germany still sent North Sea fish to Austria, it was represented to be in all respects the equivalent of beef or pork. And some believed it. But after a while the fish itself no longer came. All manner of substitutes cropped up, belauded and introduced on great authority—among them, for example, alleged gelatine and glutinous articles of diet, several of them subsequently discovered to be fraudulent, others derived from processes and substances disgusting and repulsive to human stomachs; in some cases forbidden by the authorities. Other surrogates for animal fats (of which the lack began to play havoc with the health and strength of the working classes at an early stage) were shown to be very inferior as nutrients and yielding enormous returns to the manufacturers and dealers, in some instances 600 to 800 per cent.

Yet with it all the old question persisted: Will there, after all, be enough to go around?

This question of food is the most interesting one in Austria-Hungary. For it concerns every person there every day. The war has brought the nations of the Central Powers back to first principles. It has reduced life once more to its prime essential: a sufficiency of nourishment. It is like a revival of primordial instincts, like the age of the cave man back again. True, the fighting losses touch them all, in a way, but even they, dreadful as they are, come into immediate personal contact only once in a while and with many persons not at all. Almost everybody has sons or brothers or husbands or fathers there, at the front, far away, fighting for their homes and their countries. But thousands of them have gone through these years of danger unscathed, and even when wounded or killed it is but one blow, one shock in a long while. But this food danger and food urgency hammer and knock at every door three times a day, and it demands instant attention, instant solution, even if but a momentary one. It is the supreme question. It is not only a stomach question, but one of the soul, of its endurance and fitness to cope with the portentous future as well.

And for this reason, too, it is perfectly natural that the newspapers throughout the monarchy, in all its polyglot vocabulary, ring the daily changes on it. There is an immense variety in the topic, as one soon discovers, albeit at first flush it would seem so concretely simple a one. For besides the mere items of shifting prices, of discovering dealers with possibly some condiments or articles out of the common, the permanent task of finding places with a sufficient stock of edibles, and so on, there is the kaleidoscopic daily game of watching the latest government or municipal orders, decrees, publication of fines or jail sentences (for swindling customers, for hid-

ing or hoarding, for refusing to sell, for purloining or manipulating or counterfeiting "food cards"; for overcharging or adulterating), the new directions to be observed in purchasing or in obtaining "food cards." All this keeps interest at white-heat. It never is allowed to flag. There are forever later and latest developments. Then there is the never-failing subject of abusing the government for some new real or fancied blunder in food distribution. That in itself is a broad topic. It serves as a safety-valve, no doubt. And certainly in every part of the monarchy, in Austria as well as in Hungary, there have been, at various times, committed some glaring mistakes. Here as well as in Germany it has been the large centres of population, especially the industrial ones, that have suffered most that way. This country ought to learn betimes from the errors committed there.

Food experts have been figuring on the amount of nourishment absolutely required for growing children and adults to keep in health and vigour. And while their findings in different countries, even in different parts of the same country, have varied greatly, there appears to be a practical unanimity as to the amount below which it is dangerous to go in this respect. For the soldier in active service three pounds of varied edibles per diem seemed about the unit. For civilians performing hard labour two pounds and a half is considered the thing. For women, middle-aged men and others moderately exercised two pounds or a little less will do. For children between twelve and sixteen rather more than two pounds is requisite. All this being understood that albuminous foodstuffs must form between twenty-five and thirty-five per cent. of the whole.

But if that be so, then all Austria-Hungary and Germany have been underfed ever since the fall of 1914.

Measured by this test, by the bed rock of the essentials of animal life, so to speak, both countries have now been undergoing the slow process of starvation for more than thirty months. Their vitality must have been sapped incredibly. And indeed this appears truly to be the case. I will point this out more in detail further below.

The food problem is the crucial one. On its solution chiefly depends Austria-Hungary's ability to bear the brunt of this war to the bitter end. To judge this question with a fair degree of accuracy, a number of factors must be taken into account. I will go into them seriatim.

One of them certainly is the influence of famine—or, as far as Hungary goes, of at least scarcity and high prices of foodstuffs—on the general health. I don't know what technically can be designated as famine. But when even in Hungary a chicken costs five dollars and a goose twenty, and when in Vienna a city employé, a married man, confessed to me that for the past two years he had not even tasted meat, I think it may be fairly asserted that a condition closely bordering on famine really does exist. When I left Vienna the bakers' shops were besieged, day after day, by hundreds of women, children and aged men, waiting hours for their small rations of bread—half a pound per day each person. And such bread! The fighting men at the front are better off. But in the "hinterland" the civilian population suffers more or less severely from an insufficiency of nourishing food. And it is precisely the feeble and sickly, the babies, women, children and the aged who are injured the most. It will be in the end a fearful illustration of the Darwinian survival of the fittest. As witness the official statistics of Budapest, the Hungarian capital, for the twelvemonth ending August 31, 1916. They show that, chiefly owing to lack of milk, infant mortality there has been

more than treble what it was in 1914. The authentic figures for Vienna indicate a similar state. For the empire as a whole and for the entire civilian population, regardless of age, the figures are not now available, but from all sorts of more or less reliable reports, such as those of medical associations and of benevolent societies, it would seem that the number of deaths due to lack of nourishment, wholly or in part, must be appalling. Several physicians of my acquaintance in Vienna assured me that this long-continued malnutrition has wrought havoc with the health and stamina in the proletarian districts of the city, leading to permanent injury to the constitution in most cases, and to downright slow starvation in others.

For a variety of reasons, some of them obvious, the governments of Austria and of Hungary do not choose to publish the facts as to this matter. Indeed, it is officially claimed that the death-rate among adults (leaving out the men at the front) is lower than formerly. Among the leading Austrian traits is patience, incredible patience, as a fiery patriotism is an Hungarian one. Yet with my own eyes I have seen a number of famine riots in Vienna.

One of them started in a socialist quarter of the city (Hernals), and under the leadership of a score of determined men and women the dense throng, numbering several thousands, attempted to cleave its way through the cordon of police to the abode of the late emperor, Schoenbrunn, until dispersed by force. On another occasion, late in September last, a large procession, mostly women and children, famine-crazed and nearly out of their wits, tried to fight its way to the municipal building. Their intention was to make a public and striking demonstration in order to compel the mayor to provide and equally distribute sufficient food for the needy. This crowd like-

wise came from one of the leading socialist sections of the town, from Ottakring, and many of the women forming part of it looked haggard, desperate and starving. Some had pallid, puny babies clinging to their wasted bosoms. This multitude also was beaten back by the vigilant police. The scene impressed me powerfully. It reminded one of the stricken quarters of Paris in the year 1789, and of the grim forerunners of the great Revolution. These women with streaming hair, too, seemed to prefer a merciful bullet to a lingering death by hunger.

With the awful spectacle yet fresh in my mind I obtained, on the afternoon of the same day, an interview with Count Stuergkh, then the premier of Austria, whom I interpellated on the above occurrence. All he would say, in answer to my questions, was, Yes, the police had already made a report on the matter; that it was trivial and hardly worthy of note; an unavoidable incident in a war of such magnitude. *Nil nisi bonum.* The man is dead now, and his callous reply was buried with him. And I do not care to repeat and amplify the accusations popularly brought against him and that had very likely done much to stir dissatisfaction with his course and to arm his slayer with the deadly weapon. Suffice it to say that he was either unable or unwilling, or both, to handle successfully the problem of a rigidly just and adequate distribution of the necessaries of life.

Dr. Weiskirchner, the mayor of Vienna, on the other hand, did all that was humanly possible to relieve distress caused by insufficiency of food. He personally exerted himself to the utmost of his power. Trustworthy and efficient agents of his purchased flour in Hungary, Rumania and Moravia; potatoes, peas, beans, chickens and geese in Galicia; coal in Prussian Silesia and Bohemia. And he saw to it, overcoming every obstacle, that

this fuel and those provisions reached the city even in the dead of winter, and that they were sold to the indigent population at cost price. In this way he expended 31,000,000 Austrian crowns of the city's money, which has been slowly refunded. Dr. Barczy, mayor of Budapest, later imitated the example thus set.

Food conditions vary greatly in different parts of the monarchy. They are vastly better in Hungary than in Austria, Hungary being largely an agricultural country, whereas in Austria industrial interests predominate. Normally, Austria imports about one-third of her provisions, largely from Hungary, the remainder from Servia and Rumania; from the latter cereals and petroleum, from the former pigs, sheep and cattle. The harvest of 1916 and that of 1917 will tell a different story. The 1916 crop was less than middling. A portion, owing to unfavourable weather prevailing during harvest time, as well as to insufficient help, spoiled on the ground. It was especially deficient in breadstuffs, whereas in hay, in cattle feed, in barley and oats it was above the average. As Hungary now needs her produce for her own population, relatively little finds its way into Austria, even at extravagant prices. Importation from Hungary of certain classes of food (wheat, flour, pork, cattle,) has almost entirely ceased. Until spring of 1916, cheese, condensed milk, potatoes, and herrings from Holland, butter from Denmark, condensed milk, cheese, honey from Switzerland, and canned fish from Norway, though in steadily diminishing bulk and at very steep prices, could be procured. All that has stopped long ago.

If the foodstuffs of both Hungary and Austria were put into a joint pool, so to speak, and the people of the whole monarchy fed out of it evenly, there would be no serious difficulty. It would mean that everybody would

receive about 70 per cent. of the normal supply of peace days. But Hungary is a sovereign state, just as much as is Austria, and Hungarians do not propose to stint themselves to please the people of the other half of the Dual Monarchy. How much of this strictly selfish attitude may be due to the undeniable fact that there is, ordinarily speaking, little love lost even to-day between Hungarians (still sore from the treatment accorded their country and nation up to 1867, and smarting from mutual recriminations, jealousies and economic distrust since that time) and Austrians, it is hard to say. That it plays, however, quite a figure in these times of stress cannot well be doubted. The sentiment of dislike still prevailing both in Hungary and Austria, is so universal that it had to be reckoned with even at the front. Hungarians are loth to serve under Austrian leadership and officers, and vice versa; neither has the mingling of Austrians and Hungarians within the same regiments at all answered. Each part fought loyally and bravely enough for the same ends and within the same army; but near proximity of one to the other could not be endured and invariably led to trouble and relaxed discipline. In short, the relations subsisting between the two countries making up the Dual Monarchy are peculiar, to say the least, and though fighting for the very political existence of each unit, and of the two jointly, even this common mortal danger has not drawn Hungary to Austria or Austria to Hungary. At best they have each striven for a continuance of the *modus vivendi* that has held good for a generation or so, and the slow progress of the pending *Ausgleich* negotiations that are intended to put, every ten years, the two halves on a slightly modified footing towards each other, shows again that, psychologically

considered, they have not been drawn closer together since 1914.

At any rate, consistent with the fact that Hungary is and means to remain an independent economic entity, war or no war, Austria has not received much help from Hungary in the matter of food supply. And hence, Austria goes short in her rations—alarmingly short.

During September and October, 1916, the poor in Vienna had to go without potatoes; and bread, their only other staple, was sold in but insufficient bulk. The bread in October consisted of 20 per cent. of rye, 20 per cent. of wheat, and 30 per cent. each of oats and barley. It was not very palatable, but it was decidedly better than the bread of a year before, which contained 75 per cent. of maize, a cereal which Vienna bakers were not accustomed to, and which, therefore, they did not know what to do with and how to handle. Thus they turned out a bread that was bitter of taste, heavy, of unpleasant odour, and hard to digest. Stomach and intestinal complaints at that period increased 140 per cent. in Vienna and vicinity.

Prices soared, of course. By the autumn of 1916 meat of better quality ranged from 12 to 17 crowns per kilo, or about $1.10 to $1.60 the pound. Bacon, ham, sausage, even higher, and very hard to obtain at any price; butter, $1 to $1.20 a pound; milk, 8 cents per quart, as fixed by the government, but very little of it; cheeses, according to grade, 80 cents to $1.40 a pound. But bread and potatoes had legal maximum prices. Bread then sold at 9 cents the pound, potatoes at from 5 to 10 cents the pound, according to kind. These figures have since enhanced an average of about 25 to 30 per cent.

Mistakes in handling the food situation have been made, of course, by the governments of both Austria and Hungary. Aside from a failure to issue and enforce

workable regulations insuring a fair distribution of the existing chief foodstuffs, at tolerable prices, the worst sin of omission consisted probably in not preventing the hoarding of provisions by the well-to-do classes. These, indeed, with few exceptions, have hidden away immense stores of eatables not easily perishable, such as smoked, dried and pickled meats and fish, bacon, ham, sausages, also flour, macaroni, rice, peas, millet, beans, lentils, pulse, poppy seed, sugar, coffee, tea, cocoa, condensed milk, cheese, butter, lard, canned goods, etc. I venture to say that many, many million pounds of these various comestibles have been secreted, while the poor in only too many instances are in dire need of food of any kind. It is because of this prime longing for more edibles, too, that even the underworld has shifted its operations. There have been and are more thefts of food being committed throughout the Austria of to-day than of any other kind of movable property. So thoroughly has this private piling-up of eatables been done in Austria—and, though in smaller degree, in Hungary as well—that many articles have completely disappeared from the open market, such as macaroni, noodles, rice, lentils, peas, sardines and other preserved fish.

The appointment of a "food dictator" in each of the two halves of the monarchy, though long delayed, was at last accomplished, largely on the same plan and with similarly comprehensive powers as those conferred on the food dictator in Germany. Unfortunately this step came too late to achieve much in the face of the enormous difficulties in the way. Conditions seem well-nigh hopeless, unless the above hoards are seized and confiscated for the common good. For though the conquest of Rumania has been exploited beforehand as a means of bringing to the Central Powers colossal quantities of

cereals, this turned out a delusion, after all. The Rumanian provisions were found to be inconsiderable when expected to supply the requirements of two hungry nations aggregating 120 millions in population. They were but a drop in the bucket. In Rumania the same sort of tactics had been pursued which the Russians had brought into play in the fall of 1915, when falling back in Galicia and Russian Poland. They then destroyed or removed all the foodstuffs, cattle, grain, etc., and even systematically set fire to the fields where the corn was ripening.

To strike a rough sort of balance, it might be said that the Austrian people, in their vast majority, are now subsisting on about half the amount of food they habitually consumed before the war. They must also go without many accustomed articles of diet. This is probably rather overestimating the quantity than the reverse. For the last harvest showed unmistakably that even if the soil had furnished a crop more propitious than it was, there were not enough hands to garner it. The monarchy having hitherto clung to rather antiquated and primitive methods of agriculture, there is nothing like the same number of reapers, threshing machines, etc., in the country as there is in Germany, and the absence of millions of sturdy men at the front means much more. In all likelihood this defect will prove fatal the coming harvest time.

The deficient diet now adhered to for 30 months and become during the last twelve months much more intensified than at first, may be beneficial for a time and with some restricted classes of the population. The Spartan fare this war has imposed upon the rotund Viennese burgher, for instance—for pleasure-loving Vienna has always been noted for overfeeding—may be a blessing in

disguise to the few. But only for a time is this true. The limit has long ago been exceeded. And with that far more numerous part of the population whose means at no time admitted of such a surfeit, the case is much more serious. At the front, of course, the matter is different. There, in fact, innumerable soldiers—in civil life mountaineers, peasants, field labourers, herdsmen, woodcutters and timbermen, etc.—are still receiving much more meat and rich food than they have been accustomed to, and more than is good for them, since they had fared all their lives on mush and gruel, milk, eggs and bread. But their supplies will not help the half-starving civilians far away.

In connection with the food problem I will mention that during several visits which I paid to large prison and detention camps, careful investigation proved that the charge repeatedly made in the foreign press, that these wards were purposely underfed, is groundless. The prisoners looked to me, with relatively few exceptions, healthy and strong. To be sure, they nearly all complained of insufficient food; but Austria makes reply to that by saying that they receive as much as or more food than the labouring civilians of her own population, and that she cannot afford to treat her enemies better than her own people.

Intimately allied to the food shortage is also the shortage or entire absence of industrial products hitherto considered indispensable in civilised countries, and the importation of which first greatly diminished and then wholly ceased in consequence of the increasing stringency of the British blockade and the steps taken by England to prevent neutral neighbouring countries, chiefly Scandinavia and Holland, from supplying the deficiency. This fact, it is well known, plays also an im-

portant part in the tottering economic life of the Central Powers, and owing to the less efficient industrialism of Austria-Hungary the consequences have been, quite early in the titanic struggle, much more deleterious there than in Germany. To offset this partially at least much has been done in the monarchy.

One of the most interesting attempts to supply a substitute for the real article is the systematic utilisation of the nettle fibre in lieu of cotton. The last years before the war Austria-Hungary and Germany imported on an annual average over one hundred million dollars' worth of American cotton alone. Cotton mills in Austria rapidly increased in number and output. They largely supplied the Balkan with cotton goods of their make. Importation ceased. Soon there was lack of raw cotton.

It was an Austrian scientific expert, Dr. Gottfried Richter of Vienna, who after painstaking experiments dating back some fifteen years, in the fall of 1914 at last hit upon a method of decortation by means of which the fibre of the ordinary middle-European nettle plant, the stinging-nettle so-called, for the first time has been made commercially available for spinning and weaving cloths of every kind not only equal, but in several respects actually superior, to cotton products. His invention was for some time theoretically and practically tested from every point of view, and found to answer all reasonable requirements.

These tests began in the fall of 1914 and have lasted, even after the invention began to be fructified, until the present hour. Quite a number of other chemists had laboured for a long time before to solve the same problem of making the nettle fibre—of which before the advent of cotton, centuries ago, certain fine and costly cloths had been spun, especially for ladies' kerchiefs—com-

mercially available. At one time, late in the 80's, Bismarck had sought to encourage this by offering large government premiums in Germany. The one great drawback to the nettle fibre, its excess of vegetable glue, could not be overcome, except at relatively high cost and by tedious and repeated processes of maceration. But the Richter process, as above stated, did at last obviate this great difficulty.

Without going into all the details, suffice it to say that since the spring of 1915 nettle fibre has been obtained on a large scale, both in Austria-Hungary and in Germany, and has been utilised for the manufacture of both coarse and fine yarns, out of which cambric, sheetings, cloths of various grades, and other stuffs have been made.

To do this successfully two things had to precede it: Namely, the extensive growing, harvesting and preparing of the raw nettle fibre; and, secondly, the adapting of all the machinery used in mills and factories where hitherto but cotton yarns had been spun. The first of these, the obtaining of raw material in sufficient quantities, was not as hard as the second. The weed itself, the nettle, grows in enormous masses on waste and unoccupied soil, both in Germany and Austria-Hungary. During 1916 vast tracts and waste lands, aggregating hundreds of thousands of acres, have been specially utilised for nettle growing in the three countries. Much of the rocky and otherwise sterile land of Austria particularly is splendidly adapted to the cultivation of the nettle, and under cultivation the plant itself improves and its raw fibre obtains a higher value for textile purposes. Cheap labour, mainly that of peasant women and children, is also in abundance.

The adapting of the various machinery to its novel material proved not so easy. There were failures at

first, but this difficulty also adjusted itself after awhile, and in the spring of 1915 the first cotton mills in Bohemia, chiefly in Reichenbach and the outlying districts, were turning out finished product. At that time this was only done on a small scale. The whole thing was as yet in the experimental stage. But during the past year the manufacture of standard commodities has been done on quite an extensive scale. Exact figures are not at my disposal, but, as a rough estimate from the data in my possession, I should say that the output of nettle stuffs of various grades totaling some twenty-six million yards and of a selling value of about $3,450,000, has been turned out by the Austrian mills alone. These are, in this matter, ahead of Germany, and, of course, also of Hungary. No reliable figures can be quoted from either of the last named two countries as yet. But there, too, the matter has now passed beyond the merely experimental.

Early last fall, during October, contracts were made, both on the part of the governments and by private concerns, for the enormous extension of nettle raising, harvesting, preparation and spinning of the fibre during the season of 1917. This applies to both empires. It may be expected that in the fall of the current year enough of the nettle fibre will be worked up into textiles of every grade to go far towards supplying at least the most pressing needs of the two countries.

This is especially true as regards the requirements of the army. I myself saw, four months ago, strong, durable and rather handsome nettle cloth worked up into uniforms for the Austrian and Hungarian soldiers. It seemed a mixture, in about equal proportions, of nettle fibre and wool. It did not shrink, was warm and very serviceable. The nettle fibre gave it a peculiar silky gloss.

The number of spinning mills adapting themselves to this new textile fibre is steadily increasing. It seems certain that this whole evolution is not a mere temporary thing, but that account will have to be taken of it for the time after the war.

Rubber is another commodity much needed. All the "synthetic" rubbers produced in chemical laboratories, both in Austria-Hungary and Germany, turned out a delusion and a snare. Every bit of manufactured rubber within the monarchy was seized for army requirements long ago. Each pound of hard, brittle, used rubber was "renovated" chemically. Hospital needs are, perhaps, the greatest as to rubber. For autos new tires were made of elastic wire springs, but they are inferior.

The scarcity of leather is another drawback. Sole leather is no longer procurable, save for army uses. Children rich and poor have taken to wearing sandals, all of wood but the straps. And thus it is that from dawn till night, in every street and lane and alley of Austrian and Hungarian towns, you will hear the chorus: clip-clap, clip-clap! made by myriads of clattering, active, restless children. Adults wear felt slippers or have their soles renewed by plastering them over with thin strips of old leather cut off from derelict footwear.

Nitrogen from the air—another eminently important chemical process, and one which in Germany has scored triumphs during the past two years. In Austria the process was introduced by experts sent from Berlin, and some success has been attained, but far behind Germany's agricultural industry. Indeed, fertiliser of any kind has not been in much use, in Austria-Hungary, up to the war.

Since the war began I have made the circuit of Austria-Hungary twice, inquiring and observing. From per-

sonal study I may say that industry, trade and general business are, so far as data are obtainable, in a surprisingly flourishing state. What are known as "war industries" partake, of course, most largely of this prosperity, short-lived and inherently fallacious as it may be. Hundreds of new millionaire contractors and dealers in army supplies have sprung up.

But the manner in which Austria-Hungary has raised the sinews of war by her own unaided strength compels admiration. Notoriously a land not abounding in liquid capital, the Hungarian half indeed greatly dependent on foreign investors, she has issued six war loans, nearly altogether subscribed for by her own population and totalling some forty billions of Austrian crowns. With that, the number of individual subscribers, running as they do high into the millions, and the many small amounts, show that the middle and even the labouring classes vie with the wealthier ones in patriotism and confidence in an ultimate favourable peace.

In round numbers, Austria-Hungary has up to the present put some five millions and a half of men into the field. That means in excess of ten per cent. of the total population. But it must be remembered that from the available men of physical fitness and military age very large deductions had to be made. Take Galicia, for instance. That province with its eight millions is the most populous in Austria. In the wake of the Russian invasion, at the very outset of the war, and until the fall of 1915, at the orders of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholayevitch, the generalissimo, between 350,000 and 400,000 males of Galicia were sent off from the occupied districts of that province into the interior of Russia, many of them as far as Siberia or the Volga districts, with the view of diminishing Austria-Hungary's military

resources. To that extent, therefore, the armies of the monarchy were weakened. Again, in South Tyrol and along the Adriatic coast line, long before hostilities were actually declared by Italy, a considerable percentage of the men of Italian stock, won over by the unremitting Italian propaganda, had gone over the border and joined the foe.

Thus it happens that while in Germany 45 years is the age limit of the men sent to the front, in Austria it was 50 quite early in the struggle, and for some months this limit was raised to 55 years, in Hungary at least. For a considerable time, youths from 17 upwards, if strong and fit enough, have been enrolled in the ranks of the fighters. Not alone that, however. The physical standard for the men and boys called to arms has steadily been lowered, until to-day even those with incipient tuberculosis or otherwise showing grave defects are included.

That under these circumstances the men of Austria-Hungary are fighting as well as they undoubtedly do, is one of the marvels of this unprecedented war, especially if one considers the enormous hardships they have to undergo all along in such sections of the front as the Tyrolese mountain ranges, the Carpathians, and part of the foremost line towards Russia.

But, after all, it is the food question mainly which will decide the war as a whole.

I recall, with a strange clutching at my heart, the last time I sat at an Austrian family table. On my right was a demure little lady of five, with curly head and big, innocent eyes, and she laughed and prattled as only children of pleasure-loving, joyous Vienna can, I think. The host, too, was gay and debonair, as he toasted "America" in the fiery grape juice of Grinzing. But all

of a sudden a shadow seemed to fall athwart the table, and everybody became silent. It was the haunting fear of Austria-Hungary, the fear of ultimate starvation, that had stalked in and frozen us all.

CHAPTER XIV

ECONOMIC TROUBLES AND THEIR REMEDY

Astounding backwardness in the material development of Austria-Hungary—Agricultural methods, with the exception of few provinces, quite primitive—Little use of labour-saving devices—Small imports in fertiliser—Average annual yield, according to official war statistics, for the whole monarchy only slightly over half that per acre in Germany—And this despite a more fertile soil—Hungary especially behind—Bohemia again leads—Austrian and Hungarian industry largely the product of German enterprise and management—Finances altogether in Jewish hands—Foreign capital invested—French and Belgian loans and investments before the war—Railroads now mainly under state ownership or control—Some exceptions—Railroads do not pay—The question of water power—Few captains of industry—Capital locked up in land—Outlook under more progressive conditions.

Travelling to and fro in Austria-Hungary and asking the why and wherefore of things, the foreign observer is struck by the material retrogression of the country when viewed as a whole. The decisive test in this respect must be the state of agriculture. In Hungary, counting in the rural day labourers, almost 76 per cent. of the total population are engaged in occupations connected with cultivation of the soil. In the other half, in Austria, but 48 per cent. are agriculturally employed. For the entire Dual Monarchy, taking due account of the population in both halves, the figure, therefore, comes to 62 per cent. True, there are large tracts barren and almost wholly unproductive. This is the case, for instance,

in the so-called *Karst* or *Carso* lands, the steep mountain ridges fronting Italy in the region of Carinthia, Carniola, Gradiska and Görz (or Gorizia, as the Italians have baptised it); it also applies to most of Dalmatia, to the whole of Croatia, to portions of the Tyrol, of Styria, to the more elevated sections of the Transylvanian Alpine range, and even to districts of Upper Austria and the Carpathians. The Karst, for example, is one of the most forbidding areas to be found anywhere in Europe. Its arid, scarred plateaus and valleys, its abrupt declivities and serrated mountains are sterile and unproductive in exceptional degree. On its bare rocks not even weeds will grow. And the Slovene population dwelling there in an inhospitable climate, exposed to keen northern winds, although perhaps the most abstemious race under the canopy, are but able to wring enough from this ungrateful, infertile ground to keep them from starvation. And this, too, they have been enabled to accomplish only by a system which, I believe, is unique in the world. I refer to the *dolinen*—hollows of restricted size which the forces of nature—mountain torrents, snow and rain, have gradually, in the course of many centuries, scooped out on these bleak plateaus, in spots more or less sheltered from the rough and desiccating blasts that sweep in from the north and east during most of the year. Painfully digging up earth clinging here and there to tree-studded chasms, often miles and miles away from their miserable homes, these sturdy Slovene peasants, with their wives and children have carried such crumbs of earth to the *dolinen* in baskets, sacks and vessels, even in aprons and bedsheets, and emptied them there, weighting this earth down against the blustering wind with stones. Then they fenced in these bits of soil, watering, tending them, watching them with unremitting care, and

planting seeds, sowing these strips with infinite patience, until they bore scant fruit of every kind. A *doline,* comprising an acre or two of such soil, is a marvel. Their owner is a man of consequence in his commune. He is regarded as relatively wealthy. The possessor of several such *dolinen* is a Crœsus, universally envied. The produce gotten out of such usually oval or circle-shaped hollows is varied. From Indian corn and oats, barley and millet, it ranges to melons and all sorts of vegetables which, packed snug and tight, the wife and daughters will then carry, again on their backs, down to the larger villages and towns, quite a distance away, to sell in summer and fall. Dalmatia, grand in scenery, is likewise niggardly in productive soil. Mostly it is a narrow green fringe on the Adriatic coast, with boldly rising bare mountains behind. Its population, wholly and pronouncedly Slav in all but the few ports and coast towns like Cattaro, Ragusa, Spalato (where there is an Italian element numbering altogether not exceeding 25,000), and even on the hundreds of islands that lie dreaming in imperishable beauty on the bosom of the purple sea, live in dire poverty. In their half-oriental and wholly picturesque costume they may be seen wandering about the more prosperous provinces of the monarchy, as pedlars, knife-grinders, etc., by the hundreds—tall, sinewy fellows, typical mountaineers with their hawk-like faces. Istria, again, all but a small portion by the seaside, is arid and poor. And up in the Alpine regions of Transylvania also very little is growing that man may use.

But on the other hand, Austria-Hungary judged as a whole is decidedly more fertile than Germany. Over in the Teutonic empire there are no such marvellous garden spots as, for instance, the Alföld of the Hungarian lowlands. That Alföld is a region—the most extensive

of its kind in the whole of Europe—which alone equals half of Germany in intrinsic productiveness. And Bohemia is a country of great natural fertility. There are other portions of the monarchy—most of Moravia, for example, which is a district where wheat and every kind of fruit, dairy products and vegetables flourish and where the peasantry are well-to-do and even rich, and Silesia, the province of Lower Austria and a good part of Styria and Salzburg—which are only second to the wonderful Alföld in yielding. Withal the climate of Austria-Hungary is pleasant and healthful, moderate in summer and winter. In its southern half it is nearly as warm as northern Italy. But it is true that the climatic changes are more sudden than in Germany and that, on the whole, the rainfall is neither as regular nor as plentiful. There are exceptions. Salzburg, a little duchy famous for its salines and scenery, bears the reputation of rivalling the Scottish Highlands in its abundance of foggy, rainy weather. But speaking generally, Austria-Hungary is certainly dryer than Germany. However, with its actual advantages of soil and climate the Dual Monarchy ought to produce, acre for acre, at least as much as its neighbour to the northwest.

But what do we find? Instead of that we find that the average annual yield per acre of cultivated soil is, for the whole monarchy, but about 58 per cent. that of Germany. For Hungary, an agricultural country *par excellence,* the relative proportion is even much less, namely, but 52; for Austria proper it rises to about 63. And the cause of this startling phenomenon? Nothing but the primitive methods still in vogue in most of Austria-Hungary. Not alone is the use of labour-saving machinery still very small (there being, to speak with exactness, but one-tenth as many motor ploughs, drillers,

threshers, reapers and other devices in the whole monarchy as there are in Germany), but the whole science of agriculture is on a much lower plane. More particularly the rotation of crops, the manner of ploughing, the preventives against damage by vermin, and (the main item!) the amount of periodical enriching of the exhausted soil by means of artificial fertilisers are behind the times and wholly inadequate. Official figures published during the war by the governments of Austria and Hungary called attention to these facts. In the matter of a supply of guano, potash, phosphates, Hungary is the greatest sinner. That country has never imported more than about 50,000 tons of these commodities during any one year. Estates which ought to have yielded about 25 bushels of cereals per acre did not yield more than eight. Besides the traditional farm dungheap in front of the peasant's hut no other manure is used, or even known of. The soil of the Alföld, although apparently inexhaustible, is being impoverished year after year. So much so that the crops of Hungary, with a rapidly increasing population, are steadily diminishing. But a few years ago she was able to export an average of 41 per cent. of her whole crop to Austria and Germany. This has dwindled to-day to but 33. Extensive agriculture in Hungary and, in a less pronounced way, in Austria, too, has also something to do with it. In Hungary a score or so of the noble historical families and Magnates (the Palffys, Esterhazys, Zichys, Serenyis, etc.) own one-sixth of the soil; but they produce only about one-fifteenth of the crop. In Bohemia a handful of the wealthiest aristocrats, with the Princes Schwarzenberg at their head, are possessors of seven per cent. of the whole kingdom, and they, too, harvest but about two per cent. of the total yield. It is similar elsewhere. Too much is left

uncultivated, mostly for hunting purposes, while in other districts the peasants have to sell out and emigrate because of lacking land. This is even true of such provinces in the heart of Austria as Lower and Upper Austria, and not only of Galicia or Croatia. The government, the parliaments, have done little, if anything, to counteract these evil effects of an unequal distribution of the arable land. In Styria, a province of unrivalled scenic attractions, the population of which is more than two-thirds of Teuton strain, there has been intense dissatisfaction for years over this problem of land tenure. Thousands of her "forest peasantry," as sturdy and patriotic stock as there is anywhere, have been dispossessed by capitalistic land speculators who have crowded them out. These peasants afterwards, with little money in their pockets, went to swell the socialist proletariat in the cities, or else emigrated to Canada or the United States, a serious loss to their native country.

On the face of it, too, it is singular that both meats and cereals, as well as dairy products like butter and cheese, even before the war, years and years ago, have been higher in price than in more densely peopled and less agricultural Germany. But some of the points cited above go far to explain the curious fact. Even in Hungary itself, where seven persons out of every ten are tillers of the soil, prices of the necessaries of life rule higher. And while much discussion is going on all the while in the press of the monarchy, no serious steps to improve these essentially unhealthy conditions have been taken or even proposed in either half. There are, truth to tell, certain outlying provinces, such as Galicia and Bosnia-Hercegovina, where living is still cheap and the products of the country command but very low prices. But that again is owing to abnormal conditions (amongst

which distance from markets and scarcity of railroads and other ready means of communication must be classed first), and can hardly be termed a benefit to the country as a whole.

To what an extent a sober spirit of progress, coupled with steady industry, may promote husbandry in all its aspects, can best be seen in Bohemia. That little country, some sixty years ago, was still deep in mediævalism regarding tillage of its soil. Now it produces proportionately the most. Its average per acre is highest in the whole monarchy. Thoroughly modern and sensible methods have been adopted. With a climate perceptibly less clement than in provinces to the south and with soil of only moderate fertility, it has outstripped them all. And this applies both to the Czech and the Teutonic part of it. If a few of her princely land-owners could be made to disgorge some hundreds of thousands of their acres, Bohemia would be still better off in this respect.

While on this topic another point deserves mention. That is the excessive number of holidays observed in the Dual Monarchy. There is but one country in Europe that excels her—Russia. But in Austria, for instance, the holidays kept and enjoined by Church and State rise to 85 per annum. This perennial merrymaking and abstention from labour suits, no doubt, the temper of a happy-go-lucky population. But its economic effects, in an age when rivalry and competition among the various nations are keen and likely to become keener, are nothing short of deplorable. Two holidays usually falling together, or else towards the close of the week, a third one is added by many roystering persons of both sexes, and the outcome is not only a grave loss in earnings all around, but also too often in diligence and morals. Yet the Church not only encourages this state of things, but

praises it as conducive to true piety. The socialist parties also are against a reduction of these days of leisure —too often they are days of debauchery as well—taking the ground that it is good to get all the fun possible out of life, and that there can never be enough of that, while the State silently lends its weight to this view of things.

Now it will have been noticed that these drawbacks to a healthy and progressive state of agriculture throughout the Dual Monarchy are not inherent; that is, they are nearly all remediable. And an enlightened and energetic government, consistently supported by the two parliaments, could soon retrieve things. But that presupposes once more that the race strife, which hitherto has pre-empted most of the political energy of the land, will happily be ended.

As to the industry and the manufactures of Austria-Hungary, it is not too much to say that they are largely owing their inception and their present relative prosperity to German incentive—that is, German from the neighbouring empire. Technically in particular both Austria and Hungary rest largely on outside help from Germany. Many of the German secret processes of manufacture have been introduced there and are in successful use. The whole chemical and dye industry is of German creation, and would collapse if that support were withdrawn. The cloth mills of Bohemia, the cotton mills everywhere, the iron and steel works of Styria, Bohemia and Carinthia, are mostly German-managed. So are, with few exceptions, the munitions works. The electric power industry (still in its infancy, however) in Styria, Carniola, Carinthia, depends on Germany proficiency. Many of the technical directors everywhere are Germans from the empire—so-called *Reichsdeutsche,* as the Austrians term them—or of German extraction. It is only

their aid, their efficiency, which enable Austria to hold her own in these lines. Most of the mines are owned by the government and operated according to antiquated methods; still, they are yielding a handsome return and are, to that extent, reducing taxation. But thorough geological surveys have never been made; there is no doubt that many deposits of rich ore are still awaiting exploitation. This applies still more to Hungary whose mineral wealth has barely been scratched, especially in Transylvania, Croatia and also in Dalmatia. Austria owns and works one of the most productive quicksilver mines in Idria, but unquestionably there are others still hidden from view. As to the rather forced and artificial industry of Hungary I have spoken elsewhere. However, with competent technical advice something may probably be made of it in certain lines, such as pottery, cotton cloths, etc. Both as to Austria and Hungary, vast sums of German capital are invested. However, in Hungary this is of rather recent date. Formerly it was French, Belgian, Dutch and English capital that was chiefly attracted to Hungary. This is true even as to Austria. All told the amount of native capital is but one-fifth that of Germany for Austria and but one-tenth for Hungary. Paris used to be the main money market for Hungary. Gas companies were formerly English in the Dual Monarchy—in fact, the British had a virtual monopoly in that line and in the metal industry, at least the technical portion of it, until ousted by German persistency. Owing in part to the heavy drain on her liquid resources made by Russia, as well as to the fact that Hungary formed part of the Dreibund, the French money market was closed to her. That became very evident during the five years preceding the war when Hungary vainly attempted to place various loans for internal improvements in Paris. There was a

financial boycott declared against Hungary by France. Thus, Hungary, too, was forced to turn to Germany as a financial backer. For Austria the same state of things antedated that of Hungary by a full decade or more.

Both Austria and Hungary are relatively poor in capital. In either country Germany has very largely superseded France and other western countries possessed of large surplus seeking profitable investment. Still, of French, British, Belgian, Dutch, American and other foreign capital (non-German) there are still tremendous amounts engaged in the Habsburg monarchy. This became statistically ascertainable early in the war, when the western belligerent nations resorted very largely to sequestration methods. In retaliating to some extent stock had to be taken, and it was then discovered that something like six billions of Austrian crowns (or normally, about $1,200,000,000) of such funds coming from nationals of enemy countries were sunk in Austrian or Hungarian enterprises, some of them very remunerative and bearing high interest indeed. The war will, of course, change all this permanently, and it is difficult to see at this writing whom the monarchy can turn to hereafter in its absolute need of capital, if not to Germany. Belgium, too, is a large creditor, especially of Hungary.

The finances of the Dual Monarchy are altogether in Jewish hands. It must be owned that, on the whole, these bankers and financiers of Hebrew extraction have evinced a loyal and patriotic spirit all through the war. Though, of course, it must not be forgotten that they could not very well help themselves. While intrinsically quite as sound, the whole banking system of Austria, her financial status, rests and leans on Germany. The connection is very strong and intimate. The largest Austro-Hungarian private institution, the Wiener Bankverein, is more than

half German. The huge government concern, the Austro-Hungarian Bank, is closely modelled after the Reichsbank in Berlin, though it possesses some special features of its own, due to its dual character. Most of the Austrian and Hungarian industrial papers, shares, values, securities, are quoted and dealt in, outside of Vienna and Budapest, only in Berlin and Frankfort. In its trade, its industrial life, in its technical development, Austria is strongly dependent on Germany, on German enterprise, German capital, German science, German patents, German example, and German guidance.

This is just a hasty and incomplete synopsis of actual economic conditions. After the war these conditions will of necessity be greatly enhanced. It is not possible to say at present, even approximately, what Austria-Hungary's financial status will be when peace is declared once more, because such a forecast depends on too many factors at present not to be determined.

The railroad question is also one calling for some reference. Originally nearly all railroads, both in Austria and Hungary, were built with foreign money, mostly British and French. In an aside it may be stated that, as in contrast with Germany, but little American capital has been invested in the Dual Monarchy. Following, however, the example set by Germany, the governments of Austria as well as of Hungary have for a number of years past, as part of a settled policy, purchased these foreign-built roads, out of hand or else their controlling interest. And this system has now proceeded far enough to make to-day the larger number of railways government-owned. In Hungary indeed the state is the proprietor of all the main lines, while the smaller ones are still largely private-owned. In Hungary, too, the zone tariff has been introduced, partly as a measure to advance industrial develop-

ment, partly for other obvious reasons, and this system has benefited the population in several respects. In Austria, however, where some of the chief lines remain in the hands of private companies, the zone tariff was not found applicable, largely because of the mountainous character of the country as a whole, and the very varying expense of maintenance, as well as because of the original great difference in the cost of construction. State-owned lines have to compete with private-owned ones in Austria at many points. One of them, for instance, is on the distance from Trieste to Vienna, where the Südbahn (which is largely built with French and British capital) must vie with the Staatsbahn.

And owing in large measure to the high cost of building in the first place (blasting through rock and mountain passes, great number of tunnels, frequent damage by avalanche or mountain streams, etc.) and to the equally high cost of maintaining the roads, they do not pay. If these roads brought a clear four per cent. they could square accounts. But they only produce, lumping them together, some two per cent., thus creating quite a large annual deficiency in the national budget. And it is difficult to see how that can be mended in the future. It is similar in Hungary in this respect, although the deficiency there is not so considerable. The reasons there are the low zone tariff, the insufficient amount of freight, and the relatively smaller density of population.

The question of water power was touched on before. To the traveller speeding through the mountain scenery of Carniola, Styria, the Carpathians, Transylvania and Carinthia it seems difficult to account for the great waste of economic forces evident there. Looking out of one's car window at the churning, rapid headwaters of the Save, the Drave, and other limpid torrents,

growing in the lowlands into mighty rivers, one is struck with this fact. Elsewhere it is the same. Relatively little of Austria's and Hungary's abundance of water power has yet been utilised for industrial purposes. What little has been done is due to German technicians from the empire. Doubtless these things will be altered before long.

It may not astonish the reader from the foregoing to be told that industry on the whole is still at a little advanced stage. It cannot be denied that much of the products of Austro-Hungarian loom, work bench and forge is quite artistic and charming; that there often is displayed fine taste and originality of conception. Many of the manufactures—such as glassware, china and tableware, leather goods, furniture and articles of domestic decoration, as well as the cloths of Bohemia, etc.—bear a stamp of their own and are appreciated by the connoisseur. But admitting all that, the fact is still true that the whole methods in vogue in its industry are antiquated and do not admit of those processes of standardising and of rendering the volume of output so large and at the same time the selling prices so cheap as to readily admit of competing with more wide-awake nations. And this, it must be remembered, in spite of the fact that wages are very low (considerably lower than in Germany, about as low as in Belgium) and other conditions, such as abundance of fuel, of ores, of water power, of non-hampering legislation, favourable to the development of industry on a large scale. And it ought not to be omitted in this list of favourable points that the labour itself, at least in those parts of the monarchy where industry is the prevailing occupation—such as the northern and western districts of Bohemia, Lower Austria, Moravia, etc.—is to be easily had of all grades, from the highly intelligent,

thoroughly skilled and more exacting to the less intelligent and poorly paid type.

Yet for all that a thoroughly modern industry, based on exact science, so to speak, one studying and adjusting nicely the most profitable sources of supply, measuring precisely all the items that go to make up the final product, and doing it on a large basis and on calculations that are backed up by unlimited capital, such an industry does not exist in either Austria or Hungary; nor is it likely to come into existence in the near future. Visiting some of the world-famed places of manufacture in that wonderfully productive corner of Bohemia the heart of which is Reichenberg, a restricted territory where smoke and flame are breathed with the air and the hum and clatter never ebb away, I was struck with the narrow horizon of the men in charge of things. There are some exceptions, that's true. The Skoda Works in Pilsen, for instance, where they turn out those formidable 42-centimetre howitzers that laid Liège and Antwerp low, is such an exception. A Czech, Baron Skoda, is the brain of the concern, and a number of able German engineers are the sub-brains. There everything is done on an enormous scale—grounds covered, trip hammers of a hundred tons apiece, 30,000 men toiling and sweating for good pay; and capital galore. And enormous profits; lately one of the Krupps became a partner. But that is one of the very few exceptions. The air of Austria or Hungary is not conducive to the growth of these modern captains of industry that elsewhere have left their mark.

And the trend of those elements in both halves of the monarchy that have capital to spare is not, on the whole, in the direction of industrial investments. They do not like to speculate. "War brides" there were, too, at the Vienna bourse, with declared dividends of hun-

dreds per cent. But the dance around the golden calf there and elsewhere within the monarchy was performed almost exclusively by the sons of those we are told first performed it—the sons of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. By very few others. The tendency of the vast majority belonging to the titled or moneyed classes in the monarchy is towards investment in land, or else safe, low interest-bearing papers. That, too, accounts for much of the success of the six war loans so far raised. Of course, with the prices paid for agricultural products, land is a safe investment. Curiously enough, even the Jews of Austria and Hungary share, very many of them, this predilection. Any number of them have become the owners of estates, and more and more land passes into their hands. So much so that a great deal of the distinctly and violently anti-Semitic feeling in the whole country (a feeling which has become a declared party principle of the Christian Socialist and other political parties), but more particularly amongst the rural population, is directly due to it. The list of great Hebrew land-owners, most of them created barons by the crown, is constantly increasing. The head of the Vienna branch of the Rothschilds, for example, owns estates and farms covering territory the size of a duchy.

The outlook for a more prosperous economic condition in Austria-Hungary is, therefore, not very bright. At least not for the immediate future. For one thing, a great deal more liquid capital is required than there seems any near prospect of. Again, the genius of its polyglot population, while much diversified in other respects, does not seem to lie (with some notable exceptions that have been spoken of in these pages) in the direction of exceptional material progress. And lastly, the great men that the monarchy as a whole has produced

have achieved triumphs in other walks, especially in the arts and in music, or else have been forced to look for success elsewhere, in other lands where their efforts found more ready appreciation.

CHAPTER XV

AID TO NEEDY AND INJURED

Very mixed system—Red Cross organisation kept going by driblets—Voluntary contributions in small sums—Austria's nobility derived from many strains, yet patriotic in supporting the Red Cross—Some examples—Archdukes and duchesses at the head as patrons—Specialties—Archduchess Marie Theresa taking care of the "War Blind"—Archduchess Marie Valerie, daughter of the late Emperor, organising support of widows and orphans—The Knights of St. John—A huge army of crippled soldiers—Artificial limbs—Joseph Leiter and his American models—Eiselsberg, the surgeon wizard in Vienna—Daring new methods introduced in his clinics and sanitariums—Kinoplastic treatment—Artificial magnetic hands—A bullet through the head, parts of the brains gone, yet entirely recovered—American surgeons at Austrian and Hungarian hospitals—Were made very welcome—In Hungary very deficient methods—Pension legislation required in Austria-Hungary—Some scenes at the surgical hospitals.

NOTHING could illustrate more strikingly the enormous difference in national wealth between Austria-Hungary and the United States than the methods pursued in either country to provide necessary funds for the Red Cross, in fact, for aiding all the needy and injured of this long and terrible war. Here within a week, with scarcely any previous systematised agitation set afoot, really quite impromptu, a popular Red Cross fund far exceeding in amount the $100,000,000 first called for was raised. And this, too, when the palpable need of such an enormous sum had not yet been felt by the "man in the street,"

at a time when the masses of the American people had barely a theoretical knowledge of the fact that the country was at war. The millions simply poured in to be in readiness against the days to come when they will be urgently required, without any outside pressure, merely in obedience to the instinct urging hearts and hands to open wide for the relief of distress in the future. And now look at Austria-Hungary. Why, so far as I have been able to discover; *i.e.,* so far as reports have been printed and published over there, the sum of $100,000,000 —or anything near it—has not been raised there for Red Cross work during the entire three years of war. And yet that is not because the people of Austria-Hungary are too parsimonious or too callous to give of their substance for the relief of war's victims. Far from it! They are compassionate by nature, and to give for a good purpose does not come hard to them. Scarcely anywhere else is the mendicant treated so tolerantly as there. To give alms is looked upon as a prime religious duty. A tale of woe at once draws tears from their eyes. No, it is because the people of Austria-Hungary (taken in the mass) are pitiably poor in capital when compared with the people of the United States, and because the other equally well-founded claims of their country on their little substance was perpetually exhausting them that the Red Cross of Austria (and still more the Red Cross of Hungary) found it so enormously difficult to gather in the money needed to keep it going. And while in Hungary at least the national parliament was in session and thus enabled to vote, off and on, appropriations for this or similar purposes, even that was not the case in Austria. The Red Cross of Austria, in other words, throughout the stress of wartime, has been supported by none other than voluntary contributions. And

for me, a neutral onlooker, it was a wonderful and a touching thing to see how it was done.

First, of course, were the nobility of Austria in contributing both money and active help. Now, the Austrian nobility is, in a polyglot country of numerous races, one deriving from many strains. As their names alone would show even the uninitiated. This weird nobility is descended from almost every European nationality. From a printed call for aid that appeared in Vienna to replenish the emptied coffers of the Red Cross (for about the tenth time) I pick the following representative names of members of the Austrian aristocracy: Rohan (French descent), Bucquoy (Belgian), Pallavicini (Italian), Hoyos and Sylva (Spanish), Daffonsa (Portugese), Lacy and Taaffe (Irish), Blome (Dutch), Razumovsky (Russian), Hormuzaki (Rumanian), Dumba (Macedonian), Baltazzi (Greek), Abrahamovicz (Russian). But there are many other names, just as prominent as the above, showing English, Scottish, Welsh, Danish, Swedish, Flemish, even Turkish and Arabian origin. Well, this strange conglomerate which, in the ordinary sense, certainly is quite innocent of patriotism, did on the whole very well during this war in supplying sinews for it, both for the six successive war loans and for the Red Cross and other war charities. In one way and another they must have "chipped in" many millions to the fund. Aristide Baltazzi (famous in international racing circles) once gave a clear $500,000 to one of the minor charities specially appealing to him. The Prince of Arenberg (Swiss, Dutch, French) came down with $200,000 at one swoop. Of the Prince of Liechtenstein it is said that he gave all told considerably over a million. But then he is one of the wealthiest, really a sovereign in his own right (though the country he lords it over is but a tiny strip), and

from his domain he even furnished Austria with a quota of 57½ men for the army, the half man being made good by a whole one in the second year of the war. So on the whole they have not done badly, these Austrian nobles in whose veins courses the blood of many nations.

Then the imperial house, the many-branched house of Habsburg. That did pretty well, too, in this respect. It is true that not a single member of it, out of about 170, gave his life fighting at the front, whereas in Germany about a score of members belonging to the reigning families were killed in action, including several Hohenzollerns. But as I said, in support of these war charities the Habsburgs of both sexes did "their bit." Curiously enough, the late Emperor Francis Joseph was rather niggardly, although his revenues were so immense that he could by no possibility spend them. It made an almost ludicrous impression, that little item published in the Vienna papers every month, setting forth that the monarch had "again deigned" to give to the Red Cross "10,000 cigarettes, 1,200 pounds of smoking tobacco," etc. Of any large amount contributed by him throughout the war for any charitable purpose I never heard a word. But his son-in-law, Archduke Francis Salvator, had put himself at the head of the Austrian Red Cross right at the beginning of the war, and he worked indefatigably at it, devoting his entire time and energy to the task of organising, raising funds and applying them in the wisest manner. It took hard work, too, to accomplish anything like an efficient and comprehensive organisation. It required considerable time, for one thing. I recall the deficient and ill-systematised ambulance corps during the first three or four months of the war. There were not nearly enough ambulances, to begin with, and they were vehicles so ill devised as to make a jolting

ride in them a martyrdom for those conveyed. There was a great lack of ambulance trains also, and of skilled men and women in the service. On the trains many of the more seriously injured died in transit, and many more in the ambulances themselves. The great task of establishing efficient first aid to the wounded as they were brought in from the trenches or the battlefield, took much pains to accomplish. All these things were, especially in the forepart of the war, both as regards the Austrian and Hungarian contingents of the joint army, in much worse shape than was the case with the German forces. And as the number of available medical men and their assistants was also much smaller, it may readily be understood that the task of bringing order into this chaos and of evolving finally something like a really serviceable and adequate Red Cross staff and crews was in truth a herculean one. In all this, no doubt, the prestige of Archduke Francis Salvator's name and of his close relationship to the ruling monarch was of great avail. Furthermore, during the period when funds were lowest and hardest to obtain—about till spring 1915—the Archduke gave freely from his own purse, notwithstanding that he is by no means one of the wealthiest members of the Habsburg family. His wife assisted him greatly in this. She, the daughter of the late emperor, created, however, very soon a specialty of her own, one which appealed with particular force to her woman's heart—the care of and aid to the widows and orphans of soldiers killed in action or dead from illness contracted at the front. To this she devoted herself with infinite tact and with a never-tiring zeal that is beyond all praise. Of course, all she has been able to accomplish in this field up to the present day could only be patchwork. Legislation is urgently needed, both in Austria and Hungary, to ap-

propriate sums for partial relief or for permanent pensions large enough to meet the terrific requirements at least somewhat satisfactorily. This is going to be one of the greatest *post bellum* difficulties for Austria-Hungary. In former days, when the monarchy had no general and compulsory military service (therefore, up to the time of their last great war, that of 1866) pensions were so small that they were scarcely anything better than alms. And the number of pensioners, too, was never very great. But this present war has already made an enormous army of crippled and wholly or partially disabled men, one probably rather exceeding the million mark than below it. And to provide for those will alone tax poor Austria-Hungary's capacity to the utmost. Meanwhile Archduchess Marie Valerie, with the voluntary aid of the whole population, has done what was possible. But even now fearful distress prevails among many of these poor widows and orphans, for the money available is wholly insufficient.

For the successful prosecution of the Red Cross work —at least successful under the aggravating circumstances —Archduke Francis Salvator and his corps of high-born coadjutors has had to thank specially the masses of the people. The same is true of Hungary, where the Archduchess Augusta (wife of the daredevil Archduke Joseph, one of the most dashing Hungarian commanding generals) has greatly exerted herself in behalf of the Red Cross. There the participation of the Magnates (members of the historic families, the highest aristocracy) has been on a par with that of their Austrian brethren. On the whole, however, owing to the fact that Hungary is, in point of capital, twice as poor as Austria, the Red Cross work there has been much more deficient.

In Austria no part of the civilian population has done

more in the way of raising funds for the Red Cross than the school youth. Of course, those half-grown boys and girls had to be told first about the horrors of war and about the patriotic duty devolving on them to alleviate them so far as lay in their power. But the lesson was soon learnt, and to the observer it was a pathetic spectacle to see these thousands upon thousands of youths and maidens devoting themselves night and day to the task of gathering funds, cast-off clothing, shoes, periodicals, dainties for the hospitals, all sorts of commodities grown scarce yet needed urgently to prosecute the war, such as copper, cotton, leather, nickel, worn-out silver plate, etc., etc. On certain stated days these scholars of both sexes, picked, of course, by the teaching staffs for their spotless characters and for a strong sense of duty —the press having first made known the fact—to the number of many thousands and working under the supervision of responsible and experienced adults would sally forth. Some days the object was just the collection of cash money. They would be furnished with capacious, locked cash boxes (something like children's savings banks) and with a supply of some artificial flowers. These were donated by the manufacturers by the million. On one day it would be a scarlet poppy, again a geranium, a chrysanthemum, a rose, a pink, etc. The minimum permissible contribution would be proclaimed and published, usually a nickel coin worth four cents, and nearly everybody, high and low, would give. The number of flowers pinned in the buttonhole would show the number of contributions, for there was no escaping these persistent youngsters; they were met with everywhere, even on the highroads leading to the city. And it was amazing how large the sums would thus grow—merely because nobody avoided giving, not even the humblest.

Again and again, to my certain knowledge, the available Red Cross exchequer (or some other as meritorious) had run so low there was danger of suspension, when such collections as I described would come to the rescue just in time. In Vienna and vicinity once not less than 600,000 kronen ($120,000) was within two holidays, in the spring of 1916, gathered in by these school children of twelve to sixteen years old. They did their work quite systematically, usually three together, two girls and one boy, or one girl and two boys; their office marked by a band around the arm; confining themselves to a certain specified neighbourhood, and instructed to deliver up their boxes in the presence of witnesses at a certain place and hour. Scarcely any dishonesty was ever heard of. The girls and boys were proud to help their distressed country, and neither rain nor cold, neither heat nor sunshine could stop them from doing what they deemed right.

Another organisation that did much good, though in another field, were the Knights of St. John, a mediæval brotherhood vowed to succour the wounded and sick. Of these a large number are still existing on Austrian soil —all of noble lineage, "knights," in fact,—with a master who is also a Habsburg. This order devoted itself chiefly to taking care of wounded officers. They took them, in a couple of trains luxuriously fitted up and containing the best medical aid and nurses, usually to some of the hospitals owned by them and equipped splendidly. Some of these stand in the midst of extensive grounds, parks or gardens, and the inmates are there received as were distressed knights of old, as brothers-in-arms, as fellow-Christians, and are nursed back to health in pleasant surroundings or buried in state if they unfortunately die. The only drawback to the activity of this semi-religious order (and to which hundreds of Austrian nobles be-

long) is that its sphere is rather limited. But within it much good has been accomplished.

Archduchess Maria Theresa, wife of Archduke Carl Stephen (at present the most prominent candidate for the throne of renewed Poland), together with her husband made the care of perhaps the most unfortunate class of war victims, viz., those who had lost their eyesight, her specialty. The percentage of injuries leading to total blindness is not as large in this war as many have supposed. And this despite poison gases, splinters from shell, shrapnel or bomb; in fact, when expressed by percentage the number seems almost negligible, scarcely more than a thousand or so. But the fate of these poor fellows, at best, is such a sad one that figures alone do not tell the whole story. Several times I took occasion to look up the *Kriegsblinden Anstalt* (Institution for the War Blind) founded and wholly supported by the archduchess. It is an attractive place—if the inmates could but see it—situated in a suburb of Vienna and set in green, with the pure fresh air streaming in at every window. One of the leading traits of the Austrian or Hungarian is cheerfulness under all circumstances. Rarely you meet a person there no matter how humble, no matter how poverty-pinched, that does not possess that great gift—cheerfulness. And so here in this refuge for the blind. It is well known that it is twice as hard for a person of normal eyesight to lose it than to be born blind. And those men here, almost without exception, had also undergone great physical torture in the very process of becoming blind. Many had lain, helpless wrecks, for months and months in hospitals before they were rehabilitated sufficiently to become inmates of this institution. Yet what I found, in wandering through the big place and its adjacent workshops, was a lot of men

apparently content, reconciled to their sad lot, nay, even rollicking, gay, smiling. Right in the first hall I visited, that of the performing musicians, I met a strapping young man of twenty-five or so, who looked up with his sightless eyes and listened. He had just eaten his spare noon meal. A satisfied smile played about his lips, as who should say:

"Fate cannot harm me,
I have dined to-day."

And so they all were—all trying to make the best of it, not the worst. With three or four exceptions those men were simple souls. At home, in peace times, they had been peasants, "timber jacks," rural labourers, small shopkeepers, mechanics. And now they were being taught a new trade, in each case one commensurate with their powers, one that could be plied without the use of their eyes. The head patroness of the institution, the Archduchess Maria Theresa, had been fortunate in her choice of a superintendent. It was a man who had all his life been teaching and training the blind, an enthusiast of thirty years' standing, an excellent instructor in all that the blind may learn and do, withal a man of boundless sympathies. But here his task was a novel one, quite out of his accustomed rut. The more laudable that he had grasped it. Out of the 250, in round figures, under his care at the time, he had successfully adapted his methods of reading character and measuring abilities to those unfortunates. Nearly every one of them had adopted a new calling and was on the road to complete success. Another couple of hundred had already passed through his hands, "graduated" and found their way back to practical life, had usually returned to their

home towns or villages, and were even now earning a living. "For that is the worst dread that hangs over the minds of these men," said he, "the dread of becoming useless, a burden to their families or communities. Once they are rid of this fear, life once more is of interest to them. And another thing. Exactly like cripples, they hate to be pitied and petted. They want to be spoken to and treated exactly like other men, and their deficiency, their blindness, they wish to be ignored, not dwelt on." And I found in my talks with these poor fellows that this expert had spoken true. They were sensitive, extremely sensitive, just on this one point—they wanted to be considered normal human beings, not derelicts.

All sorts of trades were taught them in the workshops —even blacksmithing and horseshoeing. But in most cases the new calling they had elected was of a different description. During their enforced long abstention from manual toil their work-worn hands, formerly rough and uncouth, had become tender. Their finger tips had become sensitive. Their sense of hearing had quickened. These new qualities were now utilised. They had been taught such trades where delicacy of touch was of some avail—such as carvers and sculptors in wood, cabinet makers, repairers of broken furniture, opticians, even watchmakers. And a score of them had been picked, because of their ear for music and because they had already possessed the rudiments of it, for performing musicians, and later on I listened to a little concert they gave. One of them, a schoolmaster, was leader of the band. He also did most of the training. So these men were not only cheerful—they seemed to be almost happy. One, and one only, was an exception. It was a youth of scarcely 19, from the mountains of Styria, not far from the giant peak, the Dachstein. He was a handsome young

fellow, but looked intensely miserable. He had not only lost both his eyes—only the hollow sockets remained—but his former good spirits as well, and the same shell which had robbed him of sight had also affected his nervous system. The shock had made him a prey to melancholia. He was unable to concentrate his mind on anything, and he was to be transferred next day to a sanitarium.

Still, as was intimated before, these "war blind" formed but a very small minority of the enormous army of war cripples of every kind. During the spring and summer of 1915 it was pitiful to observe the great number of these incapacitated soldiers that were temporarily quartered in Vienna and its eighty odd war hospitals alone. On mild, sunny days they would swarm along the whole Ringstrasse. Their total number in Vienna was at that period computed at about 70,000. Many thousands of them were victims of the terrible Carpathian campaign, had frozen one or more limbs in the awful snow-clad mountain passes. I entered frequently into conversation with some of these men. They all shuddered when they spoke of the terrors of that campaign. And one overwhelmingly great trouble that they and the Austrian as well as the Hungarian government faced at the period I speak of was the lack of artificial limbs; not only that but the insufficient ability to make them. It was chiefly due to one man—and indirectly to America—that this fatal defect was overcome.

One fine May morning I noticed two cripples pegging their way along my row of benches on the Ringstrasse. The mere sight of them was enough to engage attention. They were, both of them, really but trunks of men. For their legs and arms were gone. These had been frozen in the Carpathians, and later amputated in a Vienna hospital. But here they were—walking (or

rather hopping) along with the aid of canes, and with arms and hands able to seize things and to hold on to them. Artificial limbs evidently. So I inquired. "Yes," they said with dancing eyes, "these nice new limbs were made by a man named Joseph Leiter, right here in this town. And they're almost as good as our old ones."

That was how I came to find out about this man Leiter. I looked him up. He had quite a big establishment, also a large store and warehouse near the University, its clinics and operating rooms, and but a stone's throw from the huge city hospital, the *Allgemeine Krankenhaus* on Alser Strasse, which every American physician ever visiting Vienna for purposes of study knows so well. Early in the war when amputations became more and more numerous, Leiter, who had hitherto been a well-known specialist in orthopedic and surgical appliances, began to say to himself that the manufacture of artificial limbs on a large scale would become necessary. For up to that time Austria and Hungary, being countries where accidents leading to loss of limbs have been quite rare and where consequently there had been little demand for "protheses" (as substitutes for the natural article, the limb, are professionally termed in Vienna), had mostly imported them from the United States or Germany, about 80 per cent. from the United States. Now, however, there being a large market for such "protheses," and imports from America having ceased, it would evidently pay to make them in goodly numbers. And so Leiter, with an enterprising spirit truly exceptional in slow-going, conservative Vienna, turned the whole resources of his establishment into that channel. His first models used for the purpose were American made. An Austro-American named Albert Wiesner who, some years previous, had met with a frightful accident while employed in the con-

struction of a steel skyscraper in Spokane, Wash., came to him for repairs. Wiesner had on the occasion referred to got his feet in contact with an electric wire, and had had both of them burned to a crisp. In due course of time he had got a pair of first-class artificial feet strapped to his ankles and had learned to walk for the second time in his life. Then, when all was over and he had received $2,500 besides from his employer as compensation, he had returned to his native Vienna where he had secured some light employment. Now his bogus feet needed treatment, however, the ligatures and ball-bearing tendons being out of order. Leiter fitted him up again, and from the original he turned out a few counterfeits. These were gladly purchased for some crippled soldiers at a nearby war hospital, and thus the foundation was laid for a new line of business that grew by leaps and bounds until it became about ten times as large as had been the old Leiter plant. Leiter soon found imitators and competitors, and the supply became ample for the extensive demand.

In surgery Vienna has held for long a prominent place, a fact which was known to the world long before Prof. Lorenz and his wonderful cure of little Lolita Armour. During this war Austrian surgery has again scored many triumphs, although in the nature of things these have not been much spoken of in the other belligerent countries. I can speak, however, with some knowledge on the subject, at least to the extent of mentioning some marvellous cases. Dr. Eastman, one of the American doctors sent to Austria by the war department at Washington to study new methods and perfect themselves in them (and let me say, in an aside, that all the American physicians thus sent were cordially welcomed and agree in describing the treatment accorded them throughout the

long war as kind and appreciative), saw some of these wonderful things, wonderful at least from the scientific viewpoint. I do not go into details here, as these would only be of interest to professional men. But out of the plethora of material at hand, let me at least briefly mention a few instances. These are taken from the records of the Eiselsberg clinic in Vienna. Professor von Eiselsberg (who was created a baron by the late emperor) is a surgical wizard whose daring new methods and novel adaptations of old ones to new needs would be universally commented on to-day if these were days of peace. He and Prof. Klingenberg jointly perfected the structure of magnetic artificial hands. The principle is simplicity itself. A "pot" magnet, enclosed in a steel cylinder, is affixed to the cuffs of an artificial hand. By connecting this cylinder with an electric current (and one of very small power will do), a strong magnetising of the whole apparatus is effected. The current can be interrupted at will by motions of the foot. The magnetic force thus developed is sufficient for the enclosed magnet to attach itself to and strongly retain all sorts of iron and steel objects. A crippled soldier (or anybody else having the apparatus attached) can without further preparation and without any great expenditure of muscular power, do all sorts of work necessary in the iron and steel industry, such as filing, turning, punching, stamping, etc. By some additional manipulation other work, even of the most complicated and delicate description, may also be performed for any length of time. Of even greater practical importance is the kinoplastic treatment invented by Eiselsberg. This consists in the artificial hands and feet being joined to the severed tendons and made almost as useful as the original members. This method lends an incredible degree of suppleness to the artificial fin-

gers and toes. Lastly I must mention a case which seemed to me, humanly speaking, almost miraculous, yet which I was permitted to observe. It was the case of a young Greek lieutenant, severely wounded in the Balkan war. The young man, 23, of fine physique, was the son of a very wealthy Greek merchant of Patras and Cairo, and during an engagement a Turkish bullet entered his forehead between the eyes and left it at the nape of the neck. In traversing the whole of the cerebellum the projectile carried considerable brain matter along, leaving a ragged hole large enough to insert a thumb. After preliminary, rather unsatisfactory, treatment the young man under the guidance of his father was sent to Eiselsberg. At that time his general vitality had suffered; his power of speech was affected, so that he spoke brokenly and often would stop, unable to remember. At the Eiselsberg clinic the young Greek recovered fully within six weeks, so that every abnormal symptom wholly and permanently disappeared. According to all the old-time tenets of surgery he had no business to live at all, let alone to recover. Yet here he was, alive and well.

And yet another case I must briefly refer to. It was that of a young Austrian officer who had fought with distinction through the whole war, being decorated twice and promoted over the heads of others. In his private capacity he was a civil engineer who had earned a reputation for his work. On the Italian front one day a big shell burst in his immediate vicinity, and on rocky soil. Fragments of rock tore away the entire right half of his face, bones and all. He was a horrible sight when taken, as a last resort, to the Eiselsberg clinic. Within six months the lacking part of his face had been supplied anew and presented an appearance not much different from what it once was. To accomplish this there had been done some

surgical work probably unequalled before. This consisted not only in the transplanting of living tissue—skin and flesh both—but of lifeless bone which had been grafted upon the ends of living bone and had been perfectly integrated. In short, the missing half of the face had been rebuilt, inch by inch and bit by bit, and so completely amalgamated with the pre-existing parts as to form a new and organic whole. Portions of the new skin and flesh came from animals (chickens, etc.) and yet looks to-day to all intents and purposes thoroughly human. Among the wonders this war has wrought let us not forget phenomenal advance in daring, original surgery.

CHAPTER XVI

REFUGE CAMPS AND BARRACK TOWNS

The largest of these barrack towns in southern Styria—Sixty thousand Ladiners given a temporary home—Fled before the advancing Italians—Some facts about this curious people—Remnant of the aboriginal Celtic population in the days of Cæsar—Strong resemblance with Welsh and Breton people—Lovers of music, poetry and fairy tales—A concert with a quartette in it—Their tongue and their literature—Walks about the town—800,000 fugitives from Galicia—How they were disposed of—Camps in Bohemia and Moravia—Some 250,000 in Vienna—Ruling passion still strong—Food speculators and how punished—War fortunes made on credit—War ministry in Vienna and Budapest involved—Scandals laid bare—A cunning swindle—Fugitive camps for penniless Hebrews from Galicia—Schools in operation—Trades taught—Munitions plants started and run entirely with fugitive labour—Slow repatriation—Some pertinent stories.

Up to the present Austria-Hungary has had to take care, during longer or shorter periods of this war, of about one million and a half of her civilian population that had either been evacuated or fled before the advance of the enemy. By far the greater half of this number came from Galicia and Bukovina. There the Russians were the invaders. From Galicia, a province bordering on Russian territory for a distance of altogether about 300 miles, at one particular point of this long war about 800,000 men, women and children had sought safety in flight; that is, about one-tenth of the total population. Most of those 800,000 had had to use so much haste that

very little of their property had been brought along, and in thousands and thousands of cases these unfortunates had nothing but what they wore on their backs when at last they reached safety. In many, many instances the circumstances were as pitiable and pathetic as possible. There were dainty ladies in silk or velvet, in evening attire, with nothing but a priceless sable stole or fur mantle thrown over it. They had been at a sociable party given by one of their hospitable neighbours in Eastern Galicia, not far from the border. At table, suddenly there had come the cry: "The Cossacks!" Everybody had risen and run to the window whence a wide view was to be obtained. "Look, Spiridion! Look, Mamushka! The village is on fire." By the glare of the flames a band of Cossacks could be seen, a mile or so off, urging their horses on a run. The lady, nay, everybody, was panic-stricken. Just as she was, with her thin patent leather shoes, in her bare neck, she ran out into the snow-covered road, grasping her little boy by the hand and praying aloud to be saved, begging and imploring Heaven to grant her a merciful death rather than fall into the hands of these terrible Cossacks—"They are Kubans, too, the wildest and most bloodthirsty of them all," so she had heard a maid at her host's house shrieking. On, on, on —stumbling, falling on the slippery, rough road that led, five miles away, to the nearest station where it was hoped to find an emergency train. And thus, bleeding, dishevelled, sleepless, wrought up to an insane pitch of excitement, this particular lady, Countess Zamoyska, the owner of a princely estate and large revenues, had at last reached Vienna after 36 hours of hysterical flight. Her husband an officer in the Austrian army, nobody to protect her, to cling to, but her little Spiridion of five years old. And when she at last registered at a Vienna hotel

the only thing she had to assure them that she was no adventuress, no beggar, was the string of pearls she had worn on her neck at the party—oh, how long ago—and this she fished out with trembling fingers from between the seams of her fur wrap where she had hidden it.

Of such stories I heard a number those gloomy days of late fall and early winter of 1914. I remember a "Fugitives' Coffee House." Wealthy Polish ladies had quickly fitted it up and opened it, right in the busy heart of Vienna. It was not run on business principles. Quite the reverse. A committee of ladies, headed by three of the most exclusive aristocrats, had been formed. Jointly they had undertaken this and jointly, too, they managed it. One noon when I was there I noticed an old gentleman in one corner, gazing blankly, despairingly at the motley crowd around him. "Who is he?" I asked the committee lady in charge just that hour. "That is Professor Al . . . i, who holds the chair of modern philosophy at the University of Lemberg," she whispered back to me. The poor old man, with his venerable beard of grey, had not a penny to buy some food, and he was ashamed to beg. So the committee lady had to help him out. Many, many cases as pitiable as that, and more so. A number of these fugitives reached Vienna only to die—the horrors of their flight, the hardships, the inclement weather, snow and cold and wet, the want of shelter and rest, the lack of nourishment and restoratives—all had combined to kill by inches some of the feeble and delicate. At first, too, there were amongst these multitudes and multitudes of half-crazed people, all mixed and mingled in inextricable confusion, persons of large means, even millionaires, yet for the moment veritable beggars. Flight had been so sudden and unexpected they had not been able to prepare for it. Now they were part of a semi-demented

herd of fellow-fugitives, in a strange town. These cases, of course, did not take long to adjust themselves. Capital is mighty everywhere, but only in normal times. Once the banks in Vienna knew whom they had to deal with, once makers of checks had been identified, had produced proof of some portion of their wealth at least being out of the reach of Russian invaders, safe doors swung open readily enough and means were available. But there were many unusual cases notwithstanding. Cases of such persons whose social standing in their Polish homes in Galicia had never been doubted; yet here in these novel surroundings they met with rebuffs. Yet, more or less the greater bulk of these Galician fugitives were taken care of. The government for a long, long while did scarcely anything but furnish free transportation and advice. There were no funds available for the purpose until later. It was all a jumble. There was no organisation to help these poor people—to feed the hungry and give them shelter. Later on it was different. But after all, it was the municipal government of Vienna—one in which the Christian Socialist party, so-called, is dominant and which, indeed, laid the stress on the *Christian* on this and similar subsequent occasions—which had to do most of the good work. Within a short while the number of these Galician fugitives in Vienna alone crept up to a quarter of a million and kept at that altitude for months and months. The Mayor of the city, an able and large-hearted man, aided by a few of his aldermen (*Gemeinderat* is the title of the office there) exerted himself tremendously. Voluntary contributions poured in from all classes. One of the most sympathetic traits of the Viennese is a compassion that knows no bounds and no distinctions. And in this instance they proved it again. As the great majority of the fugitive Galicians

were Hebrews, the wealthy Jews of Vienna dug down deep in their pockets and hauled out altogether, in the course of the next twelvemonth, a matter of about ten to twelve million *Kronen* (a Krone, about twenty cents), merely to help support this vast host. But the city, after all, did the lion's share. That wonderfully flexible city charter of Vienna—so flexible that were it not for uniformly honest and sensible management there might be stolen or squandered a king's ransom every week—enables these men to handle the relief funds, to make appropriations of millions from the city treasury when the need for that arose, to keep under strict control in every way this vast army of 250,000 strangers, most of them speaking nothing but their Yiddish jargon (unintelligible to a real Teuton) or Polish; and to provide for them all, to rule the unruly or lazy or corrupt, to provide remunerative employment for those that required it. In a word, Vienna and the Jewry of Vienna did well in such an unprecedented emergency. A big aldermanic council for a year and more did almost nothing but look after these strangers from Galicia, their wives and babes, their sick and needy and dying.

And as it was with the fugitives from Galicia, so also it was with those from Bukovina. With the Slovaks and Ruthenians settled in the northeastern counties—or *Comitats*—of Hungary, that were driven out by the long Carpathian campaign the Russians waged till June, 1915, Austria and Vienna had little to do. These were taken care of by the Hungarian government and found refuge in Budapest at first and later on in barrack camps specially constructed. But Bukovina forms part of Austria and this from the start was one of the chief objective points of the Russian plan of campaign as devised by their commander-in-chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas

Nicholayevitch. The capital city of Bukovina, Czernowitz, one of the most attractive and charming cities of the monarchy, was three times taken and twice released by the Russians. At this writing, as one of the fruits of the Brusiloff drive in the summer of 1916, it is again held by the Russians. The Russians made hostages of a number of the leading citizens there and sent them to Siberia, finally exchanging them for prominent Russians seized by the Austrians during their own big offensive in 1915. But some 50,000 or 60,000 Bukovinians fled before the Russian advance, and these again found their way mostly to Vienna. Among them were the professors and lecturers of the Czernowitz University and nearly all the rest of the "intelligentsia" (members of the learned professions) of that small province. They and most of the others were in about as sad a plight as the Galicians, and again private charity and contributions did the most.

However, more about these Galicians later. Just now I should like to tell the reader something about a curious little race that is also among the victims of this relentless war. I am speaking of the Ladiners. Some 60,000 of these have been, and still are, dwelling in a sheltered valley of South Styria, a short distance from Marburg, ever since the summer of 1915. They were evacuated or fled before the Italian advance, and these 60,000 were for the larger part residents of the city of Görz (or Gorizia), with additions from the nearby districts of Istria and Gradiska.

These Ladiners are a very interesting people. Having heard of their existence before and finding myself in that neighbourhood, during a short tour I made of the Dolomite range and valleys in the summer of 1913, I took time to make myself acquainted with some of the Ladiner communities and villages and to delve a little

into their past. It is a hoary past, going back in a straight, unbroken line to the days of Cæsar and even beyond, to those of Marius and Cinna. For these Ladiners were the prehistoric settlers of parts of Northern Italy, of the Trentino, of Görz and Gradiska, and of the canton of Grisons, Switzerland. The largest number of them dwell in enclosures east of Trent, of Rovereto, of Flims. On Austrian soil there are altogether about half a million of them. Their tongue, a peculiar mixture of ancient Latin and of more ancient Celtic, has in the main preserved its stock of original Celtic words for familiar phrases and for objects of everyday use, while the structure of its grammar resembles more the Latin. It is by no means Italian. In fact, its case betrays a close analogy with the amalgamation of two tongues in modern English. To the ear, however, the Celtic origin is quite unmistakeable. It has retained the harsh Celtic guttural sound, almost precisely like that which has survived in the Welsh. Indeed, it is not only in the language that a striking resemblance between these Ladiners of Austria and the Welsh of England and the Bretons of France obtrudes itself. For this resemblance is just as noticeable in the physical appearance and in the peculiar racial gifts. No wonder. For from all accounts available it would seem that the Ladiners have remained throughout twenty centuries and more almost pure Celts. In looks they are of medium height, rather slender and sinewy; black, slightly wavy hair predominates, but the skin is often dazzling fair and eyes of deep violet are even more common among them than amongst the lasses of the West of Ireland. Their love of and talent for music and singing is as great as that of the Welsh. Their tongue, rhyming naturally and lending itself to poetry by its great wealth of picturesque metaphors, is

not, as I pointed out, a mere dialect. It is a language, a literary medium. During the period of the Reformation, in the 16th century, many Ladiners, it seems, turned Protestant. And from that time dates a translation of the Bible, done, it is stated, by an old village schoolmaster who has remained nameless. In the public library of Bozen, somewhat north of the Tyrolese settlements of the Ladiners, there is kept a collection of folk songs and short ditties in the popular vein—both with love for their theme and in other strain, written in the Ladiner tongue. A few newspapers, too, are published in it. But what those fragments of Ladiner literature that have come down to our time are choicest in are the folklore and fairy tales. These betray, if further proof were wanted, the Celtic strain of this small people most unquestionably. They abound in fairies (called *faï*), in goblins and in mischievous or beneficent supernatural beings, just as do the Irish tales of the same description. Their spirit and humour, too, closely correspond. To cap it all, though, these people have the typical Celtic temperament. They are easily roused to joy or wrath. They are very variable in their mood; proud and sensitive; rather aggressive, but easily appeased. Historical and local traditions are scant. But it would seem that the Ladiners have in the main always been an agricultural people, and that they have seldom mingled their blood with that of the surrounding Italian population. The latter, in fact, they hate. Nevertheless, the *Irredenta* movement, fostered and systematised from Italy, has made some progress among them. This results plainly from the fact that during the last fifty years, *i.e.*, since the establishment of a national Italian kingdom, or *regno*, the number of Ladiners professing their own nationality has declined to the tune of nearly twenty-five per cent.

The effects of this Italianising propaganda, however, has been confined to the cities and towns. It had no effect in the rural districts where the majority of the Ladiners are settled.

Now this small Ladiner people has been caught by this war between the nether and the upper millstone. When war was declared by Italy, in May, 1915, the front between the new belligerents ran from the first, so far as Görz and Istria are concerned, almost to their very house-doors. From the opening of hostilities the heavy guns of the Italians dropped their visiting cards right in the streets of Görz. A little while later trenches had been advanced so that a rain of bullets would often sweep through its main streets. An Austrian officer whom I visited in a Vienna hospital afterwards had been hit while seated at the window of the Café Schmeisser in Görz with his coffee and newspaper. At last, the pretty, wholly Southern city being largely demolished, the Austrian commander, Boroevic, considered further steady losses for the sake of a heap of ruins no longer worth while, and abandoned Görz to the Italians. Now the Italian officers sit at the same window in the Café and run the same chances, as guns and bullets are as near, only from another direction.

Long before this happened, though, in fact, right after the campaign started, the Austrian government had begun to make ready the huge barrack town for the fugitive Ladiners from Görz, and last year I paid a visit to this haven of refuge and made extensive acquaintance with the dwellers therein. It is a lovely spot, this valley. A mountain stream and two brooks tumbling down the steep sides encompassing the town furnish plenty of water for all purposes. The water is clear as crystal and cool and fresh the year through. It and the soft,

balmy air which is due to the encircling mountains that exclude the northern blasts are largely responsible for the low mortality—about 3.5 per 1,000—although the preventive sanitary arrangements and the medical laboratory supervised by a well-known Vienna expert in charge of health conditions, and life in the open may also have something to do with it. For as a matter of simple truth I ought to mention that the comprehensive hygienic arrangements and the enforcement of a few precautionary rules have probably done much to keep all epidemics away from this favoured spot. Each one of the inmates of the barrack town has been vaccinated, and preventive treatment against spotted typhoid, dysentery, cholera and other war scourges has been rigorously observed. But the mild, pleasant climate of the place, the absence of rough winds which these children of a softer climate are particularly sensitive to, and the pine woods surrounding them on all sides, doubtless did as much.

When they "moved in," so to speak, in the early fall of 1915 they found their new home ready to receive them. It is a complete town, complete in everything. There are two churches, a general hospital, an asylum for nurslings and their mothers, a lying-in-hospital, six schools, two enormous kitchens (one for married, one for unmarried people), a score or more of dormitories, hundreds of smaller cottages, a training school for nurses, domestic science, another one where mechanical trades are learnt, immense workshops, and lastly, a "movie" theatre, a vaudeville stage, a huge dance hall, and a singing academy. The last named especially claimed my attention, knowing the great talent for music of these Ladiner folk. So I steered for that first. I found it under the direction of the late choirmaster and organist of the cathedral at Görz, Faidutti by name, a

gray-haired man full of youthful enthusiasm. He is well-known indeed not only in his special sphere but also as a composer of church music. As a teacher of vocalism he has taught several of his pupils enough to enable them later on to find operatic engagements both in their native Austria and in Italy and Germany.

In honour of the stranger the venerable choirmaster called upon one of his quartettes and had them sing a few of their choicest Ladiner folk airs. I was dumbfounded. Those halfgrown lads and lasses sang better than many a high-priced star; with voices thoroughly schooled, words well enunciated, sound swelling and ebbing—regular *bel canto* of the kind so seldom heard nowadays. But of course their themes did also much to delight the listener. For those folk airs, which were sentimental and sweet and old-fashioned, pathetic and stirring, jubilant and reckless, then teasing and petulant by turns, ran up and down the whole scale of human emotions, drew tears, smiles and laughter. One tune had such a haunting quality that I had the text translated for me. For they were all sung in the vernacular. Words and music alike had anonymous authors. This particular one treated of the old. old pain at parting:

> My Marietta, shall we meet again?
> (And the world so wide, and the roads so far)
> Aï, shall we meet again?

And the refrain: "If not in this then in another world." It was such a rare treat, this concert, that it did not astonish me when I heard later on that Maëstro Faidutti from his chorus of 1,200 had picked a choice dozen of voices and with the consent of the government, undertook with them a short concert tour. They went to

Graz, to Vienna, to Breslau and Berlin. And right in the midst of this bloody war, in the heyday of the "bread card," the reception these youthful Ladiners with their leader found was overpowering. Their artistic success was immense, and as to their financial one, that was at least great enough to benefit substantially the whole colony of 60,000 for some time to come. For it is true that money was scarce in this barrack town, spick and span and neat and clean as it was in all respects. The Austrian government could not afford to feed those 60,000 on delicacies. The fare was rude and none too ample, and the universal lack of cash under which all the dwellers more or less suffered was but scantily amended by the sale of their artistic or industrial products. As to the artistic products, the chief ones for which a good market was found were the work of the wood sculptors and carvers. These comprised, however, not only statuettes of saints and shrines for churches and wayside stations—blue-coated Josephs and white-winged angels, etc.—but also lay carvings. I confess that the latter pleased me most. There was a little shop in this curious town of refugees where some of them were exposed for sale. And there again one might study the wide range of sympathies of this little Ladiner people. Their artistic conceptions embraced such things, for instance, as "Boys at Play;" "Fighting Street Urchins;" "Barking Dog at Gambol;" "Jealousy," etc. The last two more especially were evidently taken from life. "Jealousy" showed two village suitors bemauling each other, while the beauty herself stood aside smiling to herself. The "Barking Dog" had hold of the shirt tail of a frightened little boy, tugging and tearing for dear life. The tools which had been used in this work I saw—primitive entirely. The material was a tough, close-grained wood,

perhaps boxwood. Fifty cents in American money was the guerdon the artist received for a carving of this kind. It required two days to do it. Then I made a call at the various schools. In one of them, a girls' school, they were just getting lessons in German. It sounded comical. The tongue of these people has retained the rough Celtic guttural sound, and when these pupils struck such words, for instance, as "Kirche," church, they made it: "*Kerrrkhkha*"; but they did their best with the strange idiom. Another visit was to the lying-in hospital, where I found an abundance of war babies—bed after bed, side by side, row upon row, several hundreds of them, with their more or less comfortable and complacent mammas. Both offspring and mothers were treated exceptionally well. They received all the intelligent, kindly care the well-to-do classes can afford. For babies have risen considerably in value during this war that has destroyed so much adult life.

The fugitives from Galicia were of a wholly different type from these Ladiners in their idyllic surroundings. The 250,000 of them that had fled to Vienna in the early part of the war, contained also many thousands of penniless Jews that had escaped the whip and the sword of the Cossacks by headlong flight, leaving all their little possessions behind. In many instances only parts of families had managed to get away in time, while other members of them had been massacred by the Russians or else held captive during the period of occupation. Again, in the hurly-burly of flight families had been separated, and the newspapers in Vienna for many months were full of advertisements in which Schmuhl Feigenbaum was demanding to know the whereabouts of Elka, his wife, or the son inquired the present residence of his father, etc. Frequently there was no response. Death

had come in one shape or other. In the Leopoldstadt quarter of Vienna, where the humbler Jews mostly congregate, there was suddenly an endless concourse of new, strange figures—men in long gabardines, tiny circular caps of silk or velvet on their heads, and corkscrew curls meandering down the sides of the face; women with wigs and ancient finery, blooming young Esthers and Susannahs ambling along with downcast eyes. Along the quays of the Danube Canal there was an endless procession of these—a new edition of Hebrew fugitives mourning by the waters. Rabbis in every costume and of every degree of holiness were scattered amongst them all.

But the Hebrew pilgrim in this vale of tears bears aye the reputation of being irrepressible. From among this conglomerate collection of distressed humanity there soon came forth the men of business. It was instructive and interesting to watch their methods. As against the non-Jewish world they were a unit. They aided and supported each other. They clubbed their means of ready money together and jointly not only tried but accomplished neat strokes of business, netting them perhaps $10,000, $20,000, $50,000, and then dividing it pro rata. Some of them, ay, many, did big business on no capital at all, just on credit. I recall a few sample cases of that description. Mendel Weixelbaum and Abraham Schweissfuss vouched for each other at the bank. Neither had a penny, but their cousin in Vienna, Ike Meisel, had some credit *and* a few dollars, and Ike vouched for *them.* So they there bought on credit three carloads of soap, raisins, apples, lubricating oil, and sold it the same day with a joint profit of about $4,500. Now they had money all three of them. Within a fortnight they were numbered among the "war usurers." A bunch of ten of these penniless capitalists made such clever use of their

eloquence, sagacity and knowledge of the produce market that, in October, 1914, they cornered all the lentils in Vienna and made a fortune out of the deal. Within the winter of 1914-15 these fugitive gentry from Galicia cornered some of the foodstuffs most in demand—such as macaroni, dried peas and beans. These completely disappeared from view. But meanwhile these legumes, after being withdrawn from the open market, went from hand to hand, netting big profits at each deal and turning a score of the dealers into "war millionaires." Speculation in indispensable commodities became the specialty of the Jewish refugees from Galicia that had found a haven in Vienna. Of course, they did not have it all their own way. The Austrian government began to interfere, but against this pressure there were always invented new and successful dodges and ruses. The courts took a hand and sent a score or more to jail. But that did not stop it. The thing paid too well. Neither did the imposition of heavy fines stop it. There was, for example, this case: A wholesale dealer in wine, with branches in Vienna and Prague, by contract secured from a number of vintners in the Tyrol some 90,000 gallons of Tyrolese wines, both red and white, at an average price of K. 4.80 (or about $1.00) per gallon. With the aid of some of the financial geniuses recently arrived from Galicia he sold the wine at K. 13.60 per gallon, netting 300 per cent. of profit. The court deciding under the war decrees that this constituted usury, not legitimate speculation, fined the defendants K. 10,000. But that left them still a net profit of about $160,000. It was similar in most cases. But not this alone. Speculation in this field induced speculation in other fields. And the enormous and easy profits bred corruption all around. This corruption by and by penetrated even the govern-

ment offices, in Austria as well as in Hungary. A number of highly sensational scandals grew out of this. Again our refugees from Galicia were in all this kneedeep. The banks, even some of the largest, became involved and began to share in the gigantic proceeds. Thus, the Allgemeine Verkehrsbank (a big institution having connections with high finance) went into some of the schemes, notably of furnishing war material to the Ministry of War in Vienna as well as in Budapest. The president of it finally was sentenced to nine months' jail and a fine of K. 200,000 for illegal and fraudulent practices and misrepresentations. The secretary of war for both countries, General von Krobatin, became a victim to this orgy of swindles, and had to resign. In Budapest some ten altogether, amongst them two members of parliament, three section chiefs in the ministry of interior, and several high officers in the national army, were convicted of being bribed in the matter of furnishing shoes, horses, etc., for war purposes, and were disgraced. The cancer of corruption ate deep into official life. Although the main foodstuffs in Austria between October 1914 and August 1916 rose to three times their original prices, speculation in a number of specialties often drove prices up to twentyfold, even fiftyfold what they had been. But it was not alone in food speculation that corruption was practised in high places.

One of the most widespread swindles was, for instance, connected with the summoning of men to the army. As the war progressed and losses through bullet or illness at the front became more and more frightful and these losses even became exaggerated by going from mouth to mouth, disinclination to serve became more general. This was most the case in Bohemia. And one day two sly young Jews, Galician refugees, were caught at a game

which had cost the army no less than about 400 soldiers. The game was simplicity itself, and probably the more successful on that account. One of the two had formed a connection in that department of the ministry of war charged with the calling in and choosing of new men for the army. From his official friend he procured all the detailed information he needed, as names, residence, age, etc., etc., of such of the men summoned who were able and willing to pay a goodly sum to escape military duty. And on the day when the "*Musterung*" (examination) of the recruits in that particular district took place, the second Jew, representing the man really called, came forth with all the information needed and the "papers" of the real party. Invariably this man was rejected as unfit for military duty. And this was not wonderful, either. For he, the *locum tenens,* had a number of serious physical defects. He next collected his "fee," ranging between $400 and $2,000, according to the financial means of the young man lucky enough to escape. The two young Hebrews and their confederate in the war department had reaped a golden harvest totaling about $150,000, as appeared subsequently during court proceedings. They are now serving, all three of them, but not at the front. This case, however, was but one of many. Ever since the Russians first swept over Galicia, and a great hegira took place of all the foot-loose and timid, or else specially enterprising Israelites, the courts all over the monarchy have been kept busy with investigating and judging crimes and misdemeanours for which these fugitives stood sponsors. Such a fine oportunity of making hay while the sun shines will probably never come in their way again. And so they are making the most of it. Of the so-called "war millionaires," or "war sharks"—men suddenly grown rich out of war

spoils—this contingent of Galician Jews has furnished a very large number. They became familiar figures at the Imperial opera house, where they and their ladies, clad in priceless furs and rubies and diamonds, held grandly forth in the boxes. The jewelry shops in Vienna, after being afraid for a short time of having to close up, never have done such a rushing, profitable business as since the fall of 1914.

However, it would be going entirely too far to create the impression that all the 800,000 fugitives from Galicia, or even the larger part of them, were persons of that calibre. That is by no means true. Many thousands of poor Jews fled because death and torture were staring them in the face by remaining. The lot of those Jews either unable to flee or else unwilling to leave their possessions to the tender mercies of the Russians, was not a happy one, as the facts became generally known after the return of the Austrian authorities late in 1915. And there were many thousands of the higher-class Poles likewise among the refugees. The latter, of course, could pass their exile in more or less comfort in Vienna, in Cracow, or elsewhere. Many of them went to Switzerland. The great bulk of the Galician fugitives, however, were without means and dependent on government support. Those who did not go to Vienna for the purpose of asking aid, were mostly concentrated in a few large barrack camps that came to be erected in suitable localities in Moravia and Bohemia. These camps were in most respects similar to the one described by me above. But in addition to operating there all sorts of industrial and manufacturing shops, such as chair, furniture, canning, hardware, etc., the Austrian government erected also munitions and arms works in which such of the refugees as were physically able could find employment at

fair wages. The youth of both sexes in these camps have, besides, had an opportunity of acquiring a decent schooling. In the schools established there were taught the ordinary branches of a common school education: a fair knowledge of German, the three R's, some history and geography. The pupils taught were nearly all from the towns of Eastern Galicia. In that district there are towns of 10,000 or 20,000 made up 75 or 80 per cent. of Jews, and amongst them often there would scarcely be any knowing anything but Hebrew wisdom—Yiddish and the Talmud. For that class of the population their temporary flight and residence in another province where they have learned some useful book knowledge and a trade besides, will later in many cases prove a veritable blessing.

CHAPTER XVII

VISITS TO WAR PRISONERS

More than a million cared for by Austria-Hungary—A day with the Don Cossacks—At the camp near Bruck, Austria—Singing with the accompaniment of the balalaïka—Home! the word thrills even these fierce warriors—Seeing the big camp at Györ, Hungary—A race riot between Russians and Servians—"Brothers!" he said, and then he fell pierced by a bullet—The great plot for liberation of Russians at Eger, Bohemia—Miscarried because of betrayal—General guiding principles—Hygiene and epidemics—Food question caused most trouble—Employment of prisoners by civilians—Aiding in the harvest season—Glee clubs—Film theatres—Russians toiling in the vineyards in Austria and near Tokay, Hungary—Low mortality figures—Muscovites amazed at the "humped soil" in mountainous Austria—Building and repairing highroads and railways near the Italian front—A meeting between Italian and Russian prisoners—Officers had to be kept apart from men—Hard labour in the Bohemian collieries—Homicidal record—At the detention camp for civilians—Number of them rather small—Red Cross work—A report disallowed by the late Czar.

Sergeï Ilyitch sat strumming his balalaïka in a dreamy, listless manner, and the sturdy Cossack towering by his side sang in a velvet voice a home ditty of as many stanzas (evidently some of his own improvising) as he had inches. The burden of his lay ran about in this wise:

Brothers, far by the Don is my izba,
My izba in the shade of the linden tree.
(Hum, hum, hur-r-r-r!)

And the blossoms they spread sweet odour,
Odour that spreads far, far away.
(Hum, hum, hur-r-r-r!)

Ah, ye brothers, when shall we see again
Our humble izba, our village, our linden tree?
When shall we hear again the bees buzzing?
When, oh when shall we meet our dear ones?
(Hum, hum, hur-r-r-r! Hur-r-r-r, twang!)

The birches white by the rambling brook
(Hum, hum, hur-r-r-r!)
Green and silvery fair.
(Hum, hum, hur-r-r-r!)
I see it all before my eyes,
Aï, aï, the world is wide.
(Hum, hum, hur-r-r-r!)

Why did our Little Father the Czar
Send us to this cruel, cruel war?
(Hur-r-r-r! Hur-r-r-r! Hur-r-r-r!)
Why did he tell us: Slay and burn?
What matters it to us at all?
(Hum, hum, hur-r-r-r!)

Thus Prokop Vlasoff, the tall Cossack, in his rich baritone, and as he sang the tears were slowly coursing adown his grimy face. Home! The word thrilled them all, and at the end of every stanza the throng of giants, uncouth, unkempt, fierce of mien, set up a howl in chorus, much like the yelping of prairie wolves, dismal to listen to. There might have been some fifty in this crowd. All Cossacks from the Don River, among the wildest and most untamed. Yet at this moment the primeval instinct, the longing for home and kindred, made them intensely human.

These Cossacks belonged to a sotnia which had been captured near Radautz, Bukovina, on a foraging expedi-

tion and brought into this camp but the day before. It was near Bruck, on the Leitha, close to the Hungarian border, where altogether some 30,000 Russian captives were confined. With the approval of Count Berchtold, at that time the foreign minister of Austria-Hungary, I formed part of an investigating committee, made up of correspondents from neutral countries, inspecting a number of war prisoners' camps. It was a very thorough and painstaking inspection, too. Nothing was hidden. There were among us men from Spanish-speaking countries, as well as from English, French and German speaking ones, and there were some from the frozen Scandinavian north; and by word of mouth the prisoners were allowed to tell us their grievances, whatever they were. There were many such. Those about food were by far the most frequent—about insufficient food, unaccustomed food, food not cooked to their liking; about alleged spoiled or tainted food, about unfair distribution of it; about favouritism shown, about thefts of food, etc., etc. They were interminable, these stories about food from the poor fellows. All these complaints that permitted instant putting to the proof were looked into on the spot. And in nearly every instance it was found that these complaints were based on misunderstanding, or on unreasonable demands, or else that the circumstances of the case did not permit a change. But then, who could blame the poor fellows! In war times, and more especially in all prison camps, the stomach is indeed found the most important organ of the body.

Poor fellows! I said. Of course, poor fellows. All prisoners of war are that, under any and all circumstances. But many of these poor fellows, when free, had been cut-throats, ruffians, especially the Cossacks. It appears that by one of the many curious blunders of

which this endless war has hatched a legion or so, in some western countries the Cossacks are regarded as among the élite of the Muscovite army. The reverse is true. Russian soldiers of the line scorn and abhor them. When confronted with evidence of special ruthlessness, of horrible cruelties committed by Russian troops, these men of the line or of some guard regiment will almost invariably make reply: "The work of the Cossacks. What else can you expect?" For the Cossacks have their own peculiar standing. Since the beginning of this mighty struggle between East and West some two millions of Cossacks have been mobilised—hailing from the Don and Dnieper, the Kuban, the Dniester, from Siberia and the Ural settlements. All of them must supply their own horses and equipment and receive no pay whatever from the master in Petrograd. They must live on plunder and robbery, on torture and murder, on rapine and arson. And they do. When this sotnia of them was brought in on the day previous a curious spectacle could be witnessed.

The men were surrounded by a cordon of Austrian soldiers, and on an extensive grassplat the Cossacks were made to disgorge—one by one. It was all piled up in the centre in a huge heap. Such a collection! Not even Uncle Simpson of the Three Golden Balls at any time had such a variety of valuables under his roof. From their long kaftans, from their high boots, from pockets specially constructed to hide it, from their kalpaks, from everywhere, they dug out the booty and threw it on the heap; gold and silver watches and chains, money in coin, jewelry, clocks, gilt or solid silver vessels, plate, goblets, costly furs, etc., etc. Many objects glittering, but of little intrinsic value. As each man disrobed and gave up he made a wry face. For he relinquished the fruits of this

war, his wages, his gains that he had built air castles on against the days peace should reign once more. He had come into the ring a man of great bulk, baggy, bloated. He came out slim and gaunt like a greyhound.

That is one of the peculiar features of the war with Russia—the immense number of nationalities, races, creeds, all masquerading under the name of "Russians." Think of it—128 varieties! Among them many practically unknown, like the Bashkirs and Mordvinians, the Ossetians and Kalmucks. At the huge camp of Theresienstadt, Bohemia, I saw specimens of nearly every one of these 128 tribes—many slant-eyed and Mongolian in features, many pagan, many absolutely without a vestige of civilisation.

Withal, in captivity they behave fairly well for the most part. Each section of the camp, each tent and barrack, each hut or log house they are housed in there is a sort of elder, a *pristav,* put at the head, held responsible for the men under him and therefore invested with a certain disciplinary power. Theft is the most common vice among them. They pilfer one and all, if but a crust of bread or a morsel of sausage. For the Russian is voracious. His appetite is unappeasable. If he can he will devour three big loaves of bread a day. All his earnings go for food. Bread is his favourite food; that and *stchee* (cabbage soup) and grits (called: *borsht*) made into a thick pap or mush. He is after solids.

Yes, pity apart, it is the stomach that the captive is most troubled with in this war. Above all, if he is in the hands of the semi-starving nations making up the Central Powers. To repeated objections on the score of insufficient food (which would be a clear violation of international agreements) which Russia particularly preferred through the medium of neutral governments, Aus-

tria-Hungary made reply that inasmuch as England and France, Russia's allies, were themselves responsible for the hunger blockade used against the Central Powers as a measure of war, it would be manifestly impossible, and unfair to her own population to boot, were she to feed her enemy prisoners more liberally. Proof was furnished repeatedly that the rations dealt out to Russian prisoners were equal in bulk to those which the hard-labouring classes of Austria-Hungary themselves received. But Russia always professed dissatisfaction with these attempts at justification and went on spreading the news that Austria-Hungary deliberately starved her prisoners of war.

At the camp in Bruck and subsequently at those others I visited (some of them several times), at Ladenburg, Austria, Györ, Hungary, Theresienstadt and Eger, Bohemia, and at the small detention camp near Wels, Upper Austria, I invariably found that indeed the food was scant for able-bodied men, but that it was equal in bulk to what her own working civilians had, and that as far as quality and cooking went no fault could reasonably be found. Indeed, as to the latter item, great indulgence was shown. Prisoners were told off in groups; nearly always some trusted man amongst them was held responsible for a fair division; and the cooking was left to the prisoners themselves. Thus it was that the Russians got regularly their simple favourite dishes—their cabbage soup and thick grits, their peas and beans made into a flabby mush, and their coarse rye bread; the Italian prisoners their polenta (a stiff maize pap), spaghetti and tomato sauce, even long after most Austrians themselves were unable to procure such delicacies in the open market; and the Servians got their *paritza* and the Rumanians their *mamaliga*.

Everywhere I found that the chief sin committed by the war prisoners was pilfering food from their fellows. At the camp in Theresienstadt I happened to witness the arrival of a new big batch of prisoners—about 6,000 of them. These were apportioned among the existing divisions. The latter ran in alphabetical order. I was present when the inmates of one little barrack greeted about a dozen of the new arrivals. The *pristav* went up to the leader of this dozen, a sergeant, made a sweeping motion with his hand saluting him, and then kissed him on the forehead and twice on each cheek, saying the while: "Little brother, thou art welcome. Thou art here among friends, among brothers. We are all orthodox Russians. We mean to be good to thee. Art thou hungry? Thirsty? Speak the truth. Don't be bashful." And the new brother then did some kissing on his own part and was at once made to feel at home; food was placed before him; he was asked where he had been taken prisoner and under what circumstances and how many with him; how the war was progressing and if there was not yet any sign of approaching peace; and what news he brought with him from the outside world. It was quite touching; these men were evidently all good fellows; simple-minded, full of affection for the new man who was, however, a villainous-looking lout. Next day I heard that this same sergeant, the new arrival, one Trifon Arkhanoff, had during the night stolen a whole loaf off his comrades, and got a good beating for it.

One of the Austrian officers in command of this camp, Major Beck, told me astounding things about the voracity of his Russian prisoners. All their earnings by extra labour, all they could beg or steal, went for more food. Five pounds of bread one of them had eaten at one sitting—soggy, half-baked bread (made by the Russians

themselves); that he had kept at it—munching, munching; had filled himself until he had vomited, and then had begun anew. He claimed that the natural appetite of an average Russian was fully twice as big as that of an Austrian soldier. The Italians, on the other hand, are much more abstemious in their diet, as are all Latins. And within their ranks thefts of food are not nearly so common. That is in a measure also true of the Servians, whereas the Rumanians are nearly as bad as their neighbours, the Russians. With both Russians and Rumanians (of course this refers to the peasant class only) it is a sign of appeased hunger, of satisfaction with the meal and with the hospitality shown, to grunt very audibly.

When I visited the big Hungarian camp at Győr where some 65,000 Russians and Servians were confined, a race riot had just been suppressed with some loss of life. Whatever it may be outside, certainly these two, Russians and Servians, did not harmonise when confined together. Observing them it does not seem astonishing, for they differ greatly. The Russian remains under all circumstances placid and of easy good nature, whereas the Servian is morose, haughty and aggressive. For all they are both Slavs, nobody would think them of the same race—the Servian with his hawk-like face, aquiline nose, ebon hair and flashing, sombre eyes; the Russian with his high cheekbones, bulbous nose, blue eyes and hair of straw colour. So these two races had agreed to disagree from their first hour in camp. Several times there had been bloody feuds fought out. And on the day in question news had come in of a new Russian disaster at the front, and this had led a Servian stump speaker and pothouse politician (of whom there are many hailing from the shores of the Drina and Save) to make some

very slighting remarks about Muscovite valour and fighting capacity. A riot ensued, and before the Hungarian commander in charge of the whole camp could prevent it, quite a slaughter had taken place among the contending forces. The Servians fought with their knives and several Russians, disembowelled, strewed the bloody ground. A score of others were seriously wounded. When at last, that is, at the expiration of about fifteen minutes, a detachment of the Hungarian guards interfered with guns loaded, there was no other way to stop the row than shoot to kill. And it so happened that one of the great Panslavic enthusiasts in the camp, a Russian named Arsen Kalidaeff, was the first to fall. He had, in fact, just mounted a wagon whence he was shrieking at the crowd, trying to pacify them. "Brothers," he shouted, "brothers—Slavic brothers"—and that is as far as he got when the bullet out of a Hungarian rifle hit him and killed him instantly. The usual fate of the peacemaker. After that the Russians and Servians were kept strictly apart. Even at work they were not allowed to mingle.

This race riot at the camp of Győr was one of the few serious affairs of the kind. But in all the other camps it was noted that the Servians were the most intractable. They did not get on any better with the Italians when the experiment was tried. At the largest camp for war prisoners, that of Theresienstadt, after a few unpleasant experiences of the same kind, all the other prisoners were transferred elsewhere and only Russians retained. Of course, these things were not published in the Vienna newspapers, and it is very possible that other similar events may have occurred, but the only really serious plot among the war prisoners of which I heard was that at the camp near Eger, a town of some importance in

northwestern Bohemia. That owed its inception to a number of Russian officers who were, some of them, in the camp itself, while the greater number had been confined in more pleasant quarters, a château of some pretension owned by Count Dittrichstein and situated but about a mile from the camp itself. These officers had been allowed considerable latitude, although none of them had passed his word not to engage in plots of escape, etc. Eger is close to the Bavarian border, and across it were residing some Russian ladies whom the German authorities had not interned on account of their supposed harmlessness. Some of the officers met these ladies, and with their active aid and financial assistance the whole conspiracy was hatched. This in the main consisted in the plan to overpower, at a given signal, the guards, slay those that resisted, seize the guns and other weapons obtainable, together with the funds kept at the office of the commander, and prevent telephone or telegraphic calls for reinforcements. Then to leave the camp in a body and escape across the line into nearby Bavaria, with a relatively safe itinerary to Switzerland mapped out. Civilian clothes had been procured, distributed and stored up, and all the other preparations nearly completed when one of the Russian officers in the plot himself betrayed it, in a fit of drunken bravado, to his host at the château. Whereupon immediate steps were taken, and the projected adventure nipped in the bud. It would have been a rather serious matter if it had been allowed to mature. Some 75,000 men were at that time in that one camp. These under the lead of about 350 of their officers might have proved quite formidable to overcome.

As a general thing, however, the Russian officers did not agree well with their men, and it was found best on

all accounts to keep them separate. And while the men, as a rule, displayed all the long-suffering patience of their race, it was otherwise with the officers. These were for the most part insolent and exacting, unreasonable in their demands as to the treatment due them, and expected to continue, as prisoners of war, a life of debauchery and general worthlessness. Doubtless there were many exceptions. But I speak of the rule. The Austrian and still more the Hungarian government behaved to them, especially in the earlier part of the war, with great indulgence. They were shown every consideration. The pay they promptly received every month was much higher than that paid imprisoned Austrian and Hungarian officers in Russia, and they were granted a reasonable amount of freedom in their motions and occupations. But those privileges were in many cases grossly abused. And to maintain any discipline amongst them at all was very difficult. In most cases constant drinking, gaming and love-making was their idea of war imprisonment. At Neulenggbach, a fine estate placed by its Austrian owner at the disposal of the government for the confinement of a large number of Russian officers, the custody in which they were kept was of such a mild description that the "prisoners" would usually spend their days and nights in nearby Vienna, in civilian clothes easily obtained, indulging to the full in all the dissipations of a big and luxurious city. When this finally was stopped the Russians were forever invading the rural parts in the vicinity of Neulenggbach, seeking their prey among the "disconsolate" grass widows whose husbands were at the front fighting the brethren of their adorers. The thing became so notorious and such a public scandal that at last the joint minister of war, Krobatin, was compelled to interfere and issue strict commands to abate

the nuisance. Among these gay Lotharios among the Russian officers were many belonging to the highest families of Petrograd and the Czarish court circles, and I suppose the more recent news from home, telling them of the revolutionary upheaval, must have proved most unpleasant and inauspicious to them. Observing these titled good-for-nothings in their relations with their men, the humble moujiks in uniform, was scarcely ever a pleasant spectacle. Even while in captivity themselves they treated the poor devils like the dirt under their feet and addressed them as dumb slaves and common cannon fodder. I recall a little scene of such brutality in the spring of 1915. It was at Theresienstadt. There, it must be owned, were herded any number of unfortunate specimens belonging to the scores of subject races of Russia —Mongolians and Tungooses with slant eyes and hardly above the scale of cattle; Ostyaks and Bashkirs from Siberia's arctic regions, and so forth. A young lieutenant belonging to one of the Petrograd crack regiments happened to pass along a group of these heathen "fellow citizens," and they heedlessly did not salute him deferentially enough. Instantly the young sprig seized a cane from a nearby crippled soldier, and began to belabour the culprits. He spat in their faces and struck at them with all his might, drawing blood and wounding several of them. When he at last stopped, he smiled and turned to an Austrian guard who had watched the scene with bewilderment. "These hounds must be taught their duty," he then remarked coolly and strolled off.

Speaking generally, the Austrians and Hungarians treated their war prisoners as humanely and even as generously as circumstances would permit. Cruelty is not in the nature of either of these two nations. I have seen from them many evidences of fine compassion and sym-

pathy with these wards of war. Making due allowance for the fact that the Dual Monarchy was herself in a bad, a desperate plight, throughout this long war, and that in the matter of foodstuffs she was most decidedly short, no reasonable person could find fault on the whole with the treatment accorded the enormous army of 1,100,000 of her war prisoners. There was never any attempt made to cover up deficiencies. Neutral delegations were frequently allowed to investigate for themselves, and Red Cross commissions both from Russia and neutral countries were freely admitted to camps and hospitals. On one occasion, in the spring of 1916, Russia, after a long delay and a series of evasive replies, agreed at last to a mutual thorough inspection of prisoners of war. On either side a delegation, composed of a score of Red Cross ladies belonging to the highest families of the land, was picked. The Princess Montenuovo headed the delegation on the Austrian side, and the Princess Narishkine, a relative of the ex-Czar, the Russian. But while on the Austrian side every courtesy and every facility to ensure a thorough investigation of the whole subject was willingly granted, the contrary was true in Russia. The old emperor, Francis Joseph, personally received the Princess Narishkine and her ladies, and assured her that not only would they be authorised to go anywhere in pursuance of their task, but that any improvements suggested by them should have a sympathetic hearing. Well, the Russian ladies saw all there was to be seen. They penetrated everywhere, without let or hindrance. They were given unrestricted intercourse with the prisoners. And when they left, after a kind farewell audience with the monarch, they had hardly anything to express in the way of wishes that could be realised in the treatment of their unfortunate fellow-countrymen. But in Russia the

Austrian delegation did not fare so well. There they were prevented, even by force, from visiting just those places where they had been told the prisoners were dealt with most rigorously. Nevertheless, within the narrow limits permitted them, they did their duty, and on returning to Vienna drew up a very full and comprehensive account in which they gave with due exactness facts, dates, figures. Their report was so made as not to draw down unnecessarily the ire of the Czarish government, but yet specific enough to show how very remiss Russia had been in caring adequately for her huge body of Austro-Hungarian war prisoners. And the Russian delegation? Princess Narishkine, before leaving Austria, had shown her notes and the outlines of her report to a number of reputable witnesses in Vienna. But not a *line,* not a *single word,* of her report ever appeared in print after her return to Petrograd. The contrast would have been too glaring. On the other hand, right after her return and for some time after, the Russian press, on orders from above, waxed indignant at the "unspeakable cruelties" practised on "poor defenceless prisoners" by Austria-Hungary. It was an amazing case of Punic faith.

From personal inspection and according to all accounts received by me, the government of Austria-Hungary had been most careful, while choosing sites for and erecting prisoners' camps, to make sure of the following five points: (1) To locate them in salubrious spots; (2) have an abundance of pure, running water, and to have perfect ventilation; (3) have the dwellings of every description warm, weather-tight and fitted up hygienically; (4) have all needful sanitary arrangements, preventive and curative, so as to make epidemics impossible; (5) have able medical superintendence, including a laboratory on the place. By adhering strictly to this plan the rate of

mortality has been kept from the start to a wonderfully low figure—in most of them at three to four per 1,000; and the spread of infectious diseases of all kinds has been kept down. The great bulk of her war prisoners being Russian, I will mention that amongst those, coming in from the front in Galicia and Bukovina, there was at first a frightful prevalence of such contagious diseases as spotted typhoid, scarlatina, smallpox, bubonic pest, dysentery, cholera, and, above all, of syphilis and venereal disorders. Up to the winter of 1914-15 this had spread in the camps and among the surrounding civilian population, even Vienna getting her share of the infection. Deaths by hundreds occurred, notably from typhoid. Then the Austro-Hungarian ministry of war quickly established several sanitary central control stations. These were fitted out with a staff of competent specialists, nurses, and every precaution needful, and were placed just on the borders of the Carpathians. Thereafter, before any Russian prisoner was allowed to proceed to one of the camps he had been under medical observation and furnished with a clean bill of health. Within a short while these precautionary measures bore fruit. No more infections in the hinterland; no more germs of disease brought into camps. As to one of the chief requisites for health, an unlimited supply of good drinking water was amply secured in all the camps. At the big camp of Györ, for example, the daily supply of water available for each person was 180 liters (about 47 gallons) of the finest spring water. In Theresienstadt, Eger, Ladenburg and Bruck there is connected with each block of dwelling barracks a huge bathing hall, where both cold and hot water is furnished *ad libitum* to the bather, and this both summer and winter. The organisation of the whole elaborate system of preventive hy-

giene in all the camps (some 50, from the last available data) had been entrusted to Prof. Dr. Schober, one of Vienna's best men in that line, and he certainly achieved wonders, at small expense, too, but by means of unceasing vigilance. The low death rate (3 to 4 per 1,000, against a death rate from five to ten times as large in the leading Russian cities in peace times) would be almost past belief, especially when comparing it with that obtaining in our own Civil War, when it rose as high as 65 in Libby Prison, for instance, were it not for the high state of modern hygienic science and practice.

However, hygiene is not everything. Body and mind, to keep in good condition, require also cheerful surroundings. And that, of course, it was not possible to give. The Russians suffered most from homesickness. The suicides that did occur among them (during the first twelvemonth about fifty such cases were reported) were nearly all owing to that mental complaint. Later on things were better, for harmless methods of recreation were introduced at all the camps, such as moving picture shows, vaudeville, dance halls, amateur concerts, chorus singing, etc. In Theresienstadt camp there were at one time no fewer than six such places of entertainment going. Among the Russian moujiks there are, hidden away among their straggling villages far from civilisation, many wonderful voices. Whoever has heard the church choir sing the Easter hymn at St. Isaac's Cathedral in Petrograd—a choir made up wholly of one-time moujiks—will easily credit that. Such bass voices as are existing in Russia by the hundreds, unknown to the world, voices untutored and just in the rough, yet voices mellow, sonorous, thrilling, probably exist nowhere else. And during this war, in these wretched prisoners' camps, these voices, or some of them, came out to bring

comfort to the souls of these poor fellows. Any number of quartettes, glee clubs, of big choruses, of groups that had come together in haphazard fashion, formed there. And they all sang the quaint, compelling, melancholy folk airs of the vast steppe; of the Muscovy of old—often sang them to bring tears to the eye of the listener.

But I must not omit touching on one particular feature of the Russian captive's life in this connection, namely, the employment of gangs of them by private civilians or the State. For all such work they were paid; at a rather low rate, it is true, and part of their wages was kept back by the authorities as a precautionary measure against escape. Still they were paid, and that meant much to them. It enabled them to purchase tobacco, warm underclothing, newspapers, illustrated periodicals, and a lot of other things, especially extra food. Talking of escapes, though, brings to mind the fact that a great many did escape, after all, though relatively few managed to reach finally the shelter of the nearest neutral country—in this case Switzerland. I recall the case of one such Russian, a skilled mechanic at home, who succeeded in evading pursuit during his long itinerary from Linz, Austria, to Bregenz, just on the border of Switzerland. And there, as ill luck would have it, he was caught in midlake—he tried to swim across that edge of Lake Constance—by a vigilant Austrian customs officer. Four weeks he had been on his flight; the nights he had slowly crept onwards through dark woods and along little trodden paths, and days he had slept in the underbrush or in a deserted cabin. Another case, but one more successful, was that of a little band of five, who had broken out of their labour camp in the Tyrol, lived by plundering huts whose inmates were temporarily absent, had robbed a forest guard of his guns and other

weapons, and had finally crossed over into Italian territory. Probably a thousand or two such escapes were attempted, and not more than five in a hundred succeeded. In most instances it was the pathetic ignorance of these men which doomed the attempt to failure from the start. For, as a rule, they knew absolutely nothing of the geography of the country against which they had helped to make war. Austria was to the low-class Russian only another name for Germany, for he noticed all these people spoke German. So they were to him "Nemec" (German), and Vienna he confused with Berlin, and believed that Russia began "just over there." In a few cases they had one of their old Russian school maps along. On that Russia was immense, as indeed it is, and Austria just a tiny spot on the map, "just a fleabite," as one of them expressed it. And so he thought that within a few hours, or at most a couple of days, he would find himself in dear old Russia, *Mamushka Rossya,* again. And so they had been caught, nine out of ten.

But life for those of them who hired out for some sort of civilian employ was not so hard. They enjoyed a sort of liberty. They were treated with considerable forbearance. The Austrian or Hungarian peasant whose crop he helped to bring in and put in the barn soon had the measure of these Russians. When treated kindly there was no harm in him, provided he was kept away from strong drink. Austrian beer he liked, but found very expensive, but Austrian wines he did not care for—"too sour," he said, and began to talk in broken German of the heady, sweetish wine of his own Caucasus. He was sent up to the vineyards, too; in the vicinity of Vienna, at one time, there must have been several thousands of Russian soldiers getting in the vintage of 1915;

and in Hungary's famous wine district, the Hegyalla, and around Tokay, he also toiled, cutting grapes in the fall, grafting and trimming in the spring. What he didn't understand, this moujik used to the level plains of central or southern Russia, was the "humped soil" (as he termed it) of Austria. All these mountains made him tired. He looked upon them not only as rank nuisances, but as a positive detriment to the country. And in a way he was right in his primitive philosophy. With these Austrian and Hungarian peasants he felt easy—they were of his own ilk. He could fathom their motives; he could understand their lives. They were not "panye" people (lords), and he soon grew familiar with them and they with him. The little ones of his employers he grew very fond of, as a rule. He would dandle them on his lap and hum Russian cradle songs to them; he would carve them bows and arrows to play with. He would learn enough German and Hungarian in a short while to converse, to make comparisons with home. He could never be made to understand why it was necessary to work so hard, so hurriedly. "Enough to eat," that was what he said was enough for anybody. And if he was musical and could touch his balalaïka (a rather primitive sort of guitar, more like a banjo), and among the gangs of ten or twenty or fifty that he worked with, in most cases there would always be some that could do this, why, then, he would play and sing of an evening seated on his haunches at the barn door. So the moujik whose name was legion doubtless enjoyed himself after a fashion toiling in the fields and vineyards of the foe that he had one day left home to do battle with. And mighty few attempts at escape were made by him from such easy and rather sympathetic quarters. He ate with his hosts at the same table and cracked rustic jokes and

spoke of the peace that was surely coming and that would take him home again to his little Sasha or Misha or Aliosha. Sometimes he would pull out a picture of his boy at home—a picture he wore at a string—and praise him and read the last letter from home over and over and over again. These letters from home! I had some specimens translated to me, letters written from the heart of Russia, not from her savage wastes. There is a curious eastern ceremoniousness about them, entirely different from similar letters written by American farmers' wives. The letter invariably would start out in this wise:

"Honoured Ivan Ivanovitch, my esteemed husband: I, Eudoxia Paulovna, bow to the ground, very deeply. For the pope (priest) who has read me your last letter, has told me how you are thinking of us, of me, your humble spouse, and of your father, Ivan Alexeïtch, and of your sister, Natalia Ivanovna, day and night . . ."

And in this strain, intensely respectful, it would go on, until the real family and village news came to be retailed, when the letter would relate that the brindled cow had calved; that one of the oxen had been sold to the government at a good round price; how a neighbour had done not nearly so well with the cattle and the pig he had driven to market, etc., etc., etc. And this letter, the last one, our friend in the custody of the Austrian farmer's wife had read to a shred. And mostly he would groan, nearly every day: "No mail. No mail. I wonder if the mail is still going. Or perhaps peace is already declared, only we don't know it here in this corner of the world."

But all the Russian prisoners of war did not help the farmers of Austria and Hungary getting in their crops. Many more thousands were employed road building

and repairing; toiling in the coal and iron mines of Bohemia or Styria; laying tracks on short auxiliary railway lines behind the Italian front; felling trees in the woods, and work of other description. This work was not moujik work, and to do it other Russians were picked out—miners and day labourers, mechanics and machinists, and they were under much stricter surveillance and not so tolerantly and patriarchally treated. They laboured, however, honestly, but very slowly. Their deliberateness of motion was a standing joke. But they were fed more abundantly than their fellows in camp, and did not give much trouble, as a general thing. Now and then rather comical situations would develop. I recall one day returning from the Doberdo front. The Italians had kept up a drum fire on a certain sector, and the thing was becoming uncomfortable for a mere civilian like myself. Several miles behind the front I met a procession of Italian soldiers, just taken prisoner by the Austrians, and while resting a spell, listened to the examination an Austrian officer from the general staff was putting some of the more intelligent of his prisoners through. One of the Italians, a corporal, was rather defiant, saying that the Russians would soon force the Austrians to retire from the Italian front (this was in June, 1916). The Austrian officer thereupon, smiling, remarked: "You will meet Russians a little further down the road." The Italian was nonplussed. But, sure enough, another mile down we all met a large body of Russians. Only they were breaking stones on the road.

As to the serious crimes committed by prisoners in camps and out of them, their number was relatively small. These were nearly all of one description: homicides. The Servians outnumbered the Russians five to one in this, although they counted, all told, but about

150,000 against the 900,000 Russians. In this number of Servians are included the 85,000 of Servian civilians that had been evacuated by the Austrians during their second big campaign against Servia, the one which was undertaken in conjunction with Germany and Bulgaria. But 80,000 of these 85,000 have long ago been repatriated, in fact, early in 1916. Only 5,000, the most rabid and intractable, had been kept in detention camps. Among the Servian prisoners of war was an unusually large percentage of women and half-grown boys. The Austrian officer, a veteran captain of hussars (now crippled and incapacitated), with whom I discussed this point, said to me in explanation: "The Servians had been systematically fanaticised for a decade before this war broke out. Their press, their government, their priests, had taught them that Austria-Hungary must be crushed in order to make Servia great. So that when our troops at last invaded Servia, they were met by a raving population. Even the old men of 70, the boys of 12, the women of every age, had been given hand bombs, old handjars taken from the Turks in the Balkan War, and ancient rifles out of the national arsenal at Kraguyevac, and as *komitadjis,* in bands large or small, they assailed our men from every side, from the woods, the rocks, the ripening corn fields. And the worst, the most desperate amongst them were the half-crazed women. My own son, a lieutenant in the first campaign of the fall of 1914, fell a victim to such a female fiend. He had let her go after she had been caught red-handed shooting at our men from ambush, because he had noticed that she was soon to become a mother. But she, quick as a flash, drew a pistol from her bosom and killed him. With such fanatics there is no compromise possible. That is

why there are so many Servian women here in this camp."

The visit I paid to the detention camp at Wels, Upper Austria, showed me that, while the camp itself had nothing remarkable about it, Austria had certainly behaved toward her alien enemy population with consideration. I have been told that as to Hungary that is still more the case, and that barely 2,500 or 3,000 of them have been put under permanent or temporary confinement. In Austria the total number of residents belonging to the nations in a state of belligerency with her was at the breaking out of the war between 75,000 and 80,000. Of these not even ten per cent. have been put in detention camp, namely, slightly over 6,000. Of these, in the course of time and on promise of undertaking nothing of a hostile nature against the State, a further 2,200 have been set free; so that the remainder numbers below 4,000. At the camp itself I found the usual pathetic scenes, due to the fact that nearly every person present meant a ruined and broken existence. For all these people had carried loyalty to the country of their birth to the point of finding themselves unable to forswear active hostility against their second home, the country actually sheltering them. Fanatics of one sort or another, I said to myself. And yet that was not true, as I looked a little more closely into things. There were many cases, I discovered, where the explanation was easily understood. However, this I found, at any rate, to be true that these several thousands of civilians of every age and sex could not reconcile it with their patriotism and conscience to refrain from open manifestations of hostility against Austria, if given the opportunity for it. But it would be going too far to discuss this question here in its various bearings. My official informant, to whom I applied for

a solution, gave me some interesting details. It appears that both in Austria and in Hungary the English and French governesses, lady companions, language teachers, with very few exceptions were allowed to remain in their places during the war, on their employers vouching for them. This seemed rather astonishing to me, as this class of persons has always been regarded with more or less suspicion, as peculiarly liable to espionage in war time, and this in every country. In fact, investigating things a little more closely, I found that a number of these tutors or governesses—both French and English—are in their old positions in the homes of some of the highest court personages, even including two cousins of Emperor Carl to this very day. I asked myself: Is this mere carelessness or is it excess of good nature?

Certainly these are undeniable facts that all of the 80,000 "enemy civilians" in Austria but 4,000, and all of the 30,000 in Hungary but about 2,000, are enjoying to the full their old *ante bellum* rights; are in business, in the professions, are teaching, earning money, are moving freely about, without any restraint except (for some of them) the slight restraint of having to report periodically to the police. And there is certainly no discoverable boycott of any kind practised against them. In all respects they are treated as they were before the war, enemies or not. I cannot help pointing to this fact, and leave it to the reader to draw his own conclusions therefrom.

But, without drawing any conclusion myself, I must confess that it seemed astonishing to me. And this for the reason that the danger threatening the State from espionage in all other ways appeared to me to be rather magnified than belittled in Austria. Thus, in leaving Vienna, I was forced to leave my books behind. I went

to the chief of the censorship (and anti-spy measures) and found him a charming old gentleman replete with courtesy and bonhomie. But to my remonstrance he said: "Consider, my dear sir, that espionage against us has been carried on very largely by means of books leaving the country. Needle pricks may mean all sorts of things. We lately found a few such pricks in the title page of a book. They meant in an agreed code: Turn to Page 65. On Page 65 we found another set of pricks. And so it went on to Page 115, Page 227, Page 336. It was a whole budget of treasonable information. Only a few pin pricks. So how can we tell? Now, your edition of Thackeray, for instance. Each small volume 850-900 pages. Why, it would take this assistant of mine, Lieutenant D——, a fortnight merely to go through your Dickens and Thackeray and Shakespeare and make sure there is no secret information in them. No, no; the books must remain in Vienna. After the war—ah, well, *nous verrons.* Have a cigarette, my dear sir?" And so I came away.

And then, at the same time, a whole regiment of those arch-conspirators, the foreign enemy tutors and governesses, moving about free as air. Isn't it amazing? Well, to my mind there is only one solution to the riddle: It is thoroughly Austrian.

CHAPTER XVIII

STRAY FACTS AND PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

About some of the humbler heroes—"The Baby" of the Honved Regiment and his death—The Major and his hussars, and how they fought—With stocking feet in the snow—Because "it was more comfortable"—A modest monument on the crest of the hill—Why wife and child awaited him in vain—The parachute in the tree—A dog as a trained spy—A sycamore and the skeleton of the Italian major—"Pulpits" for observing the enemy—Artillery instructions and an incident at the Trentino sector—A church tower in Volhynia—Horrible holocaust—Censorship and press conditions—In Austria very strict, in Hungary very lenient—Whole proceedings of Hungarian Parliament suppressed in Vienna—Trips beyond the border to learn the facts—Budapest during the war—Something about live "War Brides"—Vienna at the head of the list—Government promoted these conditions.

In this chapter I mean to retail some odds and ends of personal experience during the war. They are not very important events chronicled here. But each of them has remained fixed in the writer's memory because of some distinctive, peculiar feature. And on that account I trust, despite the surfeit of "war news," they will also interest the reader.

Let me say at the outset that in a general way it is rather difficult to find at the Austro-Hungarian front your typical hero, the *miles gloriosus*. For both Austrians and Hungarians hate pose. If they have excelled in any way, they dislike being pointed out. But, if so, they are sheepish and shamefaced about it. They are

simply unable to brag, to hump the chest and challenge admiration. It is not in them. They cannot do it. That also is why the few things bearing the hall-mark of heroism of which I heard during repeated, though brief, stays at the fighting fronts toward Russia and Italy, I heard from the mouths of others, not the doers themselves—from their superior officers usually. When at the Trentino front, for instance, one day I was shown three men in the uniform of the Tyrolean famed *Kaiserjäger*. The three were grandfather, father and son, aged, respectively, 78, 49 and 23. They were stalwart-looking fellows, all three. But it seemed to me as though the one of 78 was the youngest. He was supple and springy, like one of his own native chamois. He and his son were volunteers, and the old man—before the war a tourists' guide in the Dolomite Alps—had one night climbed an almost perpendicular peak, some 11,000 feet above sea level, with a handful of men, and had surprised and ousted the Italian garrison up there, in the middle of the night, bringing back some fifty prisoners. When I asked this ancient warrior about the details, he laughed uneasily and kept silent. His attitude is typical of these men who have a perfect horror of painting dramatic situations, who become speechless when under cross-examination. Sepp Mayr—that was this simple-minded man's simple name—simply considered he had done his duty and could see no reason for making much of it. This Alpine stock in Austria, more especially the Tyrolese, Styrians and Salzburgers, have retained much of their primitive fighting spirit. They are bellicose because they really enjoy a "scrap." There is in them an admixture of Celtic blood, and in more than one way they reminded me of the Irish. The following little anecdote, told me by an eye-witness, will illustrate what I mean. It was in the

spring of 1915, the scene being near Brzezany, Galicia, where a Styrian regiment had just stormed a Russian trench. But some few of the Russians showed fight, although their comrades held up their hands in token of surrender. And so Nazi Boldt, a son of Enak, who in Styria had been making a living felling trees, threw down his rifle and went for the nearest Muscovite, himself a man of many inches, shouting to him: "Oh, you want to fight? You haven't got enough? All right, here goes!" And forthwith began to wrestle with him, using only his bare fists. A "broth of a boy." Just for the mere love of fighting. He tackled and threw him and belaboured him with his ham-sized paws, until the Russian cried for mercy. Then, just as good-naturedly, he desisted.

And because of this pugilistic, contentious instinct, the Magyars throughout this war, themselves being of a very similar disposition, and the Croats, who are also of the same way of thinking, of all their comrades-in-arms loved these Alpine Teutons best. I heard any number of stories testifying to that. Perhaps, though, the valour of the Magyars is of a higher grade. Here, for instance, is a little incident (for which I can vouch) which illustrates this. In a certain Hungarian regiment of *honvéds* (*honvéd* is the Hungarian equivalent of the German *landwehr*) a young fellow had joined early in the war. Aladar Bittó was his name, and his father occupied a high government position in Budapest. Aladar was the youngest in the family, barely 18, with a face as smooth and round as a billiard ball. It was rosy and girlish, and in the regiment they had given him the nickname "The Baby." But Aladar misliked the name intensely, and he was also ambitious. It was in Volhynia, and the trench warfare afforded little opportunity to distinguish him-

self till one day. It had been noticed that over on the Russian side something unusual was brewing. The nearest Russian trenches were 1,200 yards off. The space between was rolling prairie, and on tussocks coarse grass often grew four feet high. There were some hollows here and there, some morass, and some brush and bramble. It had been found impossible, though, on the Hungarian side, to determine the motive for this restlessness among the Russians. Young Bittó volunteered to find out. His captain at first would not let him go on such dangerous reconnoitring, mostly because of his extreme youth and inexperience. But the young man had thought it all out. He described his plan minutely. Though risky, it seemed feasible. And finally, after consulting the colonel commanding the regiment, he granted Bittó the permission so eagerly sought, only stipulating that he was to take along another man, one older and more experienced. The moon would not rise till about two, and six hours would thus be his to make his discoveries in. When the two started, Bittó took at once charge of the expedition. At first the most difficult thing was to find the way. There were few landmarks to guide them. Mostly they had to crawl on their bellies, and the telephone they had taken along and which connected them directly with the tent of the colonel, got its thin cord often enough entangled in the weeds. Besides, it was a cumbrous thing to drag along. Several times they almost ran into a Russian patrol, evidently sent out on the same sort of spy work, but they managed to evade them. And thus they approached the enemy's first trenches closer and closer. They separated and agreed to meet, if alive, a short distance behind, to compare notes. Young Bittó alone crawled ahead with greater precaution. He soon saw that the advanced trench was being filled by detachments from the

rear, coming in single file into the connecting trenches. He heard the deadened clatter of arms; also instructions and commands given in subdued voices. There could be no doubt; the Russians planned a storming attack. He was but a few paces off from one of the Russian double sentinels. Suddenly his telephone struck against a pebble on the ground. There was a slight click, and instantly the nearest sentinel raised his rifle and pointed it in his direction. He saw the man searching with his eyes in the half-gloom of the night. The Russian raised his gun, and Bittó instantly let go at him with his revolver. He saw the man drop. He heard the second sentinel turn and face in his direction. He dimly perceived that the Russians in the trenches had halted. He seized his field telephone, lying on the ground, and gave the agreed signal, "Tee-tee," over the wire. He could hear the answering signal of the colonel's. He hastily but distinctly and in cold blood sent the message: "Russians preparing attack. Almost ready——" Then he fell pierced by a dozen bullets that had been fired at him by the Russians, who had hurried up and discovered him. His lifeless arm still grasped the telephone. He had frustrated the Russian surprise party.

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In this whole war of many millions I have not heard of an action more gallant, more imbued with the undaunted spirit of old, than that in which Major Vaszonyi and his regiment of Hungarian hussars were annihilated. It was late in the winter of March, 1915, in the region between Przemysl and the Carpathian passes. The colonel who had commanded the regiment had been killed. During previous encounters the regiment had lost nearly 40 per cent. of its active strength. But here it was again, defending a hill of strategical importance, 600 feet in



height, against a Russian advance. The Hungarians were finally pushed up higher and higher, until they made their last stand, against fourfold odds, on the wooded crest. To fight better, to "be more comfortable," as Major Vaszonyi put it, he and his men had taken off their heavy riding boots and stood in the deep snow in their stocking feet. This regiment, in their scarlet attilas, was known like the other Hungarian hussars, under the dreaded name of the "Red Devils" by the Russians. And indeed like devils they fought. They had but their carbines and their curved sabres, against the Russian rifles of greater range, but as they came to close quarters they threw away the carbines and used only their sabres, their fists, their teeth. But very few of the whole regiment escaped, or were taken prisoners by the overwhelming number of Russians. When, on the second day after, Austrian and Hungarian reinforcements arrived, the last battlefield of this dauntless band was discovered up on the mountain top, on a meadow surrounded by a dense grove, and there they lay, the dead of both sides, in rows and in heaps. The group around the fallen hero, Major Vaszonyi, was most significant. The snow showed puddles of frozen blood, and he himself, with an army revolver, of which every chamber was emptied, near him, had in each fist a throttled Russian.

Three months later the Austro-Hungarians held once more the whole surrounding district. That meadow has since been turned into a graveyard, in which plain iron crosses puncture the sod. The finest and tallest of these crosses, though, in a few lines of raised lettering, tells of the fierce death-grapple made here by the hussar regiment and its commander.

Another action, likewise a glorious defeat, calling here for a brief mention, was that which the small cavalry

body forming part of the Polish Legion fighting under the Austrian flag had in that triangular section of Eastern Galicia adjoining Bessarabia. In itself it was, from a tactical viewpoint, an almost inexcusable blunder of the Legion's commander, General Pilsudski, for it entrusted a task impossible of fulfilment to this small detachment of uhlans, scarcely 400 of them, thus uselessly consigning them to certain destruction. But as a valiant feat of the soldier's unquestioning obedience it deserves high praise. Some Russian trenches had proved impregnable, and as a last resort Pilsudski ordered his uhlans to attack and take them. The Russians at first were so dazed by the attack, evidently regarding it as a crazy feat of useless daring, that for a short time it looked as though, after all, the experiment should succeed. The men in the trenches were overridden, held up their hands, and then saw the horses and their riders rushing on to the next trenches. These, too, made no great resistance, although the thin line of attackers grew thinner by shot and bullet. Only in the third row of trenches, some 1,500 yards from the starting point, did the gallant fellows meet their doom. Here they also had penetrated victoriously, and to the shouted demand to surrender the officers in these trenches were on the point of yielding, when like lightning the conviction came to them that this handful of riders was all there was to it—that there were no others following or backing them up. Then one of the Russian officers in stentorian voice called upon his men to shoot. And they did, and that meant the end of that attack. Nearly all of Pilsudski's mounted troops at that time perished in this mad adventure. It was a blunder—no doubt of it. But it showed the mettlesome temper of his race that the entire Polish press—not alone that of Galicia, but of Russia-Poland as well—had not a word of

censure for him. "Theirs not to question why—theirs but to do or die."

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How many times during this awful war must have happened to others what happened to a poor Vienna wife and her little boy. The husband had been fighting bravely on the Italian front for a number of months. Then, on making application for a fortnight's home leave, it was granted him, the date of his departure being fixed. The day before he had been ordered to mount guard in front of the trenches, being stationed pretty well in advance at a point of observation. At last he is relieved. Thank Heaven! His last bit of duty fulfilled. To-morrow he will start to see once more his dear ones, to breathe once more the air of home. But stop! He has no gift to bring his little boy—his little Steve. He is poor. He has saved very little from his scant pay. And during the last hour of his mounting guard the enemy has, to enable him in the gathering dusk to watch better the movements on this side, sent up bundles of small rockets, as has often been done before. And to steady these rockets and make illumination more lasting, little parachutes were attached to these rockets and one of these parachutes he has marked exactly in falling. It has dropped into a tree not far off. He notices it clinging to a twig, not far up. A parachute—well, not a very costly toy—not as pretty a one as he should have liked to bring home to his little Steve. But, after all, a toy. So our friend, after winning back to his trench, eats a bite, smooths up, and then requests permission to go and get this parachute. It is not far off. He gets to the tree. Yes, the parachute is still there, fluttering in the cool evening breeze. He climbs up, he puts out his hand to reach it. Sh-sh-sh! A new rocket is sent up by the

enemy over yonder, and the wind drives it close to his tree. "Tack!" Just one shot from the trench across. But it has found its mark. The man falls off the tree—drops like a sack.

And next day the wife—the widow—is waiting for him at the railroad station, her little Steve by the hand. Waiting patiently first, then impatiently. Alas! he will never come. He has already been laid in a grave behind the trench.

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At this same Italian front, but in a different section of it, on the Isonzo, there was for a long time a peculiar landmark. The Austrian artillery some distance in the rear found it very serviceable. The commander of a battery would say to his men: "Aim: 3,800 yards: regular tempo, two degrees to the left of Major Fabiani!" And a moment or so later there would be a rolling thunder, a terrific concussion of air, and some heavy objects would fly past, just two degrees to the left of Major Fabiani. You will want to know who Major Fabiani was. Major Fabiani had been artillery observer up in a "pulpit" constructed with considerable skill in the space between two of the big branches of a sycamore tree, said sycamore tree standing on a hillock in such a position as to command a rather extensive view of the Austrian positions about 1,600 or 1,700 yards forward. Probably Major Fabiani and other Italian officers from time to time relieving him had made good use of his "pulpit." It was well hidden among the thick foliage and behind the trunk itself. But the Austrians must have remarked or suspected that there was something queer about that sycamore tree. For one fine day, when shooting was good and the air was clear, a perfect hailstorm of shrapnel

came down and destroyed the "pulpit" and the pulpiteer.

Since which Major Fabiani, dead and dried to a skeleton, is bobbing up and down in the wind, head downward, and the body held in place by the coat being caught in a splintered branch. And as I remarked at the start, this dead and gone Major Fabiani now fills the useful purpose of affording a landmark to the Austrian artillery. For, as experience has taught them, aiming precisely two degrees to the left of the swinging target, at the proper elevation the Austrian "heavies" just plunge a few of their projectiles into the Italian concentration point three miles in the rear of that sycamore, and if aiming five degrees to the right, they are apt to create serious discomfort to the Italians at the railroad junction whence ammunition is hauled. Everything is measured from Major Fabiani by the Austrian artillery in that vicinity. So Major Fabiani, dead, is really of more consequence to them than Major Fabiani, alive.

At the Volhynian front the Austrian forces had for a long time another landmark, employed for a similar purpose and almost of as gruesome a character. It was not far from the small Russian fortress of Lutzk, and the landmark was the church steeple in the little village of Bralowce. To be still more exact, it was the scarred ruins of a church steeple. For when in the fall of 1915 the Russians had been compelled to retire hastily, they had followed their habit of setting fire to the whole village, and the flames had spread so rapidly that a big group of villagers, men, women and children, with the priest to guide them—had not been able to escape in time. In a thick tangle they had been crowded together on the platform of the square tower, and there they had been seized by the fiery tongues, by blinding smoke and deadly

heat, and had all perished. Looked at from below it was one frightful clump of charred flesh and bones. Now ruined church and burnt village lay midway between Austrians and Russians, and soon the Austrians had picked the steeple as a landmark to guide their artillery fire. In the flat landscape of the Dniester lowlands the tower stood out domineeringly, and using it in this way objects of military interest could be reached for miles ahead with exactitude. Finally, however, the Russians, having been informed of this fact by Austrian prisoners they had taken, demolished the church and steeple by a few well-directed shots from their big guns. That was the end of that old church.

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Much has been said and written about the important part played by man's best friend in this great war. Dogs have been trained for every imaginable purpose—chiefly to assist in Red Cross work, to find wounded on the field, in brush and swamp, in snow and mud. I remember watching one of the young daughters of the Archduke Leopold Salvator, Annunziata her name was and she was still in her tender teens, educating two of her favourite pets to this work. She did it in her father's extensive grounds, up on the Galytzin Hill near Vienna, and I had to admire her patience as a teacher and trainer. Altogether she alone donated some ten of such self-taught war dogs to the Red Cross. She was indefatigable—at it from morn till night. Many other "stunts" dogs were made fit for, such as messenger work between trenches and provisioning stations; to drag tiny munition carts where the territory forbade humans performing that task, or when barrage fire made other approach impossible. Thousands of dogs have been utilised for these and other purposes by all the belligerents, and the dog

has never shirked, and many of him, very many, attested their supreme fidelity by a violent death. But that the dog has also been used as a spy, I confess, was new to me. And yet my story will prove it, and I presume it is not a unique case, though I at least never heard of another like it.

This was in Galicia, not far from the Rumanian border. Russians and Austro-Hungarians faced each other there at an average distance of one and a half to two miles. It was west of Brody. The whole district, settled almost altogether by Ruthenian peasants, was Russophil in its way of thinking. For years before the breaking out of the war Russia had carried on a very systematic and effective propaganda, carried it on by means of clerical as well as lay apostles, by word of mouth or by booklets in which much weight was laid on the near kinship of Ruthenians with Russians and on their close religious relations, in which promises were made of a new distribution of tillable soil among the impoverished Ruthenian peasantry, a point above all others which scored a hit with these land-hungry people. It had been due to this propaganda that the Austrian government, in 1913, therefore but one year before the war, had finally interfered. There had been a monster trial in which some 300 or more of Russophil agitators had been defendants and a number of convictions made. Well, it had been in this district then, that a division of Austrian troops were trying to hold their own for months against Brusiloff's men, and in trying to do this found themselves hampered at every step by treason from within. Every day a score or so of these Ruthenian farmers were shot for betraying military secrets to the Russians beyond. The Russians, however, paid well and no stop could be put to the trouble. Now and then, when the Russians in advancing

had stormed and taken some new Austrian positions, and a contingent of Russian troops would occupy a Ruthenian village, something like this would be seen: The colonel or general in command of this body of Russians in taking formal possession would ride to the centre of the market square, pull out a list from his breast pocket, and in a sonorous voice would read off a string of names, bidding these men at the same time step forward. These smilingly would do so, and the Russian commander next would pull out a fat purse and recompense them. For these were members of his corps of spies, men who had been in some cases for years in the employ of the Petrograd government.

When, therefore, my informant, Captain Walz, on July 27th, 1916, had to move into new quarters at the village of Magrannya Globu, he and the subalterns of his company were extremely cautious in dealing with the native population. However, the only house in the small place fit to live in was that of the Ruthenian village chief, a man named Nikophor Huszkiewicz. He had a wife and four sons, was the only man of means there, and showed himself quite eager and pressing in his hospitality.

"But here was the rub," said Capt. Walz. "From the moment this body of Austrian officers was quartered in the man's house, things on our section of the front changed for the worse. Of course we were in daily communication, both by field telephone and *meldereiter,* with division headquarters. But up to this time there had been no leak. Now there evidently was. It was certain that the Russians facing us were being kept informed, regularly and quickly as well as with exactitude, of changes going on on our side. Any regrouping of our reserves, our batteries and machine gun companies, was at once known to the Russians. Big transports in the

way of munitions or provisions were intercepted repeatedly, even when miles in our rear. There was only one explanation: successful espionage work done for the Russians. I watched and watched. In vain. Yet this treason must be done by somebody constantly and promptly informed of all that was going on among us. It happened once that one of our batteries received orders between eleven and twelve at night to move next morning at eight to a certain point miles distant, and to begin, in the shelter of a grove of birches, a specified bombardment against a point on the Russian front. And then, the battery having arrived and just begun to get the desired range, a tremendous and well-directed fire would be opened on them, forcing them to decamp with considerable loss. Briefly, there was treason in this; it could not be explained on any other theory. A number of arrests among the Ruthenian population were made, but in no case could anything be proven against them. The mystery seemed insoluble. Until the best detective, accident, came to our aid.

"Huszkiewicz, our host, cherished with singular affection a dog he had, a cur of no particular breed, a snappy, semi-savage mongrel of a shepherd dog. However, that fact alone was not very astonishing. The dog might have good points not visible at first sight. Against us Austrian officers the beast showed decided animosity. He did not even allow us to approach him. And when with his master his fur would bristle if any one of us would merely come near him. Now one day some Russian soldiers were brought in as prisoners. And instead of growling and snapping at these, he wagged his tail in friendship as the Russians went past him. One of the latter even bent down and stroked the dog in a petting way, and the beast suffered him to do so, sniffing at his

uniform the while. This discovery made me reflect. And Huszkiewicz, when I mentioned the circumstance to him, talked evidently at random. Again, I now took notice for the first time of the fact that the dog wore a leather collar of peculiar make and size, closed by a strong lock. Thinking the matter over, I became morally certain that somehow the dog was in this game of treason and that his master, Huszkiewicz, was the brains of it. Without exciting his suspicion I put a close watch on him. But only two days after did I succeed in laying bare the scheme. In fact, I caught him at it. Just as I had suspected, he had noted down, in Russian, the essential bits of news on our side, on very thin tissue paper, illustrating his report by rough but explicit drawings. And this we caught him inserting in the hollow interior of the collar. With such regular communications his dog had been in the habit of being sent across to the Russian trenches, and in each case the dog had been petted and treated to tidbits by the Russians before being sent back to our line. That had been the simple but amazingly successful game of Huszkiewicz. Thus, too, the dog's preference for the Russian uniform was explained. His master did not long survive this exposure. The next day he was stood up against the wall and a well-directed bullet finished him." This, in substance, was the tale told me by Capt. Walz.

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Rather curious in its manipulation and effect has been the war censorship in Austria-Hungary. While in Austria it was, on the whole, far stricter than in Germany, the reverse has been true of Hungary. Probably this has been owing to two chief reasons, namely, first, the fact that Magyar is a tongue understood only in a very restricted territory and that newspapers and periodicals

printed in that language do not, as a rule, exercise much influence abroad on that very account; and, second, that in Hungary a very sweeping liberty of the press has prevailed for the past seventy years, not even modified to any noticeable degree during these war times. In Austria, on the other hand, some few newspapers of world-wide influence are issued, and true freedom of the press has never existed, and, of course, what there has been is now greatly curtailed.

But out of this strong contrast there grew some peculiar facts. Thus, the relatively few Austrians who possess any knowledge of Magyar at all, soon after the war broke out became subscribers to some bold and outspoken Budapest papers, preferably one belonging to the opposition, such as the *Az Est*. The owners of the *Az Est* had even the audacity to plaster Vienna all over with wall posters in flaming hue, proclaiming to the world—and incidentally to the impotent Austrian censorship—that theirs was "the only newspaper telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." It was amusing to watch in all the Vienna coffee houses a daily scene: A row of tables shoved together, and at them seated with bated breath and open mouth a number of sensation-hungry Viennese; in the centre of the group one man, the only one knowing Magyar, translating the latest important news retailed solely by the *Az Est*.

As a simple matter of fact, all through the war the papers in Hungary were far better informed and printed, without let or hindrance, the most ticklish news, while those in Vienna and the rest of Austria had to keep silence. All sorts of such news: defeats of Austro-Hungarian armies; surrender of whole regiments of Czechs to the Russians and Serbs; mutinous conduct of troops; gross blunders of the government in handling the food

scarcity; peppery and almost treasonable threats by opposition members in the Hungarian parliament; incapacity shown in military commands by the archdukes, etc., etc.—whole budgets of such news crept regularly, through the leak afforded by the Hungarian press license, into the other half of the monarchy. There it was whispered wherever neighbours met in the streets. Meanwhile the Austrian newspapers, under their own particular and inconceivably severe censorship, were condemned to impotence, dared not say a word beyond what the official blue pencil had not marked off. And in the very few cases when they did dare, retribution came swift and terrible; for such indiscreet organs were simply confiscated and their appearance prohibited for weeks or months, or wholly suppressed. Very curious it was. In Vienna worse than Muscovite squelching of public opinion; in Budapest, but three hours' ride by rail, unlimited expression of public opinion. It happened several times that whole reports of specific sessions of the Hungarian parliament were tabooed in Austria; these were, of course, those in which topics of delicate bearing on the relations of the two countries or other things had been discussed which the Austrian censor deemed it on the whole not good for the health of his readers to know. One of the comical features of all this was that the Viennese whenever their curiosity and their indignation at this enforced policy of silence had attained a certain pitch, would make up, on one pretence or other, whole parties and undertake a pilgrimage to the Hungarian capital to saturate themselves with forbidden news of every kind, and then return home satisfied and in a peaceable frame once more.

In the course of the war I paid several short visits to Budapest. It was an entirely different atmosphere

into which one plunged. Not only because there was neither lack of reliable news from every source nor of palatable meals, but also for the reason that the Hungarians at no time during the fearful struggle, not even during the days of awful suspense—when, early in 1915, they expected the Russians under Grandduke Nicholas Nicholayevitch to break through and flood their country with plundering Cossacks—lost courage and self-confidence. A more striking contrast those days it was hard to conceive than the timid and nervous people of Vienna and the dare-devil Magyars of Budapest. In the elegant Andrassy St. of that gay capital, a sort of Fifth Ave., plus the buoyant open-air life of the cafés with their gipsy bands forever tuning up the nerves, no stranger would have for a moment supposed he was in a city but a short distance from where a life-and-death struggle was going on—in those Carpathian passes where hecatombs of war's victims lie still bleaching in the sun. All the reckless life of a pleasure-loving city was rushing on through it all. There was as much gambling and as much music and as much love-making as ever—at least to all appearances. And on Margit's Isle, that Hungarian edition of Monte Carlo, just a jump from Budapest, the picknickers were as careless as of yore. A strange, a wonderful city is Budapest—truly a town where East meets West.

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"War-brides"—not the kind dealt in on Wall St., but the genuine article, the brides wedded when war broke out—have been a great factor in Austria, also in Hungary. Vienna easily led the list. For the peculiar feature about this matter was (for both countries, but more especially for Vienna) that these weddings at the very outset of the long war were not of the ordinary, hum-

drum, bourgeois kind, in nine cases out of ten. No, these brides had nearly all been wives and mothers, all but in the strict meaning of the law. It was said that some 115,000 of such long-delayed weddings were celebrated in Vienna alone during the first three months—August to October, 1914. In Prague the number was reckoned at about 26,000, in Budapest, 37,000; and so forth. Vienna, however, furnished both absolutely and proportionally by far the largest number of such belated brides. Nearly all of them made soldiers their lawful lords on the eve of these going to the front. The government paid all these new wives a daily stipend (small indeed, but in many cases the only means of subsistence), that is, where the need really existed for financial support. Later on the amount was raised again and again and was graded according to the number of children under age that these women had to look after. It did not exceed, though, in any case K. 90 (about $18) per month. A singular feature in Vienna was that only the stress of war brought out, in thousands of instances, the fact that these women had been unmarried so long, unsuspected by their friends and relatives. Altogether, it was calculated by an Austrian newspaper, there had been within the Dual Monarchy at the time war exploded, some 1,200,000 of such non-legalised unions between men and women. This is probably a unique fact. It is the more incomprehensible because by its unwise marriage legislation the Austrian government has distinctly promoted just such unhealthy conditions.

CHAPTER XIX

CONCLUDING REMARKS

The fate of Austria-Hungary—Can she become a sort of United States, with full autonomy for her races and provinces?—The great difficulties intervening—German supremacy an accomplished fact which plays a decisive part—Will there be a revolution?—Liberalism is no entity in either Austria or Hungary—Problems of racial autonomy—The makeup of the parliament in Austria—The latest developments in Hungary—The "Mittel Europa" idea—Still a puzzle.

In venturing on some concluding remarks, I keep in mind the extreme difficulty of predicating anything definite as to the near future of Austria-Hungary. The reader, if he has had patience enough to follow me thus far, must have seen that the political situation of the Dual Monarchy, leaving out of consideration the equally involved economic one, is wrapped up in so many conflicting problems that an arbitrary verdict is out of the question. Some ideas and questions that naturally occur to a student of Austro-Hungarian conditions at this present stage, having been answered by me, however, in a recent magazine article in a manner which at this writing at least I could not improve upon, I take the liberty of making partial use of it in this book.*

To undertake the task of a prophet has always been bad business, but never more so than during this war

* "The Fate of Austria-Hungary" by Wolf von Schierbrand, *The World's Work* for June, 1917.

which has upset all predictions. Not to come to grief, therefore, it must be understood that the following is not to be looked upon in the light of a forecast. It pretends to be no more than a grouping of the ascertained facts, so far as they crudely present themselves in the fierce turmoil of a world-wide struggle, with the conclusions that may be derived therefrom.

Several questions come uppermost in the mind when looking at the Austria-Hungary of to-day.

Will Austria-Hungary leave Germany before the end of the fight?

To this the answer seems plain: It would be certain political and economic suicide for her to do so. Hence she cannot. And without elaborating this reply for the moment, let us consider the next obvious question, namely:

Will Austria be subservient to Germany after the war? And to what extent is she so now?

Briefly, Austria-Hungary cannot help herself in the matter. Her dependence is not voluntary. So far as sentiment is concerned, indeed, there is very little love lost between the two countries. For Prussia and the Prussians a distinct dislike is even felt. The wounds of 1866 are still smarting. Her fall from power, the loss of her supremacy in the Germany of that time, are keenly realised. Prussia is regarded as an upstart with the unamiable qualities of an upstart. The departed glory of the Austria of old is deeply regretted. For the remainder of Germany, for her allies of 1866, for Bavaria and Saxony and Baden and Württemberg, there is lukewarm sympathy. These are the sentiments of the patriotic Austrians of the old school, mainly those of the Teuton Austrians. For the young empire of 1871 there prevails a mingled feeling, made up of about equal parts of admira-

tion and fear. The Slavs of Austria bear their powerful western neighbour undisguised hatred. Of Hungary, I speak elsewhere.

But needs must. Austria is firmly convinced that without Germany's strong arm to support her she is doomed as a political entity. We all grasp the hand that is held out to us to save us from drowning, no matter whose it be. As Bismarck once styled the close alliance with the Danube monarchy: *Es ist eine Vernunftheirat* (a marriage of reason, of convenience).

Consider the facts. Look at Austria-Hungary's present plight. Austria-Hungary is economically undeveloped, or at least not sufficiently developed. Her turbulent history, plus another more recent element, *i.e.,* the race strife within her borders, accounts for that. Of that one becomes aware as soon as one crosses her frontiers. How far behind she is in intellectual development is best seen, for instance, by studying her latest statistics. From them it is seen that there are whole large provinces where illiteracy predominates. In Dalmatia, for example, the percentage of inhabitants unable to read and write is 65; in Galicia it is 62; in certain districts it rises to 73. These are the figures of 1913. The number of holidays observed is excessive—they total eighty-seven during the year. She needs capital. Hungary especially, though a country abounding in natural resources, urgently requires capital. Formerly Paris was the money market to which Hungary applied by preference. But owing in part to the heavy drain on her liquid resources made by Russia, as well as to the fact that Hungary formed part of the Dreibund, that market was closed to her. That became very evident during the five years preceding the war when Hungary vainly attempted to place various loans for internal improve-

ments in Paris. There was a financial boycott declared against Hungary by France. Thus Hungary, too, was forced to turn to Germany as a financial backer.

The whole banking system of Austria, her financial status, rests and leans on Germany. The connection is very intimate and strong. In its trade, in its industrial life, in its technical development, Austria is strongly dependent on Germany. According to the latest available data, Austria possesses only one-fifth the capital of Germany. She requires capital in order to utilise more efficiently her natural resources, her mines, her enormous water power (now largely fallow), the mountain streams of Styria, Carniola, Carinthia; to build electric plants, factories, mills. As it is, though, vast sums of German money are invested in the cotton mills, the cloth mills, paper mills, the arms and munition plants, the iron and steel works of Bohemia and Styria. Many of the technical directors there are Germans. Many of the German secret processes of manufacture, including those in chemistry and the dye industry, enable Austria to hold her own.

This is just a hasty and incomplete synopsis of actual economic conditions.

Of course it is true that this dependence on Germany is not flattering to Austrian self-respect. Many there before and during this war turned in their thoughts to America. And let me say right here that despite all the recent events the feeling of the Austrian and Hungarian people (as distinguished from their governments) has remained steadfastly friendly to America. One strong reason for Austria-Hungary's reluctance to break off diplomatic relations with this country was the hope that after the war America might aid them in building up their neglected country economically. To illustrate this

I have merely to recall what Dr. Ernst von Koerber, the late premier, said to me as recently as last September.

Dr. von Koerber, who was since once more prevailed upon to accept the Austrian premiership and who is without question one of the clearest minds of his country, said to me on that occasion that he strongly hoped for American financial support and economic co-operation in the restoration and upbuilding of the Dual Monarchy. He spoke with good judgment of the hitherto insufficient exploitation of Austria-Hungary's natural resources, which he called "scarcely tapped" as yet. He discoursed both with animation and admiration on the wonderful spirit of enterprise innate in Americans, and referred feelingly to the universal sympathy entertained by all classes of the people of Austria-Hungary for the United States.

But while that hope has now probably vanished for good, there remain so many solid, so many selfish grounds for Austria to look to Germany for her economic redemption and advancement after the war, that it were idle to blind oneself to the fact. One more such reason I may cite here, and a potent one. I refer to the plan of linking the North Sea to the Black Sea. This is a gigantic project, one calculated to bring the peoples and countries bordering on the route into closest economic contact to their mutual advantage, and moreover a project which is already beyond the initial stages. Ever since the early spring of 1915 the press of Germany and of Austria-Hungary has been engaged in propaganda work in behalf of this idea, and by this time the respective governments have adopted it.

To put it in a nutshell, the scheme consists in connecting the four chief rivers of Germany, the Elbe, the Weser, the Rhine, and the Oder, by means of shipping canals, with the Danube, at Ulm, South Germany, and

thence to improve the Danube itself all along through Austria-Hungary, Serbia, Rumania, as far as the Black Sea and Constantinople. At present the total length of the inland waterways of Germany is 8,570 miles, and the record of 1913 shows that through these waterways 56,657,000 tons of goods were carried, 19,717,000 tons of this being for export, 23,233,000 tons for imports. By perfecting this existing system the river traffic, so much less expensive than that by rail, can be expanded enormously. In 1913, for instance, 5,762,000 tons of goods were carried in 21,000 vessels by internal waterways to Hamburg. After the completion of the North-Sea-Black-Sea project, ships of 1,000 tons each can be sent from the Bosphorus to Hamburg and vice versa, trebling the bulk of this internal traffic or more. And in its essential elements the whole plan has already been adopted and parts of it, such as the widening of the Rhine-Danube Canal, are in process of construction. Without any doubt not only Germany but also Austria-Hungary and the Balkan States will be greatly benefited. And for carrying out the entire plan, German capital, imposts, and taxes will be invested to the tune of hundreds of millions, amounting to more than two thirds of the whole.

Thus, at every step, in vital points, the material interests of Austria-Hungary and of Germany tally. No inconsiderable portion of the big war loan of Austria-Hungary has been subscribed by Germans. Everywhere and always the hand of the powerful neighbour and ally is felt.

Another point. When war broke out, Austria-Hungary was not prepared for it. In fact, she was less prepared in a military sense than any of the other belligerents. This fact has received little attention abroad, but it is incontrovertible. I passed through those days in Vienna,

and I know whereof I speak. It was due to the Austrian and Hungarian parliaments themselves that the monarchy's army presented, in the earlier part of the Great War, a pitiable spectacle, nothing less. The valour of her men cannot be denied. But I am referring to her military organisation.

For a number of years the joint government, through the Minister of War (who acts for Austria and Hungary both) and the naval secretary, had urged in both parliaments a better state of preparedness. It was all in vain. Hungary demanded that her army contingents be put entirely under her own control and that her "army language" be Magyar instead of German. This the old emperor refused to accede to, believing that it would be destructive of army efficiency. Without it the Hungarian parliament would not consent to army reform. In Austria, again, it was similar. There the majority in parliament made a vote in favour of army reconstruction dependent on racial and nationalistic concessions which the government felt itself unable to promise.

In that way it happened that when war really did come, Austria-Hungary had only one thing: a good army of the first line, composed of the young men in active service, together with the first portion of the reserves—men between 20 and 28, the best of her fighting men—in all numbering about 600,000. With these she faced Serbia first, and then Russia's millions. Her system of military organisation was at fault. With these 600,000 she did splendidly at first; her men rushed at the Russian legions so gallantly, faced enormous odds so valiantly, as to score a number of victories, at Rawaruska, etc. But this lasted only until Russia had massed her strength, or rather a small part of it.

Then inevitably had to come retreat, abandonment of

the larger part of Galicia, while Germany had to send strong reinforcements hurriedly to her ally and thus give up her initial war plans in France. Meanwhile, Austria-Hungary had to summon, in rapid succession, one contingent after another of her veterans in civil life (up to 48) to the colours, and to equip them, drill them, harden them for the severe campaigns to come—laboriously, and by straining every resource and every nerve, trying to make up for the serious deficiencies in her military armour that the wrongheadedness of her own parliaments had occasioned. It was the same with her small navy. There was a time—and it lasted for months, say, from October 1914, to April 1915—when, had it not been for Hindenburg and his brilliant successes against Russia, the monarchy must have succumbed and would have been invaded as far as Vienna. These were the days when Przemysl fell and the Russians stood before Cracow and in the Carpathian passes, in sight of the Hungarian lowlands. Germany alone during that period of the struggle saved Austria-Hungary from destruction.

From this episode, too, dated the estrangement between Kaiser William and Emperor Francis Joseph. The latter sat sulking in Schönbrunn. He had never cared for his younger Hohenzollern colleague on the throne, always regarding him as a rash young man, a mushroom monarch; there was very little in common between them, no true sympathy. William, the younger ruler, had cast the blame for the disastrous turn things had taken at that time on Austria, on Francis Joseph, and the latter again had overestimated the military resources and the willingness to assist him of the other. For eighteen months William did not come near his ally, and when he

finally did, in the summer of 1916, the visit was only as a matter of cold formality.

Nevertheless, throughout the war Germany's word became law. Every military measure was copied from her in Austria-Hungary. If Germany had resolved on a certain step, that was sufficient for her ally to sanction it. That was held unanswerable logic. And finally, after the serious Austrian reverses against Russia in Galicia last summer, reverses mainly due to carelessness on the part of several Austrian archdukes (since retired in disgrace) commanding at that front, German leadership superseded Austrian even there. The Hindenburg front now included all up to Rumania. The whole Austrian forces (saving those at the Italian front) became practically German-led, became subsidiaries. A bitter pill to swallow for Austrian and Hungarian pride, of course. But on the other hand, a feeling of security under this German ægis began to pervade the monarchy which before had been sadly lacking. And now Germany has her way in everything that concerns the conduct of the war, both in the military and diplomatic sense. That is the simple truth.

Much has been said about the character of the young Emperor Carl. At first many expected him to show greater independence regarding relations with Germany. But the force of circumstances must of necessity govern him as they did his predecessor. Besides, while this young ruler has a number of estimable qualities, firmness is scarcely among them. Intellectually he is bright, of quick perception, rather democratic in his leanings. I myself have seen him, not many months before his accession to the throne, trundling a baby carriage under the trees in the Ringstrasse of Vienna. The soldiers at the front all adore him. He is so cordial and unaf-

fected. But all that is not the point here—Kaiser William's prestige decidedly overshadows his.

Will Hungary separate from Austria—now or in the near future?

Hungary, under certain conditions, might. There is and has been ever since 1848, in fact ever since Hungary fell under the domination of Austria, a strong separatist sentiment in Hungary. The Independence, or '48er, Party, which advocates complete separation, exerts an enormous influence throughout the country. It comprises many of the strongest minds of Hungary, men like the brothers Karolyi, Michael and Stephen, Apponyi, Justh, Ugron. This party is also in favour of conferring the franchise on the masses who are at present deprived of it under the old aristocratic dispensation of which Count Tisza, leader of the dominant party, is the chief spokesman. Count Andrassy, of the Constitutional, or '67er, Party, stands with his followers on a platform of strict interpretation of, and adherence to, the agreement of 1867, granting Hungary a limited autonomy. The Hungarian parliament has been in session during the war, and frequent attempts have been made to oust Tisza from power and to hold a general election with the slogan of an extension of the ballot. These fierce attacks on the *status quo* seem now succeeding. However, even within the ranks of the dominant party, as well as of the Constitutional Party, there are many champions of ultimate separation and independence.

If the Entente Powers would only guarantee to Hungary complete independence and full integrity of her soil, including, of course, Transylvania, the Banat, and Slavonia (where the Rumanian element is strong), as well as the retention of Bosnia and Hercegovina (where

the population is chiefly Serbian), sentiment would quickly veer around. Hungary, however, could not tolerate a strong Serbia, because that would mean a perpetual threat to herself. Such a Serbia would be a pivotal point around which all anti-Hungarian intrigues would turn. It would be a rallying centre for all South Slav aspirations and that would be synonymous with the end of Hungarian power.

Hungary, it must be remembered, is an artificial political creation. The kernel, it is true, the lowlands of the Danube and the Theiss, is Magyar. But that means only eight millions, against fifteen millions of Slavs and Rumanians. The Magyars think of themselves always as a "Herrenvolk," a lordly race, one which by reason of central geographical position, political fitness, cohesiveness, and strong racial pride domineers over the majority.

All through the war Hungary's attitude has been peculiar. Account must be taken of the elemental aversion felt by the Hungarian for the Austrian, in fact for the Teuton as a race. This hatred is not only founded in history. It is instinctive.

So, then, if Hungary could be assured of keeping all the territory she has, I verily believe an instant movement in favour of complete severance from the "Austrian yoke" would set in, a movement which would be like a resistless avalanche. But the Entente Powers, for the first twelvemonth of the war trying with the Hungarians persuasion by every means of publicity, were in the end unwise enough to encourage Russia and Rumania in advancing their claims to Hungarian territory. It is that which turned Hungary at last into a unit for utmost resistance. Up to the outbreak of the war, and even for a time after that, Hungary clung to her old sym-

pathy for England and France, despite everything. This sympathy was founded in the fact that England and France, during the Hungarian Revolution of 1848-49, had strongly, though unavailingly, sided with the separation movement, as well as for the reason that Hungary, in its political ideals and the whole frame of its mind, approaches the Western Powers much more closely than either Austria or Germany. Russia, on the other hand, she has always dreaded because of the help Russia gave to Austria in 1849 in suppressing the revolution and in bringing about the surrender of Világos. As to America, Hungary has never forgotten the hospitality shown here to Kossuth, and pro-American feeling is general with the whole people of every rank and section. Of that I had occasion amply to convince myself by extensive travel in Hungary during the war.

Will there be a rising for Liberalism in Austria-Hungary?

That is another question that suggests itself in the present peculiar circumstances. In my answer I mean to confine myself to Austria alone, since as regards Hungary the foregoing would seem a sufficient reply. But a brief survey of the Austrian political complexion before and during the war must be given. I shall endeavour to simplify this matter as much as is feasible, and to omit non-essentials.

To put it briefly, the political development of Austria-Hungary since 1867 along healthy normal lines has been greatly hampered by the nationalistic problem. As the gift of unrestricted manhood suffrage was bestowed on the masses of Austria (in contradistinction from Hungary, where broad strata of the population of voting age are excluded from the franchise to this very hour), they quickly and for the first time became aware of the enor-

mous value of this sharp weapon in furthering their separate racial ideals and desires. Before the untrammelled and ruthless use of this weapon went down every rampart of defence the hitherto dominant minority in Austria—*i.e.,* the Austrians of Teuton stock—had erected in time agone. They began to feel their strength. They began to make use of their, combinedly, great majority. A breed of politicians grew up under these new conditions that made the astute manipulation of racial prejudices and aversions, of jealousies and aims apart, their special province, their stock-in-trade. Unavoidably the interests of the whole suffered. Each party, each small political fraction or faction, often but of restricted local importance, with a horizon narrowly bound, lost sight of the common good and devoted itself solely to what they conceived to be the special interests of their "nationality," of their clan or tribe, be it German or Slovene, Ruthenian or Pole, Czech or Moravian, Slovak or Hannak, Rumanian, Italian, or Ladin; for all these races or racial fragments had millions or hundreds of thousands of their own blood forming part of the whole polyglot mass. Once launched on this path it became next to impossible to retrace steps, to pull up stakes and set out for a new common meeting-ground.

Beneath this racial problem and its insoluble difficulties lies the political tragedy—occasionally, indeed, waxing a farce—of Austria during the last fifty years. All internal reforms on a large scale grew impossible, because Parliament could never be united on such a programme; because there were ever more pressing local and nationalistic advantages to be striven for; because each legislative measure was the result of bargains between a score of conflicting interests. And always plans for the common weal had to be shelved in favour of pica-

yune improvements, appropriations, or separate wishes. Besides, obstructionist tactics, the tool of the weak, flourished as in no other legislative body. Such tactics had to be tolerated, because every one of the parties composing Parliament had in turn to employ them against attempted coercion, and because no party was in itself strong and numerous enough at any time to be able to dispense with the services of such obstruction.

To the visitor at a session of the Austrian Parliament (housed, let it be said in parenthesis, in perhaps the most beautiful and artistic structure used for a like purpose anywhere in the world), the impression was that of an inchoate mass, torn by conflicting interests and held together by none. There has probably never been such a national representative body before as that.

Yet hidden from view there were many valuable elements—valuable individually, I mean. There was and is a strong leaven of political and social Liberalism working within these apparently amorphous groups. Forming part of each fraction (and I will not inflict on the reader the enumeration of these or attempt the thankless task of placing each in his own category), there is invariably a smaller cluster of men, individually eminently respectable and capable, reaching out vainly for nobler ends, tinctured more or less strongly with political Liberalism, as that word is understood in countries lying more to the west.

How large is the number of those men? Large enough, at any rate, to form the nucleus of a body contending for a saner and more advanced system of popular government. But—and there's the rub—these men are scattered; are divided from one another by the special aims of the "nation" or race to which they belong; form in no sense an entity and never present a united front for any

purpose whatever. And now I come to the crux of the matter. Since the spring of 1914 the Austrian Parliament, after a particularly exasperating and long-drawn fit of obstructionism, completely paralysing for months legislation of any kind, was adjourned indefinitely by the late emperor. In a way the constitution permitted this, as it also permitted, by some stretching of interpretation, the interimistic governing of the country, for purely administrative purposes, by means of Paragraph XIV of the same constitution. The war intervened. The Austrian Government has found it most convenient, and assuredly less troublesome, to continue this quasi-autocratic system of provisional bureaucratic rule. Cabinet after cabinet has tottered since and hastened to its fall, owing to inherent difficulties of the situation. One premier, Count Stuergkh, was assassinated. Dates for the summoning of Parliament to resume its constitutional duties were fixed repeatedly, but always proved illusory, until mid-April of this year, when the internal distress of the country forced measures for the reconvening of that body. As to what this parliament (made up throughout of members elected before the war) will do, that is a question. This much, though, is certain: that the trend toward Liberalism has been greatly promoted by the events of the war.

However, how can Liberalism, though undoubtedly existing in Austria in the rough, so to speak—how can it crystallise? How can it assert itself in the concrete? How can it play a dominant rôle under any circumstances—at least under circumstances that, at this writing, seem at all likely to arise? How can these Liberals impose themselves upon the government, oust the present scarcely constitutional government, with Count Czernin, the foreign minister, as its brains, and Count

Clam-Martinic, the premier, as its figure-head—both of them, by the way, pure Slavs, pure Czechs, but of the time-serving stripe of political faith—and set up some sort of really representative cabinet? How, indeed?

The answer seems despairingly difficult. In times of a desperate war, with martial law stifling every expression of real sentiment, both in press and public life—but of "public life" there is, indeed, none at present, there has not been since early in 1914—with the whole executive and administrative machinery under the absolute control of the present cabinet and of the young and untried emperor; with a censorship many degrees stricter than that obtaining in Germany; and with the whole civilian population cowed, half-starved, listless, apathetic to an incredible degree—how, indeed, should Liberalism triumph?

Unless, in fact, one of those strange incidents should arise which the history of mankind seems never tired of evolving at unforeseen moments; some such chain of apparently trivial circumstances that turned Russian czardom out of power overnight. Who knows? In this war the unexpected has happened before; everything seems thinkable; everything is on the cards. But only if some such cataclysm should suddenly overtake the House of Habsburg does a near victory of Liberalism in Austria seem feasible at this moment.

And lastly, will there be a change along racial lines?

This question can hardly be answered in the same broad way in which it is phrased. But certain things can be taken for granted. Two facts have impressed themselves unmistakably during these last three years. To wit, first, that the only large element of population in the whole of Austria that has demonstrably behaved with absolute loyalty and devotion, and shown a spirit of sac-

rifice scarcely inferior to that in Germany itself, is the Austrians of Teuton stock. And second, that all the others have manifested, in varying degree, dissatisfaction and political unreliability, notably the Czechs of Bohemia, the Ruthenians of Galicia, the Serbs of South Hungary, Bosnia, and Hercegovina, and the Southern Slavs of Istria, Dalmatia, and Croatia.

Disaffection has unquestionably permeated most deeply and insidiously the rank and file of the Czech nationality in Austria. Of that there was abundant proof during the war. Confining myself only to things witnessed by myself or heard in Vienna on absolutely reliable evidence, and leaving wholly aside the extravagant stories of Bohemian risings and massacres that appeared, from time to time, in the press elsewhere, there remains a strong enough substratum of truth to warrant one in making the statement above. Thus, in comparison to their numbers, the Czechs have furnished by far the largest contingent of Austrian prisoners of war. Whole regiments of them have yielded themselves, almost without a shot, to Russians and Serbs. Two Czech regiments were stricken from the army rolls. Wholesale confiscations of Czech property because of treasonable practices were published officially. The criminal trial for high treason of Dr. Kramarz, the ablest Czech political leader and parliamentarian, and of his confederates, which took up three months last summer and brought out astounding revelations, ending in conviction and death sentences, showed beyond peradventure that the whole of the Czech population (approximately six millions) is honeycombed with anti-Austrian aspirations. The course pursued by Professor Masaryk and other Czech intellectuals, though carried on in exile, points to the same conclusion.

These are just a few sample facts which I might multiply. In Croatia and Dalmatia the showing made was similar, although at the various fronts these men, born warriors, to whom fighting is a treat, did well enough. But the bulk of their political leaders expatriated themselves soon after the outbreak of the war, and went over into the camp of the Allies. At one time twenty members of the Dalmatian legislature thus turned their backs on Austrian rule.

Now what in the face of all this is the Austrian government to do? What in the face of widespread Serbian, Croatian, and Rumanian disaffection is the Hungarian government to do?

There are, of course, provided the Habsburgs retain their throne (which, however, seems by no means a foregone conclusion), two alternatives open. The one would be increased repression of the Slavs and the re-establishment of old-time hegemony of the Austrians of Germanic stock, and of an increased Magyar domination over the other races in Hungary. But Austria tried that policy in Hungary for eighteen years, viz., from 1849 (when the revolution had been drowned in blood and the gallows had reaped an aftermath) to 1867, and had found it not to answer.

The other alternative would be a frank recognition of the untenable situation sketched above, and the honest and sweeping attempt to satisfy the racial or national aspirations for complete autonomy that are felt by the various Slav populations, as well as by the Rumanian one, in both Austria and Hungary.

A number of circumstances that have come to my knowledge while in Vienna strongly incline me to the belief that the last-named policy will be adopted.

But to do so is not easy. It involves, for one thing, in-

justice to the Teuton element in the Austrian and Hungarian population. For as to Hungary it must not be forgotten that there, too, about three millions of Germanic strain are living, descendants of Germans who, at the invitation of Hungarian kings, settled there centuries ago. But the ten millions of Teutonic Austrians, they who, as has been freely acknowledged, proved the most faithful to the dynasty and to the rule of the monarchy—what would be their ultimate fate if the policy of racial (*i.e.,* Slavic) reconciliation became the settled Austrian programme? This they have begun to ask themselves of late. Would not these ten millions be in the end swallowed up, body and soul, in the Slavic flood surrounding them—a Slavic flood, it must be kept in mind, outnumbering the Teutonic Austrians two to one?

In view of this prospect, by no means relished by them (for they still justly pride themselves on the historic part they have played for many centuries in their Danubian and mountain lands to the east, the part of "civilisation bearers"), of late many of these Austrians of Germanic lineage turn their eyes longingly toward Germany herself. But a glance at the map will show the almost irreconcilable difficulties in the way of their becoming amalgamated with the body of their other German-speaking kindred. However, the problem has not as yet presented itself to the vast majority of Austrian Teutons at all. And where there are some—the German Bohemians, for example—who would rejoice to be joined to Germany proper, there are many more that would not. From my intimate acquaintance with the German Austrians, I must say that the idea of being incorporated with the Kaiser's empire seems by no means palatable to the vast majority of them. There are all sorts of reasons. They, the Austrian Teutons, are of an easy disposition,

for one thing, and they dread the strenuous life, the severely laborious existence that would be their portion in the event of such a union. Besides, as must be pointed out here, the statecraft of Germany considers the continued existence of an Austria-Hungary of undiminished size and population indispensable to her, Germany's, own peace and welfare.

Briefly, then, the whole problem is bristling with difficulties, some of them inherent and all of them hard to overcome. Nevertheless, I feel convinced that the only expedient, either to solve the racial question in Austria-Hungary or, at any rate, to tide her over for another indefinite period, is the one which I have attempted to outline in the foregoing; and that being so, probably the means will be found. It must be reconciliation of the races living side by side, or nothing. It must be all but complete self-government for each national and geographical entity within the borders of Austria-Hungary, a recognition of the full rights of each idiom, of each racial fragment, to develop unhindered, to maintain its peculiar traits and talents, its own "personality," in short. Instead of greater centralisation (which has often been proposed as a remedy) it must be greater decentralisation.

If not, I feel sure, the whole monarchy will go to pieces, with or without outside help, and this within a very short time. When the war broke out, it was probably the general expectation that Austria-Hungary could not withstand and survive the shock. On the contrary, the war, the common danger, has acted as a cement, knitting the whole firmly together. But only for a time. The internal strain continues. Its effects have been neutralised, so to speak, by the war which brought all the races

together in the same trenches, to fight or to die. But after the war the abnormal pressure will be renewed, and the internecine strife will be resumed with more ardour than ever—unless there be far-going reconciliation, far-going justice, far-going government by the people; a United States of Austria-Hungary, in fact, or something like it.

Now, the Austrian parliament has met and at this writing is just as contentious, just as much torn by race strife as ever. Evidently, until after new elections nothing can be expected. The upper house (or house of lords) with its smaller membership of 226 (against the lower one's 533), is governed by a more reasonable spirit, it is true. But the upper house is not empowered by the constitution to originate legislation. Finally, another cabinet of short duration has resigned. It is chaos. In Hungary storm signals of all kinds have been hoisted. Tisza has fallen from power, and, of course, over the franchise enlargement problem. Clouds in which the lightning slumbers are lowering on the horizon. Factional spirit is as strong as ever.

Who can tell the future?

Meanwhile the "Mittel-Europa" idea, first solemnly and rather convincingly promulgated by the German Reichstag member, Naumann, is slowly pushed forward. To weld the territory of the four powers—Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey—into a solid block would, of course, solve the question of Austro-Hungarian disintegration more or less completely. For such a consolidation, such a "pooling of issues" would necessarily have a restorative effect on Austria-Hungary. It would make each member stronger in every sense. But before the "Mittel Europa" idea can be seriously discussed, the war itself must be decided. In their present mood, their

present frame of mind, none of the Entente Powers would even dream of permitting the setting-up of such a powerful system, and as we remember even President Wilson has strongly pronounced against it.

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